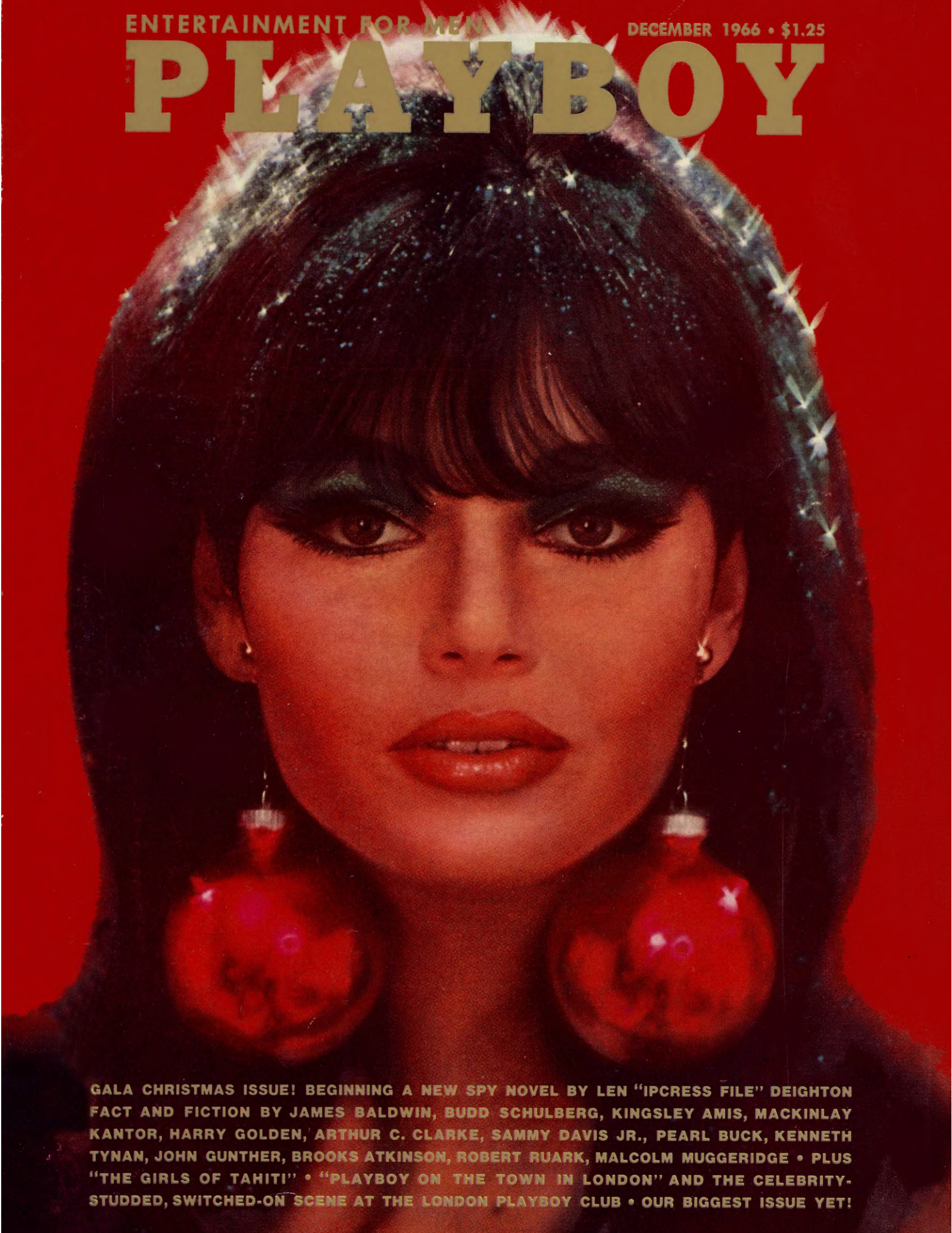


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1966 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY



GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE! BEGINNING A NEW SPY NOVEL BY LEN "IPCRESS FILE" DEIGHTON
FACT AND FICTION BY JAMES BALDWIN, BUDD SCHULBERG, KINGSLEY AMIS, MACKINLAY
KANTOR, HARRY GOLDEN, ARTHUR C. CLARKE, SAMMY DAVIS JR., PEARL BUCK, KENNETH
TYNAN, JOHN GUNTHER, BROOKS ATKINSON, ROBERT RUARK, MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE • PLUS
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PLAYBILL

"WINTER TAMES MAN, woman and beast," according to Shakespeare, a generalization contradicted by the spirited Christmas spirit on this month's cover and by the 354 brim-full pages of untamed entertainment—fictional, factual and pictorial—in this, our biggest issue ever. With a fresher of pieces by Britain's brightest voices and a smashing takeout on *Playboy on the Town in London*, including the most exciting, most talked-about hub of London's swinging night-life scene, The Playboy Club, this December PLAYBOY reflects our feeling that, at least in its lighter traditions, Christmas is an English feast. So even if only to argue with him, we're glad to have the Bard aboard, and we're sure he'd applaud the transatlantically assembled pleasures within.

First among these is Part I of a PLAYBOY serialization of yet another high-spy adventure novel in the PLAYBOY tradition (established with Ian Fleming) in previewing the best of the genre. From its opening sentences, Len Deighton's *An Expensive Place to Die* displays the masterful crafting of suspense and international intrigue that lifted *The Ipcress File*, *Funeral in Berlin* and *The Billion Dollar Brain* far above their ilk in quality and readership. Deighton, seen here last in May's examination of the spy-novel phenomenon (*Why Does My Art Go Boom?*), divides his time between an unpretentious flat in London's Southwark and a hideaway villa in Portugal, and his energies between the researching and writing of fiction and the creating of culinary tours de force. *The Ipcress File* was written ("for a laugh") in 1960, when Deighton was 31 and enjoying a rare period of calm in a peripatetic young manhood that had included study at the Royal College of Art and travel as a BOAC steward. The completed manuscript gathered dust for months, until Deighton ran into a literary agent at a cocktail party; at last count, *Ipcress* had sold close to 3,000,000 copies. The fruits of the spymaster's subcareer as a wizard chef were evident with the American publication in September of the *Cookstrip Cook Book* ("Best-selling author turns from guns to gastronomy," reads the cover blurb), a collection of Deighton-created and Deighton-illustrated recipes that have been running in the *Sunday Observer* since 1962. The story PLAYBOY begins this month takes its title from an observation by Oscar Wilde ("Dying in Paris is a terribly expensive business for a foreigner"), and its content is hinted at in two other quotations appearing as epigraphs to the novel in Putnam's book version to be published next spring: "Do not disturb the President of the Republic except in case of world war" is from the instructions for night-duty officers at the Elysée palace, and "You should never beat a woman, not even with a flower" is from the prophet Mohammed. The talent is all Deighton's.

For a British example of the theory rather than the practice of popular fiction, this issue also includes Kingsley Amis' *My Favorite Sleuths*, a nostalgic review of yesterday's trench-coated heroes that Amis plans to include in a collection of essays on popular fiction, "including pieces—unwritten as yet—on the early spy thriller, Deighton and Le Carré, and recent science fiction." In final homage to the detective heroes of his youth, Amis told PLAYBOY he's "determined to write (one of these days) a detective story in the classical tradition, with all clues conscientiously put before the reader and no misdirection. It would be a period piece set in the Thirties, of course, the great age of the detective story." His most recent full-length work, *The Anti-Death League*, is a philosophical best seller with spy flavoring.

Amis is one of several writers of extraordinary international reputations—and widely differing styles—making PLAYBOY appearances this month. In this category is Miss Pearl Buck, the Nobel Prize-winning author of *The Good Earth* and 52 other books and this month's *Women As Angels*. "When I first came to my own country, after spending the first 40 years of my life in the Orient, I found women in confusion," Miss Buck told us. "Trained and anxious to participate fully in life, American women are still affected by romantic notions that picture them as angels. I wrote the piece to express my dislike for angels and my affection for real men and women." Anti-angelic in a much less benign way is *So Pretty and So Green*, a Black Christmas tale by MacKinlay Kantor, who won a Pulitzer in 1956 for his Civil War novel, *Andersonville*.

Harry Golden interrupted his main current activity—"celebrating the 25th anniversary of my personal journal, *The Carolina Israelite*"—to note that this month's *God Bless the Gentile* had its genesis in an early-1940s speech: "I told the natives that if Jesus put North Carolina on his itinerary for the Second Coming, I'd be his natural choice as a contact man. Aside from being a cousin, I could certainly interpret for him, and could also act as a social historian, explaining the difference between Presbyterians, Baptists, Catholics and Methodists." *Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt* (*Eat, Eat, My Child*), an evocation of Jewish-immigrant life reminiscent of *Only in America*, was published in October; Golden's next project is what he calls "the big one," in which he hopes to include everything he has seen and heard during 25 years in "the most gentle civilization in America, the South." The not-so-gentle lithograph illuminating Golden's article was done by Misch Kohn, a Chicago-based artist and printmaker whose talent has been rewarded with numerous awards and grants (including two Guggenheims) and by a Ford Foundation international exhibition of his work in 1960. Misch was most recently in the news as the only American contributor to this year's UNICEF Christmas-card collection, which was attacked by the D.A.R.



DEIGHTON



MUGGERIDGE



RUARK



BALDWIN



SCHULBERG



GOLDEN



BEEBE



CLARKE



BUCK



AMIS



MOSS



TYNAN



GUNTHER



ATKINSON



KOHN



KANTOR

as "part of a broader Communist plan to destroy all religious beliefs," a sales-boosting blast that promises a record profit for the agency's fund for needy children around the world.

Also on hand are three pieces marking the *PLAYBOY* debuts of prestigious journalist/authors: *The IBM and I*, by Brooks Atkinson, who is retired from his regular duties at *The New York Times*, where he reigned for decades as dean of American drama critics; *The Seven Coffins*, by John Gunther, the famous author of seven "Inside" books; and *Is My Culture Showing?*, by Malcolm Muggeridge, onetime curmudgeonish editor of *Punch* and now a free-ranging critic of the shoddy as it reveals itself in everything from Kennedyana to popular television.

Among regular contributors herein is Kenneth Tynan, a critic whose culture has been showing since the day he wrote his first review, at 16, of a performance of *Hamlet*. *PLAYBOY* asked Tynan, whose talents are usually absorbed by his full-time task as Literary Manager of Britain's National Theatre, for his pleasure and ours, to be *Our Men at the Film Festivals*—with predictably delightful and insightful results.

"Everybody says it's ribald, racy, meaty, gutsy, etc.," Gerald Kersh says of his recently published novel, *The Angel and the Cuckoo*, "but nobody I know has read it . . . it offends unromantic people." Kersh gives no sign, at 52, of flagging either from the prolific pace he has set in writing fiction—he has authored more than a score of novels and hundreds of short stories since his Fleet Street days in the Thirties—or from his running study of American publishing: "At present, book publishers in the U.S. approach me with nothing less than a long, disinfected barge pole. They think that nobody reads short stories here"—a proposition *PLAYBOY* disputes as vigorously as does Kersh; we prove it with the publication this month of his *The Truth About Orlik*, as well as a wealth of other short fiction, including three sci-fi gems under the collective title *Fantastic Trio: Playback*, from Arthur C. Clarke, an astrophysicist as well as a master of the genre and a regular in our pages, is joined by Frederik Pohl's *Lovemaking* and Thomas M. Disch's *Cephalotron*—all inspired by the same cryptic sculpture that serves as illustration for the *Trio*. In a unique publishing experiment, *PLAYBOY* first commissioned the sculpture, then sent the writers photographs of the artwork from which each was to conjure up a tale. The results speak for themselves. Also on this month's short-story list are Garson Kanin's hip gambling yarn, *The Only Game in Town*, and *Accidentally Good*, an adventure story with an ironic kicker, by the late Robert Ruark.

The James Baldwin and Budd Schulberg *Dialog in Black and White* records a relaxed but searching conversation between two American writers deeply concerned in their fiction and nonfiction with the vexing sociological issues of our day. Begun as a friendly argument at a mutual friend's Hollywood home and finally taped during an evening in New York, it reached *PLAYBOY* with a description by Schulberg of Douglass House, a writers' workshop and residence in the Watts section of Los Angeles that opened in September as a permanent home for the classes Schulberg's been conducting in the area since just after the 1965 riots. "We are setting up typewriters, a library and even living quarters for those of the young writers who need them," Schulberg said of the project. With a teacher's pride, he pointed to the fact that much of the group's work has already been published in magazines and that one student recently signed a book contract. Schulberg also noted that Baldwin has agreed to join the center's advisory board.

Part XIII of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, our continuing sociocinematic survey, arrived with a note from L.A.-based Arthur Knight describing a September three-week stopover in New York, "where, locked in a projection room, I saw about 250 films, some of which will be covered, God willing, in an upcoming installment and its section on underground film making." This research was a busman's holiday for Knight, who spent the summer in Europe pursuing entries for last September's New York Film Festival and is currently in the midst of his regular teaching duties in the cinema department at USC.

Our overflowing December bag of gifts also includes a *PLAYBOY* interview with Sammy Davis Jr., the complex entertainer; the late Lucius Beebe's exclusive account for *PLAYBOY* of America's halcyon days of splendid consumption, *The Big Spenders*, title of his last book; a report on *The Incredible Shrinking Fenian* from Grand Prix giant Stirling Moss; and excerpts from *The Intimate Notebook of Gustave Flaubert*, the celebrated French novelist, to be published by Doubleday.

Finally, to bring you the girls who figure in all our projects and for the parties and poetry appropriate to a *PLAYBOY* Christmas, rhymesters, editors and lensmen have outdone themselves. We think you'll find *The Girls of Tahiti* and pert Sue Bernard, California's talented Miss December, perfect antidotes to the month's blustery moments, and *The 12-to-12 Party* a challenging innovation in the art of seasonal merrymaking. Poetically, the issue carries on in our own time-honored holiday tradition with a fresh batch of *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, and boasts nine more way-out lyrics and drawings from Shel Silverstein's *Songbook*, begun here a year ago. Wassail!



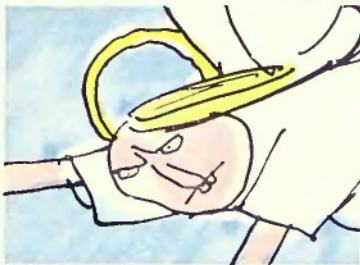
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PLAYBOY®



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DEAR PLAYBOY



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LEARY AND LSD

The September interview with Timothy Leary is the finest piece *PLAYBOY* has ever published. Leary spoke for me, my friends and thousands of others who are achieving wisdom, enlightenment, creativity and joy through the intelligent use of psychedelics.

Stephen J. Massaro
Bellevue, Washington

Everything that Leary claimed about LSD is true—and then some. But it took me two years in a drug-induced Disneyland to finally realize that *reality* is the greatest kick of all.

Jane Jones
New York, New York

We suspect the Leary interview will prove to be one of the most influential pieces in the history of magazine publishing. Leary's descriptions are brilliant; his arguments, convincing. Every broad-minded person who read the interview must certainly have felt the necessity to re-evaluate his own views on psychedelic drugs. I hope that *PLAYBOY*, having warred against the vestigial sexual taboos of 19th Century middle-class morality, will take up the battle against the equally absurd psychedelic taboos of 20th Century middle-class morality. *PLAYBOY* has provided a penetrating and illuminating approach to the subject, in contrast to the superficial and slanted articles of many other national magazines.

Steven L. Barza
David E. Klemm
Evanston, Illinois

Your September interview quoted Timothy Leary as saying: "We have a large group of bright young turned-on civil libertarian lawyers walking around with smiles on their faces" in connection with the A.C.L.U.'s friend-of-the-court participation challenging the legality of the nighttime raid on Leary's estate in Millbrook. While I have never thought of any of our attorneys as "turned on," Dr. Leary would have been pleased with the smiles on their faces after they read his statement.

Aryeh Neier
Executive Director
New York Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

Can Leary submit a single example of nonselfish accomplishment under the influence of LSD? Personally, I would not be very interested in a world where every handshake is like 1000 orgasms.

Paul B. Reaser, M.D.
Hofgaarden Medical Center
Alhambra, California

It seems to us that Dr. Leary is a little quick to blame others and disavow all responsibility for the current wave of legal hysteria and distorted, often frankly seductive, publicity about LSD. Can he so easily deny that he, more than anyone else, is responsible for its widespread popularity and casual use? In fact, legitimate research on this perhaps very valuable mind-altering drug is now being discontinued, primarily because of this furor. Although there is a great deal of confusion and disagreement about LSD, there are a few things known about it, and one of them is that it is dangerous.

In a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, we reported a series of 70 cases of severe side effects associated with LSD ingestion in a seven-month period at one hospital in the Los Angeles area. Persons coming to us had hallucinations, anxiety to the point of panic, depression with suicidal tendencies, and were confused. For each of these 70 patients there were additional telephone calls from three or four others with complications from LSD, who did not subsequently come to the hospital. Other hospitals in this and many other areas are now reporting similar experiences. Since the publication of our *J. A. M. A.* article, we have received letters from laymen and professionals throughout the country, citing further instances of severe, dangerous side effects from LSD. These are not persons who took the drug only or even primarily in an experimental situation. Most of them were taking it in relaxed settings with friends present. For many in our study it was their first LSD experience; others had had up to 60 previous "trips" on LSD. Often they took it with a "guide."

Contrary to what Leary implies, many such patients do *not* respond promptly to tranquilizer medication; some remain hospitalized for many months. Many such patients functioned *well* before



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their LSD adventures and under no circumstances could have been classified as even borderline cases of emotional illness. Two weeks ago we learned about a young man who became convinced—during an LSD trip—that if he did not kill someone he, himself, would have to die. He became so combative, breaking down a door, that his “guide” panicked and ran off. We were in telephone contact with this man throughout his week's bad experience, and we personally interviewed him as well as his female companion and his guide.

There have been many more suicides than the one Dr. Leary reports. In addition, there have been accidental deaths of people under LSD who were unable to perceive accurately what was happening to them. For example, one youth “blissfully” walked onto a freeway, “merged” with an oncoming car and died.

Although it is difficult to measure creativity, certainly our investigations in the community, as well as in the hospital setting, indicate that the work performance of many chronic LSD users has severely deteriorated. Often they think they are performing well—but many lose their jobs. Some retreat to their rooms to meditate about the beauty of giving world leaders LSD so there will be only “peace and love on earth.” Meanwhile they neglect their personal appearance and become so introspective and withdrawn that they sometimes literally have to be fed and clothed by people around them. That's the way they “turn on, tune in and drop out,” to use Leary's phrase.

We have also seen people in the community who have become psychotic through LSD, but who have never consulted doctors; thus those who do seek medical intervention and are “contaminated by the doctors” represent only a small proportion of those with difficulties. We are also concerned that LSD is now being used by junior high school students in the Los Angeles area, students who are impressionable and too young to understand the dangers of this drug. Unfortunately, some of the advocates of LSD refuse to consider suicides, homicides and psychoses as bad effects.

There is no way to predict—not from psychological testing, from psychiatric interviews, from being in the right setting with friends and a guide, from being tension-free nor even from having had a number of previous trips—who will have a good trip. In addition, LSD seems to cause chronic brain damage in animals; this has not been proved in humans, but is strongly suspected.

PLAYBOY's interview with Leary also seemed to stress unnecessarily the sexual aspect of the LSD experience. We have seen few people on LSD very interested in sex. In fact, in many cases LSD seems to replace the drives of aggression and sex. In one of our LSD group sessions, an “acidhead” put it typically when he

said: “Why waste as good a thing as LSD on something as trivial as sex?” Dr. Leary's claims that LSD is a “specific cure for homosexuality . . . and . . . a powerful panacea for impotence and frigidity” are as fantastic as his statement that there is a “neurological and cellular fidelity” that develops between a man and a woman who have shared an LSD session.

Many LSD users develop a missionary enthusiasm after taking the drug. They show a need to proselytize others with all the zeal that Dr. Leary displays. One mother in our study had been trying to expand her 18-month-old daughter's mind with daily doses of LSD over a period of several weeks. As for Dr. Leary's assertion that the younger generation all favors LSD, neither of us is over 35 and one of us is under 30.

J. Thomas Ungerleider, M.D.,
Assistant Professor
Duke D. Fisher, M.D.,
Psychiatric Resident
Department of Psychiatry
UCLA Center for the Health Sciences
Los Angeles, California

For all his protestations, Timothy Leary is not the prophet of a new Great Awakening. He is the prophet of doom. His world seems to have crashed around him; his view of the future seems a pulsating ooze from some lower level of his consciousness. He has lost his faith in God, in man, in intellect, in sex, in PLAYBOY. Not being able to turn on to these, he has turned on to LSD. His wholehearted embracing of LSD is as sterile as the middle-class assembly line to which he objects. His bureaucracy is the withdrawn self on an eternal trip.

Like others in an age whose technical achievements threaten to reduce man to nothingness, Leary is searching for some last sphere of freedom, a haven isolated from the ever-increasing encroachments of organized society. The future may be grim and brutal—but it may be fruitful and productive, if men will only have the courage to face it, and not flee behind a protective shield.

J. M. Parsons, Jr.
Ypsilanti, Michigan

SOFT SELL

My September *On the Scene* profile has resulted in a barrage of mysterious, sensuous phone calls from all over the country—at all hours. I simply can't understand it. Earlier articles in such magazines as *Look*, *Coronet* and *Business Week* netted me nothing—other than a few duns from evangelist preachers and several job applications from Del Rio, Texas. PLAYBOY's pulling power, particularly among females, goes unchallenged. I certainly appreciate being featured in your magazine.

Gordon McLendon
The McLendon Stations
Los Angeles, California



Bottled and imported from France. L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origon, Paris and Imprevu. 5 great perfumes with the Christmas Spirit from 6.50 to 25.00.

'66 is a great year for Coty perfumes.



33 Ways to give Coty fragrances in spray mist, talc, toilet water, both oil and dusting powder. Gift sets 3.50 to 25.00.

'66 is a great year for Coty gift sets.

(1-4) Toilet Water and Talc \$3.50. (5-8) Spray Mist and Dusting Powder \$6.25. (9-12) Toilet Water and Dusting Powder \$5.00. (13) Quartette de Toilette \$4.50 1/2 oz. each of L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origon, Paris. (14-17) Dusting Powder and Flacon Mist \$4.50. (18-21) Pure Spray Toilet Water and Pure Spray Parfum \$8.50. (22-25) Creamy Skin Parfum, Pure Spray Toilet Water and Deluxe Dusting Powder \$9.75. (26-29) Spray Mist, Deluxe Dusting Powder, Bath Oil, Creamy Skin Parfum \$14.50. (30) Spray Mist Dusting Powder \$9.00 in Imprevu. (31) Pure Spray Toilet Water, Pure Spray Parfum \$10.00 in Imprevu. (32) Parfum, Bath Oil, Pure Spray Toilet Water, Dusting Powder \$25.00. (33) Individual items gift wrapped. Most sets available in L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origon, Paris.

GIFT SETS MADE IN U.S.A.

**She'll still love YU
in the morning!**



The Spirited Fragrance For Men

**After Shave Lotion 1.50
Cologne 2.50**

Spray Deodorant, Stick Deodorant, Shave Cream, Hair Spray

BY PINAUD - MAKERS OF FAMOUS LILAC VEGETAL
FIRST IN MEN'S TOILETRIES SINCE 1810

WATER WORKS

As the author of the first Federal Water Pollution Bill, passed by Congress a decade ago, I have had occasion to read a number of articles on water pollution—but few have been as informative as James Dugan's *Nor Any Drop to Drink* in your September issue. This type of clear, concise concern for our mutual fight for clean water will make the public more aware of the pollution crisis. PLAYBOY is to be commended for this timely article; to bring such a well-written story to your many readers is, indeed, a public service.

Representative John A. Blatnik
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

I enjoyed James Dugan's September article about the water situation in America today. His piece points up the need for intelligent, popular presentations of complicated subjects that are crucially important today, but which too often are discussed only by small bands of technicians. I would like to see PLAYBOY explore other areas of our changing world in this same fashion.

R. C. Gibson
Modesto, California

James Dugan's water-crisis article, *Nor Any Drop to Drink*, is one of the finest pieces of conservation writing I've ever seen, ranking with the works of Aldo Leopold and others who love the land. What a shame such things aren't taught in our schools! If we are to solve our conservation problems—if we are to survive at all—we must be told these truths.

Malcolm B. Wells
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

I have read James Dugan's *Nor Any Drop to Drink* with great interest. Congratulations to PLAYBOY for publishing this colorful, comprehensive discussion.

There are a few inaccuracies, but nothing of major consequence. Mr. Dugan should know that even if the proposed Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon dams are built, the Colorado river will continue to run wild through the Grand Canyon National Park—for a distance of more than 100 miles. Consequently, when he says that rafting down the Colorado will be a thing of the past and "the Grand Canyon will become renowned for water skiing," he does not give an accurate picture. A voyage down the Colorado through the Grand Canyon National Park will still be a hazardous and wild trip that can be made only by the hardy.

But the whole article is a fine one, and I appreciate its publication.

Senator Frank E. Moss
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

WHISTLING DIXIE

Reading *The Bunnies of Dixie* in your August issue made me wonder if you knew that the spiritual grandmother of your lovely Playboy Bunnies was cavorting around Paris night spots over 60 years ago. Surprised? Here is visual



proof. And where there were Bunnies, needless to say, there were Bunny watchers, too. Of course, Paris has always been the City of Light, and it would naturally have been first to free itself from Victorian attitudes. Please accept my appreciation for the splendid effort that PLAYBOY is making in the world-wide cause of sexual emancipation.

Michel Puterflam
Paris, France

THE COLD SOCIETY

I was very impressed by Nat Hentoff's *The Cold Society* in the September PLAYBOY. Even here in Seattle, a continent away from the *anomie* of New York, one sees signs of increasing individual alienation. Hentoff's article was both pertinent and probing. Please continue publishing such excellent work.

John G. Wilkinson
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

Hentoff's description of *The Cold Society* is acute, and his diagnosis accurate. But I fault the goodhearted but wispy optimism with which he can conclude: "Man can keep trying to create a society in which he can be free . . . an individual but not isolated."

The evidence warrants a finding of despair, not optimism. But despair is unpolitical and un-American: Even as radical a critic as Hentoff would understandably not wish to end up there. The proper ending to Hentoff's argument

Tonight,
make the daiquiris with Ronrico.
When it's a rum this light,
she'll ask for another.
It happens every time.



RONRICO

The light, tasteful rum from Puerto Rico

Max Factor's

(all you need now is a pencil,

Christmas List

Bubbling Bath Crystals
for:

Spray Mist Crystalique
Decanter & for:

Perfume Candle for:

Sophisti-Cats for:

Lipstick Shade Tree for:

Hypnotique Bath
Boutique for:

Coquette Mirror Boutique
for:

Petite - Facts for:

Powder Puffery for:

Fragrance Bath Gala for:

Max Factor
for Gentlemen for:

Sportif Packette for:

Lip Lip Hoeray for:

Signature for Men for:

Bubbling Bath Crystals

Start your Christmas gift list now, with the heady thrill of Bubbling Bath Crystals, fragrant with the sunlit luxury of Golden Woods. Packed in a glittering decorated can-



ister with
a bright
measuring
dipper. 3.50

Spray Mist Crystalique Decanters

As long as girls will be girls, gifts as dazzling as this many-faceted Crystalique Decanter of Spray Mist Parfum Cologne will delight them. The fragrances? Cool, enchanting Hypnotique...or the rich, poignant drama of Primitif. 3.00



Perfume Candle

Don't set the world on fire. Do light a flame in her heart with this sigh-catching Perfume Candle. The fragrance is famous Hypnotique, and the elegant holder a decorator's delight. 3.95

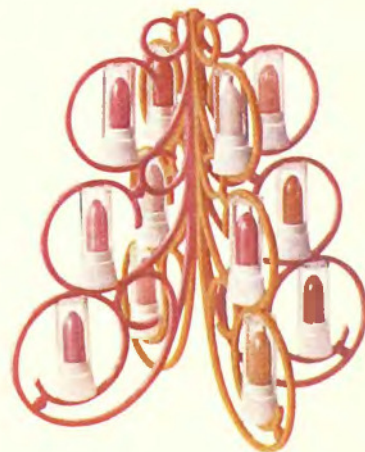


Sophisti-Cats

Purr-retty, please. The cat's meow in Christmas gifts. The paws hold a glittering facon of Hypnotique or Primitif perfume. 1.75

Lipstick Shade Tree

Mistletoe can't hold a candle to this Lipstick Shade Tree. Give it to old friends and new flames. To all your favorite females! It holds one dozen Max Factor Lipsticks and Lip Frostings (and the key to her heart) 5.00



Hypnotique Bath Boutique

Only a Beast would deny her the Beauty of this lavish Bath Boutique, filled with the enchanting spell of Hypnotique Parfum Cologne, Deluxe Bath Powder, (and a lamb of a lamb's wool puff!) 6.25



Christmas Gift List

a moment or two, and some people you love!)



Coquette Mirror Boutique

This is *the* Christmas find of 1966! The papier-maché doll is really a kiss-sized Boudoir Mirror with two UltraLucent Lipsticks. 4.50

Petite-Pacts Venetian

Is it a jewel...a dream? No, it's a tiny Venetian gold-toned compact with Translucent Creme Puff Powder. 5.50



Petite-Pacts Florentine

All the glitter is Florentine and gold-toned, on a Translucent Creme Puff-filled Petite-Pact. Tuck these in stockings and wait for hugs and kisses. 4.50



Powder Puffery

Missed anyone on your list? Carry them away on a cloud of silky Bath Powder fluffed on with a puff of purest Lamb's Wool, and packaged in this baby-faced box! Perfumed with Hypnotique, Primitif, or Golden Woods. 3.75

Fragrance Bath Gala

What do little girls dream of, and big girls scheme for? This really extravagant Fragrance Bath Gala. Decanters of Bubble Bath, Bath Powder, and lush Cologne perfumed with Hypnotique or Primitif, all in a glittering see-through gift wrap. 5.75



Max Factor for Gentlemen

Perfect for big bad wolves, and dear daddies...the crisp fragrance of Max Factor for Gentlemen. This Gentlemen's Twosome of After Shave Lotion and Cologne is gift-wrapped in quiet splendor. 2.25



Sportif Packette

Whisk her off to the fashion races with a smart Houndstooth Sportif Packette, filled with Translucent Creme Puff Powder and UltraLucent Lipstick. 3.75



Lip Lip Hooray!

For one-two-three-four cheers of lip-colors, all in a darling mirrored case, complete with a lip-brush. This is fashion's latest kick, so play the field. Give one to everyone. \$3.50



Signature for Men

No ifs, ands or buts. Signature is one of the great fragrances created for the male animal. Signature Spray Cologne, an apéritif for an evening of mischief. 2.75. Signature After Shave Lotion, a tingling bracer. 2.25

Merry
Christmas
from
Max
Factor

Anything can happen when you give her Fame



You'll be loved for bestowing Fame Perfume. This sophisticated fragrance, born and bottled in France, makes exciting things happen. Be sure you're around when she opens the bottle. From \$7.50 to \$40.00.



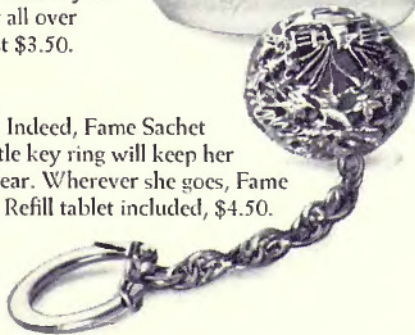
Pampered forever more. The enticement? A beautifully petite Creme Perfume Compact... filled with long-lasting Fame. The perfect gift, for the perfect lady. \$5.00 each.

Worshipped. Let Spraygrance de Corday find a permanent place on her dressing table. After all, Fame occupies a permanent place in her heart...and you gave it to her. 2 1/2 oz., \$3.75.



Appreciated beyond your wildest dreams for presenting all over fragrance. This sheath of Fame lotion silkily scents her body... all over. New all over fragrance, just \$3.50.

Adored. Indeed, Fame Sachet in the chic little key ring will keep her dangling all year. Wherever she goes, Fame will be there. Refill tablet included, \$4.50.



Hugged and Kissed when she discovers you gave her the velvety beauty of Fame Bath Powder. So luxurious... with a pet-of-a-puff that caresses her skin with loving care. 4 oz., \$3.50.

Remembered every time she sprays the gentle mist of Fame Spray Perfume. The petite silver-toned case fits into her purse as smoothly as you'll fit into her life. Only \$5.00.

Fame de Corday

Max Factor's Royal Regiment Gift List for Men

Just fill in the names of the men on your list.

Christmas List

After Shave Lotion for:
Regimental Gift Set for:
Cologne for Men for:
Spray Cologne for:
Cologne Cannon for:
Cannon Ball Soap for:

After Shave Lotion



Cool. Bracing. A classic blend of woody undertones with a crisp topnote and accents of subtle leather and spice. A splash of confidence after every shave... before your every encounter. \$3.50



Cologne for Men

Clean. Crisp. Invigorating. Full-bodied Royal Regiment fragrance in a man-sized bottle bearing an antiqued traditional regimetal medallion. A uniquely masculine gift. \$4.50



Spray Cologne

A refreshing, exhilarating spray... after showers and baths. The antique Cannon Bottle is slim and sleek. He can slip it into his overnight bag. Complete with a realistic metallic-finish, a superb gift idea. \$4.00

Regimental Gift Set

The Deluxe Combination, a three-fisted gift in a handsome leather-like case with regimetal colors and distinctive regimetal medallion. After Shave Lotion, Deluxe Shower Soap, Cologne for Men. \$9.50

Cologne Cannon

For that special man on your list! Royal Regiment's antique Cologne Cannon is cradled in a replica of a 19th century cannon carriage. Solid metal. And the luxuriously lined ammunition box stores his tie clips and cuff links. \$7.50



Cannon Ball Soap

A novel gift idea! This man-sized cannon ball splits into six individual wedges of quick-lathering, leather-fresh shower soap. The reusable ammunition box is solid wood with a rugged burned-in decor. \$5.50

New Royal Regiment by Max Factor



I just had
a completely
unique experience
...my first Colt 45
Malt Liquor.



must be found not in optimism about things somehow working themselves out but in a theory of catastrophe—in the kind of catastrophic event that will change ideas down to their roots. An accidental hydrogen-bomb explosion in the United States, for example, might well radically alter American ideas about the soundness of present policies. Can Hentoff believe that anything less apocalyptic will significantly change the drift of the cold society?

W. H. Ferry

Santa Barbara, California

Writer Ferry, well-known maverick freethinker, is a former publicist, labor advisor and military strategist who once taught classics at Choate School—where John F. Kennedy was one of his students. He is currently vice-president of the Fund for the Republic and staff administrator in economics at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

Hentoff's brilliant article transcends the cliché of "required reading"; it must be categorized as required understanding. Succinctly, all the bits and pieces of the past few years, too disparate in themselves to form any trend or pattern, are reorganized with a purpose. My condolences to those who did not read *The Cold Society*.

John Ivan Tomcho
Erie, Pennsylvania

THE DIVINE DEMISE

I have just finished the Reverend Hamilton's polemic article *The Death of God* in the August PLAYBOY. I think this is the best and most concise presentation of one aspect of the debate that I have ever read. In recent years, PLAYBOY has moved more and more toward providing its readers with good articles on contemporary issues. You are to be congratulated.

The Rev. James F. Kirkpatrick
St. Thomas à Becket
Episcopal Church
Roswell, New Mexico

God has been so thoroughly encrusted with man-made distortions that sometimes one is tempted to say, "Will the real God please stand up." The "God" that allows shoddy business practices, racial injustice, war and oppression of the poor is a "God" that deserves an early death. And I suspect that many of us know only that kind of a God, since we see God generally in the form of the churches, which, with rare exceptions, have sided with shoddy business practices, racial injustice, war and oppression of the poor. God is not dead, but those who purport to be His representatives on earth are. Again, with rare exceptions, organized religion is irrelevant to the needs of man today. Organized religion is like the appendix in our bodies. Scientists believe that the appendix once

served some purpose; now it is limp and meaningless but not quite inert, since it can be the occasion of infection, which is properly taken care of by surgery. It could be that, in religious terms, we need a similar operation.

Edward M. Keating, Publisher
Ramparts
San Francisco, California

Hamilton is operating from the reductionist's notion that the only meaning God can have is constructed out of man's experience (or lack of experience) of Him. Working from this orientation, Hamilton claims that since man no longer needs God, God no longer exists. Since Hamilton invoked Martin Luther, it should prove safe to remind him of what Luther once said about the Swiss thinkers of his time: "They define the Word not in terms of the God who speaks it, but in terms of the man who receives it."

Bruce B. Suttle
Philosophy Department
Baldwin-Wallace College
Berea, Ohio

I thought you might be interested in learning that the Reverend William Hamilton's *The Death of God* is to be the first item of required reading in a small elective course in which my students will study, among other things, radical theology.

Robison B. James
Assistant Professor of Religion
University of Richmond
Richmond, Virginia

NAVEL CONTEMPLATORS

You have at least two devoted readers—John Uqsina and Bob Uyagyreaq—above the Arctic Circle, at Bathurst Inlet, Northwest Territories. Here's a photo I took of them recently, trying to



decide on which side of their igloo your September 1964 gatefold should be pinned. (The mails are slow up here.) Incidentally, Eskimo men are more attracted to navels than to breasts, and everyone north of the Arctic Circle is wondering when you'll do a feature on large-navel girls.

Gerhard Reimann
Yellowknife, Northwest Territories



Say "bye-bye" to boredom! Answer the call of the Mustang! There are three new ways: hardtop, convertible or fastback. Standard features include: bucket seats; floor-mounted shift, full carpeting; 200 cu. in. Six and more. But Mustang is designed to be designed by you, so



you can choose V-8s up to 390 cu. in., front power disc brakes, Stereo Tape, vinyl-covered roof, Select-Shift automatic transmission that also works manually, air conditioning, the works! Chart the course you like. Now smile. After all, you're driving a beautiful bargain!



'67 MUSTANG
Bred first...to be first





Give
the devil
his due.



Cologne

Shave
Lotion

inferno.
Brings out the devil in you

INTEGRATIONIST GOLDWATER

There seems a fixation in your editorial mind that intrigues me. Some months ago, I forget just when, you made a statement in your magazine to the effect that I had not done much for the Negroes in my state before, during or after the time of my activity in politics.

Then, reading your August issue, on page 54 [*Playboy Interview* with H. L. Hunt], I found this: "Contrary to the claims of his campaign managers, the record indicates that Goldwater did little for the Negroes in Arizona either during his years in the Senate or before." Your having used almost identical words twice in a year's time leads me to think that you have something of a fixation on this matter.

Not that it makes any real difference, but don't you think it would be wise for reputable editors, such as yourselves, to ascertain both sides of the picture—and get the facts—before you continue to repeat anything that is not true? I would not want a reputable magazine like *PLAYBOY* depending on *The New Republic* as your sole source of information.

Barry Goldwater
Scottsdale, Arizona

PLAYBOY did rely on *The New Republic* as its sole source of information, and as it turns out, *The New Republic* was incorrect. Our apologies to ex-Senator Goldwater.

PLAYBOY's statement, that Goldwater—contrary to his campaign assertions—did not have anything to do with the desegregation of the Arizona Air National Guard, was based on an unsigned editorial that appeared in an August 1964 issue of *The New Republic*, whose editors had concluded, after what appeared to be extensive investigation, that no written orders existed to confirm or deny Goldwater's role in the integration of the Guard. The magazine quoted Frank Fraser, former inspector general and executive officer of the Guard, to the effect that at the time of the incident, Goldwater—then staff officer of the Guard—never said "anything favorable or unfavorable" on the subject of the Guard's prospective integration.

When we recently called *The New Republic*, they were unable to state who had originally gathered this information from Fraser. Fraser himself, when we spoke to him in Phoenix, said that—contrary to the *New Republic* charge—Goldwater did, indeed, propose the integration of the Guard. While noting that no individual could take all the credit, Fraser emphasized Goldwater's role and complained that *The New Republic* had misleadingly quoted him as denying it.

At our request, Goldwater himself unearthed additional statements to affirm his position. He sent us a corroborating letter from Fraser, and one from L. H. Bell, a Phoenix consulting engineer who in 1947 was first commanding officer of

the *Air Guard*. Bell wrote to Goldwater: "In your position in the *Air Guard*, you were largely—but not solely—responsible for this decision; you were in the same manner most helpful in the implementation of the decision—which, incidentally, worked out quite well."

PL*YB*Y P*R*DY

When I purchased my September issue of *PLAYBOY*, the newsstand proprietor at Pennsylvania Station handed me an issue of a magazine called *Pl*yb*y*. I know how many imitators you have, but this magazine was so similar, I would appreciate knowing if it was published by *PLAYBOY*.

C. J. Cohen
Wantagh, New York

*Pl*yb*y* was published by The Harvard Lampoon. It is the latest, and most ambitious, in a long line of collegiate parodies of *PLAYBOY* that have been produced with our permission, including *Ployboy* at Yale, *Gay Boy* at Tulane, *Plowboy* at the University of Michigan, *Playbull* at Indiana University, *Payboy* at NYU, and *Playbuoy* at the United States Naval Academy.

The Harvard Lampoon's lampoon of *PLAYBOY* was almost as much fun as *PLAYBOY* itself. By letting the "poonies" use your copyrighted titles and trademarks in their parody, you proved that *PLAYBOY* can take it as well as dish it out, where satire is concerned.

Bill Willard
Cambridge, Massachusetts

IN PRAISE OF PETRAKIS

Harry Petrakis' *The Gold of Troy* in your September issue offers additional evidence that he is one of the few writers who still let humanity and sunshine into their work. The murky grottoes of psychopathia have plenty of able exponents these days, but writers with the infectious gusto and *joie de vivre* of Petrakis are scarce, indeed. Here's a hearty retsina toast to the lad—a worthy descendant of the ancient Greeks, who set still-enduring patterns for literature.

Jack Conroy
Chicago, Illinois

TOPLESS CONTROVERSY

PLAYBOY might be interested in lending a hand—figuratively, of course—to breath-taking Yvonne d'Angers, the topless terpsichorean, featured in the *Topless* article in your September issue. It seems that Miss d'Angers—a French-born Iranian who tapes in at an admirable 44-21-36, sans silicone—married at 16 in order to obtain admission to the U.S. When she hit these shores, she dropped spouse and blouse—and is now number one on the topless-ten hit parade, undulating *au naturel* six nights a week in a red love seat at a San Francisco night club called the Off Broadway.

The U.S. Immigration Department





Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.
If you have any doubts about yourself,
try something else.

The swinging *Tippler* shown here comes on its own polished walnut stand – part of BRUT's smart silver-sealed series for after shave, after shower, after anything. Also from the connoisseur collection, handsomely-cased combinations for every man on your list, to 100.00. BRUT for men. Fabergé.

has shown little appreciation of Miss d'Angers' assets, and is threatening to ship her back to Tehran. The Western world is thus in imminent danger of losing two of its greatest natural wonders. In what would doubtless be the most photogenic protest of the decade, Miss d'Angers has threatened to counter Immigration harassments by coating her body with olive oil and chaining herself, nude, to the Golden Gate Bridge. The proprietor of a local Italian restaurant has already volunteered the oil, and a humanitarian hardware manufacturer will supply the chains.

To support Yvonne—as if she needed it—some 30 of her professional friends recently picketed San Francisco's Immigration Office. Naturally, they had intended a topless thrust-out, but an unfortunate cold snap forced a retreat to conventionality. As one of the local papers reported: "The bathukolpian brigade—eyes forward and chests well ahead—wore a motley of leopardskin leotards and gold-lamé pedal pushers, plus, alas, blouses." Sporting signs reading **HANDS OFF YVONNE** and **YVONNE-BIRD FOR VICE-PRESIDENT**, the pulchritudinous picketers then wiggled off to a press conference, where one of Yvonne's attorneys, Melvin Belli, longtime champion of the topless cause, mapped strategy for an appeal to Washington. Striking a Stephen Douglas pose for local TV, Belli intoned: "Every red-blooded patriot—from George Washington up to L.B.J.—should be prepared to keep this wondrous little girl with the 44-inch bust in our country." Answering a question about Yvonne's short-term marriage, Belli magnanimously announced: "If I weren't married, and didn't have other plans, I would propose to her myself to keep her here. It would be a labor of love."

Bill Riley
San Francisco, California

CARTOON CLAIRVOYANCE

PLAYBOY has proved to be downright prophetic with the cartoon on page 141 of your August 1966 issue. The cartoon shows an executive in his office commenting to a visitor about an obviously very-pregnant secretary: "Uh . . . remember that black-out we had here in New York a few months ago . . . ?" On August 10, nearly a month after the August PLAYBOY hit the stands, the Associated Press reported from New York City that "a startling increase in the birth rate has been reported by hospitals here in the last 36 hours, exactly nine months after the big black-out." An obstetrician at Mount Sinai was quoted as saying: "It's quite possible there were a number of unplanned pregnancies."

Read the news in PLAYBOY before it happens!

James B. Hammett
Claremore, Oklahoma




**No slide projector
ever looked like
this before . . .
or did as much**

*It's the dramatically successful Sawyer's.
Shows 100 slides uninterrupted with
circular tray. Takes regular trays, too.
Can even show up to 40 slides
automatically without a tray.
Shows 35mm slides, Super Slides, and
slides from instant cartridge cameras.
No other projector, at any price, does
so much, so well.
From less than \$60. Rotomatic® 707Q
model shown, with double-life 500 watt
quartz iodine lamp, less than \$150.*

SAWYER'S

Makers of View-Master Products, Portland, Oregon 97207



CHANEL

Perfume in the Classic Bottle from 7.50, Eau de Cologne from 3.50, Spray Cologne and Spray Perfume each 5.00, Bath Powder 5.00, Oil For The Bath from 5.00.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



America's involvement in Vietnam has brought with it a new wrinkle in warfare: the publicly debated war. No longer is battle the province of military strategists alone; it has become the field on which Senators, columnists, students and the ubiquitous man in the street wrangle and bicker over the consequences of each tactic before the military embarks upon it. We can't help wondering what some of history's decisive battles would have been like if this democratic approach had existed then. Would the Rubicon, for example, ever have been crossed if—in Jimmy Durante's words—"everybody got into the act" beforehand? We imagine Caesar's scribe would have written:

"A sharp debate has broken out among the generals, tribunes, procurators and publicans in Cisalpine Gaul, as to the advisability of Gaius Julius Caesar's crossing the Rubicon. Procurator Tranquillius maintains that the legions haven't sufficient corn and wine in their magazines and supplies of biscuits to make such a lengthy march. 'Besides,' he adds, 'Rome is hundreds of miles away and we have no business there. The Romans are confused and don't know what we're doing there. It's a dirty war and we should negotiate our way out.' General Bellicosius disagrees, contending that supplies can be amplified by foraging and plunder, and that Rome should be hit *now*. 'When you get right down to the nitty-gritty,' he said, 'we are the most powerful province on the face of the globe and the Romans are a bunch of paper wolves. Let's face it: The Romans fully intend to spread their godless Pax Romana over the entire world. If we don't fight them over there, we're going to have to fight them over here.' Tranquillius replies that as soon as we enter the peninsula, we will be branded as invaders by the rest of the world; 'It's their country,' he says, 'not ours.' A prominent political group, the Junius Birchus Society, claims that the real threat to Gaul is from internal subversion, and has accused Tranquillius, Bellicosius,

Caesar and everybody else of being Pompey-symp. Meanwhile, Centurion Neutralius has called his troops out on strike, maintaining that if the Rubicon is crossed, Carthage will enter the war with its hordes and a general conflagration will ensue.

"A group of college students from Massilia is reported planning to lay themselves down before Caesar's chariots on the Via Aemilia, as a symbol of protest. They have prepared signs reading G.J.C. IS BUM-TRIPPING US; STAY ON THIS SIDE OF THE XLVTH PARALLEL; DO NOT RENDER UNTO CAESAR; and BACCHUS, NOT JULIUS. A spot poll shows:

For Crossing Rubicon	...LVIII%
Against	XXIII%
Don't Know	XIX%

"Standing outside his purple tent surmounted by the golden eagle of Rome, Caesar read this brief statement: 'There is nothing sacred about the XLVth parallel. Except for a few Nervous Nullae, I think the majority of legionnaires and citizens, as shown by this spot poll here in my pocket, are behind me in the Rubicon thing. Recent intelligence reports indicate that the Romans now have fire catapults that can kill as many as twenty men with a single missile. Such a superweapon is a threat to humanity in the hands of our godless foes; only an immediate pre-emptive strike on their missile-making plants can prevent untold devastation later. After all, I am merely trying to bring Pompey to the negotiating table. He and his followers are fanatics: No matter what we hit them with, they continue to fight back. Crossing the Rubicon could turn the tide in our favor. There is talk that this will escalate the war, but General "Mad Dog" Apocalypticus has assured me that, should we cross the Rubicon, the Carthaginians will not come in. They simply haven't enough ballistae, catapultae, onagri, tiremes and other sophisticated hardware to carry on a full-scale war. Before giving way to fear, my critics should

remember that the gods are on our side. We have no personal ambitions and seek no wider conquests. Our aim is merely to give Romans everywhere a new kind of life. I call it the Society Maximus.'"

The sentence "Taft's ten inches still holds record," in a *Parade* magazine article about the Presidency, stopped us short until we realized that the depth of snowfall on inauguration days was the topic of the piece.

A Canadian correspondent sends word that a movie theater in Montreal was doing a brisk business with a first-rate thriller on the bill despite a line of picketing ushers in front of the theater. Faced with defeat, the union strategists came up with a solid counterpunch. The next day all picketers came armed with placards reading, THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE DID IT. The strike was settled two hours later.

One segment of NBC's special *The French Revolution—Reign of Terror* was brought to us, we were straightforwardly informed, "by Bayer Aspirin, for fast relief of headache pain."

A University of Rochester student posted the following notice on the "Lost and Found" bulletin board at the student union: "The person who took my brand-new brown storm coat from the men's dining center room last Monday evening may pick up the zip-in lining at room 305 of the men's residence hall between 2 and 5 p.m. any afternoon."

The following classified ad from *The Atlanta Journal* should have noted whether the buyer would have to install his own turnstile: "FOR SALE—Motel on U.S. 41 south of city; every room filled every night, two and three times."

A chap in Manhattan tells us that a new literary game is abating the seasonal

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She's a sweet-talking, easy-going mixture—with just a whiff of cherry to sweeten your smoke. Same price as regular Model, too. Come on, don't let this sweet new Model drift by without giving her a try. NEW MODEL AROMATIC • REGULAR MODEL. United States Tobacco Company

New Model Aromatic



ennui among the *cognoscenti*. As delineated in the rules, you match a real book title with an unlikely but appropriate author, then challenge your fellow gamester to try to top you. Here are a few for openers: *Yes I Can* by Cary Grant, *The Executive Job Market* by James Aubrey, *Lord of the Flies* by Willie Mays, *Unsafe at Any Speed* by Werner von Braun, *The Looking Glass War* by Gloria Swanson, *The Source* by Joseph P. Kennedy, *I, the King* by Charles de Gaulle, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* by Dr. Benjamin Spock, *Games People Play* by John Scarne, *The Carefully Considered Rape of the World* by Lyndon B. Johnson, and that sensational new best seller, *Human Sexual Response* by Drs. R. Burton and E. Taylor.

Victor Castellanos, if we can believe an account in *The Miami Herald*, "spends his weekdays making surfboarders and his weekends riding the waves." As to whether all this is good or bad for youngsters, Castellanos is quoted as boasting that "they're too tired at night to do anything wrong."

A British nature lover reports spotting a sign on a tree in Kew Gardens, reading: BIRD NESTING PROHIBITED.

No information is available as to whether or not the following ad from the *Chicago Maroon*, the University of Chicago's campus newspaper, was answered: "Grad student desires demolition expert to destroy his temporary erections. Call weekdays after 7 P.M., any time weekends: 384-9546."

The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service received a letter not too long ago from a fellow who wanted to know the legal limit on clay pigeons.

We wonder if it was outrage at the frivolity of the rich or simple approval of a nice refinement that led the *United Mine Workers Journal* to pick up a newspaper squib about a Park Avenue doctor who uses mahogany tongue depressors.

Students of sex education may be interested to know that a novel teaching tool has been placed on the market: "The Visible Woman," a transparent plastic assembly kit of a 14½-inch pregnant woman complete with "all internal organs," six-month fetus, blood vessels, bones and nerves—altogether, over 79 separate parts—all for only \$4.98. Approximately 1,500,000 sets had been sold to schools and parents before

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a Sacramento six-year-old noticed something wrong and wrote to the manufacturers with a naïve inquiry: "How did the baby get in there in the first place?" Although appropriate openings had been provided for the eyes, ears, nose and mouth, one orifice was conspicuous by its absence: the vagina. Apparently fearful of inciting impressionable young minds to prurience, the manufacturers may have felt that such titillating details should be left to the imagination. The story has a happy ending, however, for their maternal mannequin is a perfect mate for another of the company's best-selling items: "The Visible Man," a familiar figure in toy stores for several years now: he'd been discreetly deprived of his reproductive organs, too.

Among the enticing assets included in the price of a model home in the ocean-front community of Long Beach, New York, said a sign displayed on the lawn, WET: PRIVATE BEACH RITES.

Herb Caen's column in the *San Francisco Chronicle* has added the following item to our bulging file on 20th Century androgyny: "Paul Goldin, the hypnotist at the Gate Theater, insists this happened while he was sunning on a park bench in Sausalito. As a wild young character walked past—straggly hair, tight pants, boots—he turned to the person seated next to him and remarked: 'That's a weird-looking girl.' 'I beg your pardon,' came the reply, 'that's my son.' 'Terribly sorry,' said Paul, 'I didn't know you were his father.' 'I'm not,' was the answer, 'I'm his mother.'"

The first sentence in the general instructions for Review Test Number One of the University of Kansas' introductory English course is: "There are 50 questions, numbered consecutively from 1-75, on this test."

To whom it may concern: The Port Hope, Ontario, *Evening Guide* ran a classified ad requesting "40 widows for hot beds before spring planting."

Civil Rights Department, S and M Division: A "Personals" ad in the *Los Angeles Free Press* requested the services of a "Submissive male Caucasian ready for female black power."

A recent squib in *The Washington Daily News* said that Britishers were queuing up outside a London shop after this sign was placed in the window: REJECTED VIRGINS, ALL SHAPES FOR SALE. FROM 15 SHILLINGS, \$2.10. Once inside, they found to their dismay that the



the 'forbidden' fragrance



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Many other benefits too! A new *big* Club magazine filled with news and pictures of top stars. A wide range of choice—over 300 records a month to choose from. Charge privileges. No dues or enrollment fees; no contest to enter. Read more about these benefits on the stub of the bound-in card. Then indicate your 8 free records on the reply card, detach, and mail.



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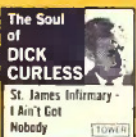
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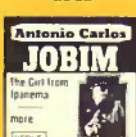
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NANCY WILSON GENTLE IS MY LOVE My One And Only Love CAPITOL 23-51	RELAXIN' DEAN MARTIN Napoli - How Sweet It Was Who Was That Lady TOWER 50-18	BEACH BOYS' PARTY! Barbara Ann, I Wish I Had Known Better CAPITOL 23-98	ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET BUCK OWENS AND HIS BUCKAROOS CAPITOL 24-43	THE GREAT ROY ORBISON Little Moses on These Tones CAPITOL 21-03	"Singing Alvin" Original Soundtrack DEBBIE REYNOLDS Dominique CAPITOL 906-70	The Orbison Way Breakin' Up Is Breakin' My Heart MGM 906-31	BEATLES VI 8 DAYS A WEEK YES IT IS PLUS 8 MORE HITS CAPITOL 23-58	RAY CHARLES CRYING TIME Going Down Slow Tears ABC PARADISE 906-25							
Ray Charles THE GENIUS WHOSE THE ROAD Georgia on My Mind, Moon over Miami ABC PARADISE 900-96	JODY MILLER QUEEN OF THE HOUSE Silver Threads and Golden Needles, others CAPITOL 23-49	Ferrante & Teicher THEMES FROM BROADWAY SHOWS ABC PARADISE 901-27	the very best of CONNIE FRANCIS CONNIE'S 15 BIGGEST HITS! MGM 905-10		NAT KING COLE STORY 36 classic performances that live on 3-RECORD SET Counts as 3 CAPITOL 16-13A/16-13B/16-13C	MEET THE BEATLES I Want To Be Like You All My Loving CAPITOL 20-47	ENOCH LIGHT and Two Lovers discotheque Dance, Dance, Dance COMMANO 900-99	FRANK FONTAINE SINGS LIKE CRAZY Girl of My Dreams - I Want a Girl ABC PARADISE 904-71							
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Original Soundtrack DOCTOR ZHIVAGO MGM 906-20	A PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR PRYOCK Ebb Tide Autumn Leaves Because OLD FOLK 906-04	Connie Francis Never on Sunday Around the World CAPITOL 905-92	THE BEST OF THE ANIMALS House of the Rising Sun MGM 906-22	The Tillotson Touch Cold, Cold Heart - This Old House - Jailer Bring Me Water MGM 904-10	NANCY WILSON FROM BROADWAY WITH LOVE Here's That Rainy Day - He Loves Me CAPITOL 24-33	Unforgettable NAT KING COLE Answer Me, My Love - Mona Lisa CAPITOL 3-57	NEW TOP HITS IN THE GLENN MILLER STYLE Too Darn Hot, Rag Mopie The Modernaires with Paula Kelly CAPITOL 20-93	The Great Hits Of FRANK SINATRA All the Way Love and Marriage CAPITOL 20-36							
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THE BEST OF BUCK OWENS Pauline, Jerome Second Edition CAPITOL 21-05	for animals only BAJA MARIMBA BAND Puff (The Magic Dragon) CAPITOL 906-16	WOOLY BULLY sam the sham is the pharaohs Go Go Girls Long Tail Sally Shagun CAPITOL 904-22	FRANK FONTAINE Songs I Sing on the Jackie Gleason Show If I Had My Way 11 more ABC PARADISE 901-21	FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE 11 OTHER MOVIE THEMES JIMMIE HIRSKELL Decca 20-75	RIDIN' HIGH The Impressions Let It Be Me CAPITOL 906-30	KAY STARR Fabulous Favorites Side by Side Wheel of Fortune CAPITOL 21-06	THE ANIMALS ON TOUR CAPITOL 904-14	JACK JONES IN LOVE Impossible What Would I Do CAPITOL 21-00							
DON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME BONNIE OWENS Number One Hit CAPITOL 24-03	THE BEST OF JACKIE GLEASON Hello, Dolly! Days of Wine & Roses CAPITOL 906-01	STORMY MONDAY LOU RAWLS & LES MCCANN IN THE EVENING SWEET LOVE - 8 more CAPITOL 17-14	DIZZY GILLESPIE with GIL FULLER & MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA The Shadow Of Your Smile EPIC JAZZ 904-58	WIZARD OF OZ JUDY GARLAND Orig. Over the Rainbow Soundtrack MGM 906-07	THE BEST OF GUY LOMBARDO a dozen "greats" CAPITOL 14-61	THE SENSATIONAL JOHNNY RIVERS DON'T LOOK NOW / LONG BLACK VEIL 10 IN ALL CAPITOL 21-61	AI Martino Spanish Eyes CAPITOL 24-35								
HAVE 'TWANGY' GUITAR WILL TRAVEL DUANE EDDY Rebel Rouser RCA 906-82	Beach Boys Pet Sounds Sloop John B Caroline No CAPITOL 24-58	JOHNNY BOND Ten Little Bottles SADIE WAS A JOY 3 SHEETS IN THE WIND 10 MORE STANDARDS 901-50	MATT MONRO This Is The Life CAPITOL 25-40	Lovin' Spoonful Daydream KAMA SUTRA 906-75	HOW SWEET IT IS FRANK FONTAINE When I Grow Too Old to Dream ABC PARADISE 904-89	ARTHUR PRYOCK / COUNT BASIE I Could Have Told You VERVE 906-52									
This Is Dean Martin Return To Me - Volare - Angel Baby CAPITOL 10-47	WANDA JACKSON BLUES IN MY HEART Oh Lonesome Mo Worried Mind CAPITOL 23-06	NAT KING COLE RAMBLIN' ROSE CAPITOL 17-93	DAVID ROSE The Stripper Night Train CAPITOL 905-34	GEORGE SHEARING touch me softly Lullabies And Roses The Blue Room CAPITOL 18-74	TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD FAVORITES Sixteen Tons more CAPITOL 8-41	The LOMBARDO KEES YOU ALL THE FAVORITES 4-RECORD SET Counts as 4 CAPITOL 21-81A/B/C/D	SONNY JAMES YOU'RE THE ONLY WORLD I KNOW End of the World CAPITOL 22-09	WAYNE NEWTON SINGS HIT SONGS MY KIND OF GIRL 12 IN ALL CAPITOL 21-30							
DANNY KAYE Mummy Gimme a Break! What! I'm Five, What's the Deal? CAPITOL 9-37	JOHN COLTRANE LIVE AT BIRDLAND IMPULSE 902-32	BARBRA STREISAND FUNNY GIRL ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST © 1964 Ray Her 902-59	OLDIES BUT GOODIES 8 Chapel of Love - La Bamba - by Stars Who Made Them Famous 905-91	THE LETTERMEN SHE CRIED Rap to How 12 in all CAPITOL 21-42	The King and I ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK CAPITOL 7-40	GUY LOMBARDO REBEL VOLUME 3 CAPITOL 15-98	DEAN MARTIN Bino ARRIVEDERCI ROMA 12 ITALIAN LOVE SONGS CAPITOL 16-59	MILES DAVIS BIRTH OF THE COOL MOPLITY ROCKERS 904-24							
INTRODUCING HERMAN'S HERMITS I'm Into Something Good MGM 904-16	THEME FROM DR. KILDARE others RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN SINGS MGM 905-12	RAY CHARLES BORN TO LOSE MODERN SOUNDS IN COUNTRY & WESTERN MUSIC ABC PARADISE 904-68	WES MONTGOMERY BUMP Here's That Rainy Day Con Alma VERVE 905-56	BILLY STRANGE SECRET AGENT FILE EPIC SUNDAY 905-75	WAYNE NEWTON RED ROSES for a BLUE LADY One More Memory 11 in all CAPITOL 23-35	THE FANTASTICS Original Cast Album Try To Remember Soon It's Gonna Rain Much More MGM 903-83	The Very Best of HANK WILLIAMS Your Cheatin' Heart - Cold, Cold Heart MGM 905-11	THE YELLOW ROLLS ROYCE ORIGINAL MOVIE SOUND TRACK 904-24							
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to build an image, mister.

An aggressive new after-shave
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Part of a complete men's line
priced from 1.25 to 4.50.



...like
nothing else
you ever tasted
(except champagne)

Sparkling Champale Malt Liquor... costs
just pennies more than beer. Make it your drink; the
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FREE—Two exciting new recipe booklets. Write today to Metropolis Brewery of N.J., Inc., Trenton®. Dept. PM.

"rejected virgins" were substandard, unpolished briar pipes.

A 19-year-old boy, reports the Associated Press, was arrested in Bakersfield, California, on a charge of stealing a record album entitled *Thou Shalt Not Steal*.

According to *Chicago Tribune* columnist George Morgenstern, an artist in Rome has worked up a thriving business by sketching engaged girls as he thinks they'll look after 50 and selling the portraits to their fiancés.

We learned of the following red-letter event, via a short news note in the Wayne, Pennsylvania, *Daily Press*, too late to attend: "Dr. Wilfred C. Buchmeister, Ph.D., author of *The Evils of Pornography*, will be lechering at Bryn Mawr Forum Hall . . ."

THEATER

A Delicate Balance is Edward Albee in a reflective, accepting, even sympathetic mood. It is full of bite and invective, but the essence of the play is something a lot more tender than anything he has attempted before. *Balance* is about friendship and family, the demands that one is allowed to make in human relationships and the disastrous effects of overextending those demands. The family under Albee's scrutiny is a rich suburban couple named Agnes and Tobias (Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn), their much-married, hysterical daughter (Marian Seldes), and Claire (Rosemary Murphy), Agnes' wisecracking, sexy and heavy-drinking sister. Each member feeds off the others, the family being one of several things in "delicate balance." The daughter comes home to take divorce breaks. For the sardonic sister (something of an author's mouthpiece), the family provides a sort of cynic-ure. Agnes is, by her own admission, the fulcrum of the balancing act. She manages to keep things going, while her husband watches knowingly but passively from the side lines. Unsettling the complicated ménage are Harry and Edna, a dull couple who by mutual agreement and for no apparent reason are Agnes and Tobias' best friends. Suddenly scared out of their wits by the realization of their own loneliness and lovelessness, they move, uninvited, into their friends' home, bringing their terror with them. The relationships—friend to friend, husband to wife, host to guest, parent to child—are tested, and proved wanting. The play is somewhat slow starting, and in some cases the confrontations could stand clarification. The unwelcome guests, as cryptically written, carry echoes of Pinter (who does it better), and Alan Schneider's direction is stagy (the characters keep changing chairs). But the actors, particularly



To a jockey,
it's a derby win ...



To a traveler,
it's a welcome inn ...



To a father,
it's a big event ...



To a smoker, it's a **KENT**

More taste...fine tobacco

KENT puts the flavor of
the world's finest tobaccos
through the KENT filter –
for the most satisfying taste
in filter smoking today.



Revlon says: Have a

The big-time splendors are back. The rich gifts from Revlon, the luxuries no girl is strong enough to resist.

1. 'Intimate' Spray Mist (under glass!)—opulent new way to give this cherished fragrance—in a fluted decanter with the look of heirloom crystal. 3.25

2. 'Intimate' Spray Mist in Filigree—the extravagant gesture she'll adore! In a fabulous look-of-gold flacon designed by Van Cleef & Arpels. 3.75

3. 'Intimate' Spray Mist Column—a lavish supply of her favorite fragrance. In the fluted white bottle that won't break. Won't spill. Travels light. 5.00

4. 'Intimate' Fragrance Candle—romantic Revlon way to perfume her private world. Light the candle in the gilded filigree holder, and m-m-m! 5.50

5. Imported Brocade Evening Bag—all white-and-gold shimmer, with a matched trio of gifts inside: 'Love-Pat' compact makeup, 'Blush-On', and Super-Lustrous lipstick, in refillable golden-weave metal cases designed by Van Cleef & Arpels. 15.00

6. 'Intimate' Duetto—two embossed golden boxes ribboned together, two fragrance delights within: 'Intimate' Spray Mist and Bath Powder. 6.50



Gold-fashioned Christmas!

7. New! 'Intimate' Perfume Compacts—enchancing little gold-tone circlets topped with ruby-red velvet or 'ivory' cameo. And inside: 'Intimate', cherished as one of the world's 7 great fragrances, concentrated into non-spill, *pat-on perfume*. 5.00

8. 'Intimate-in-the-Round'—3 lovely luxuries scented to match. Milk Bath, Eau de Toilette, and new 'Silk of Intimate', the first full-length fragrance. 5.50

9. 'Intimate' Bath Powder—a tenderly textured powdering of 'Intimate'. In a golden baroque box with a 'bubble top' to show off the luxurious puff. 4.00

10. The Fitted Mini-Purse—really 3 gifts in 1! The plushy little Art Nouveau purse carries a matching 'Love-Pat' compact and lipstick. 4.00

11. New! The Paisley Purseling—newest way to make a lady blush. The velvet-touch clutch holds Revlon's famous 'Blush-On', plus a 'Moon Drops' Wet Lipstick, in matched tortoise-tone cases. 5.50

12. The Continental for Men—a grooming collection for the connoisseur. The slim luggage-tan case is lined in a handsome tie-print, fitted with Revlon's fine precision-crafted implements. 6.00

“Barbara, let’s not be
embarrassed again this year.
When we give Scotch, let’s
make it Johnnie Walker Red.”



Johnnie Walker Red,
so smooth it's the world's
largest-selling Scotch.

Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy and Rosemary Murphy, are in key with their roles, and the play is a sign of marked growth for the author. For the audience, it is a strangely disquieting experience. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th Street.

RECORDINGS

That old troupier Mel Tormé has no trouble whatsoever exploring the pop charts on *Right Now!* (Columbia). Actually, there is no reason to have expected otherwise; Tormé is one of the top practitioners of his craft. To be found here are *Walk On By*, *Secret Agent Man* and *Red Rubber Ball*, all of which Mel puts in his hip pocket.

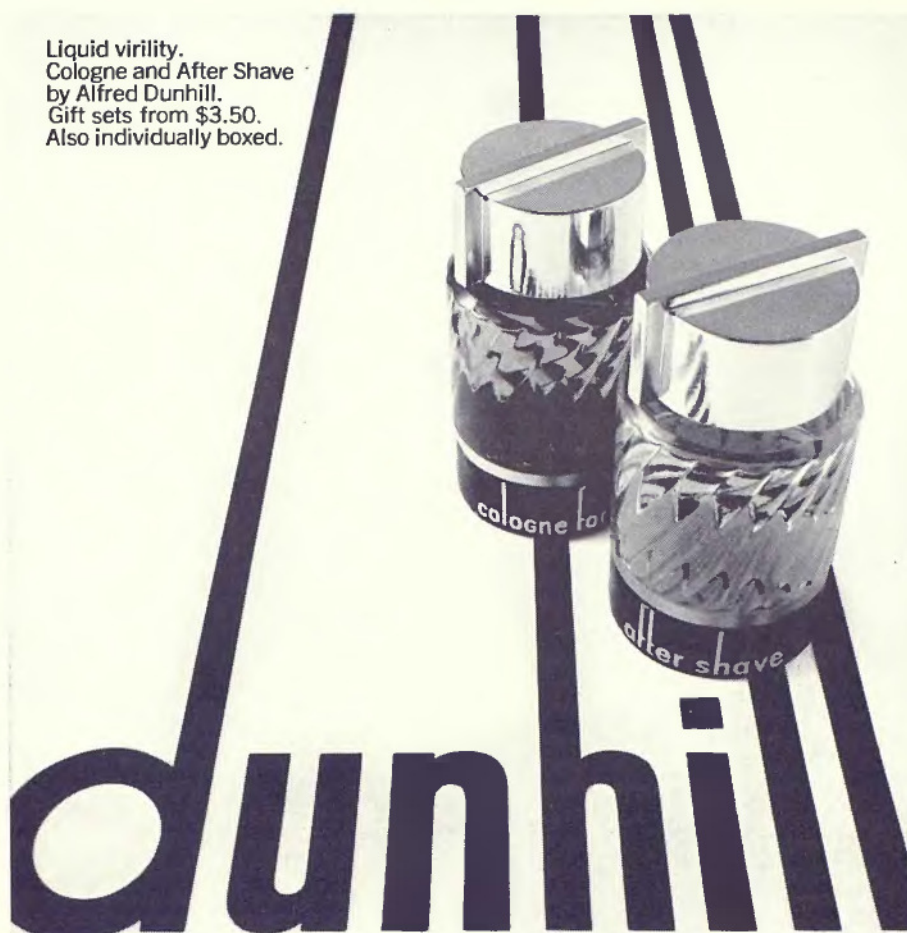
Thad Jones, Mel Lewis & "The Jazz Orchestra" (Solid State) profiles one of the best of the new big bands. The aggregation is loaded for bear under the direction of the ace trumpeter (who has switched to Flügelhorn) and the first-rate drummer. Most of the charting and composing has been done by Thad, and he has found a lively groove, indeed. Some of the sidemen lending their talents to the session are Thad's brother, Hank, on piano; reed men Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion and Pepper Adams; and bone men Bob Brookmeyer and Tom McIntosh, both of whom have contributed arrangements. Three of the principals are also to be heard on *Thad Jones / Pepper Adams Quintet / Mean What You Say* (Milestone), wherein Adams, Jones and Lewis are joined by pianist Duke Pearson and bassist Ron Carter for a mellow session, again encompassing a number of Jones originals. Also present are the new standard *Wives and Lovers* and the old, old oldie *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*, which has been completely refurbished. Jones and Adams maintain a successful partnership throughout.

Dave Brubeck / *Time In* (Columbia) is schizophrenic in that the sound—the Brubeck Quartet sound—is comfortably familiar while the group's fields of endeavor are freshly inventive. From the tender title tune to the soul-filled *Travelin' Blues* to the probing capper, *Cassandra*, Brubeck, Desmond et al. never let good taste disintegrate into dullness.

My Mood Is You . . . Mara Lynn Brown (Decca) is an auspicious LP encore for the fast-rising Miss Brown. Backed by an orchestra under the baton of Johnny Frigo (her husband), Mara Lynn conducts a half-hour course on how to sing a song. Included in the curriculum are such classics as *The Man I Love*, *It All Depends on You* and *Mad About the Boy*, and three originals by Frigo. Listen and learn.

It is made very apparent on *Travellin' Man* / Charlie Byrd Trio (Columbia) why the

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guitarist is at the top of his trade. Recorded live at Charlie's home base, The Showboat in Washington, D.C., this etching copiously covers all bases. There's country-and-western (*Mama I'll Be Home Someday*), show tunes (*Yesterday, Do I Hear a Waltz?*), movie themes (*The Folks Who Live on the Hill, I Will Wait for You*) and sundry other shades of the musical spectrum, all handsomely evoked by the adventurous guitar man.

It's good to welcome back The Swingle Singers; they've been away from vinyl too long. Their latest LP, *Rococo à Go Go* (Philips), continues the group's syncopated explorations of "serious" music. On hand this go-round are works by Couperin, Telemann, Daquin and others of similar esoteric ilk. The Swingles are in fine voice and the LP is a delight.

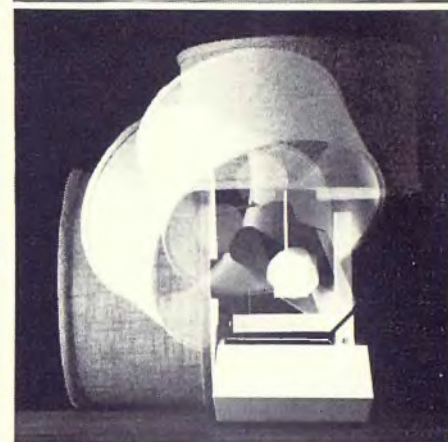
The Charles Lloyd Quartet / *Dream Weaver* (Atlantic) fulfills a great deal of the promise shown by the tenor saxophonist-composer during his stint with the Cannonball Adderley group. His compositions—all of the items on the LP, with the exception of *Autumn Leaves*—are daring and his playing is highly individualistic. In particular, the title tune, in two parts, proves perfectly formed and brilliantly executed by Lloyd and his aides-de-camp, pianist Keith Jarrett, bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Jack DeJohnette. Look out, people, here comes Charles Lloyd.

Another driving LP can be chalked up to young Lou Rawls. *Soulin'* (Capitol) is filled with belters, ballads and blues, all profiting from Lou's soul-based vocalise. Among the high points: *A Whole Lotta Woman, Love Is a Hurtin' Thing* and *Breaking My Back*. H. B. Barnum is the arranger-conductor and he has provided highly charged backgrounds for the moving Mr. Rawls.

World-Pacific has come up with a pair of pressings that prove that "mood" music can merge felicitously with jazz. *Chet Baker and the Carmel Strings / Quietly There and Girl in Love / Bud Shank* are highlighted by the Baker Flügelhorn and the Shank alto sax. The latter is assisted by an orchestra conducted by Oliver Nelson, who also handled the arrangements of such current favorites as *Summer Wind, Strangers in the Night* and *Lava's Theme*. Baker's sonorous horn weaves its way through the likes of *I Left My Heart in San Francisco, Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* and *The More I See You*. Pleasant listening all around.

A thing of delicate, fragile beauty is the recording of Paganini's "*Centone di Sonate*"—*Six Sonates pour Violon et Guitare*

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(Pathé), featuring estimably compatible performances by violinist Régis Pasquier and guitarist Oscar Ghiglia. The sonatas lack the bravura of so many of Paganini's compositions wherein the requisite is technical virtuosity rather than sensitivity. The latter quality is present in copious quantities on this fine French import.

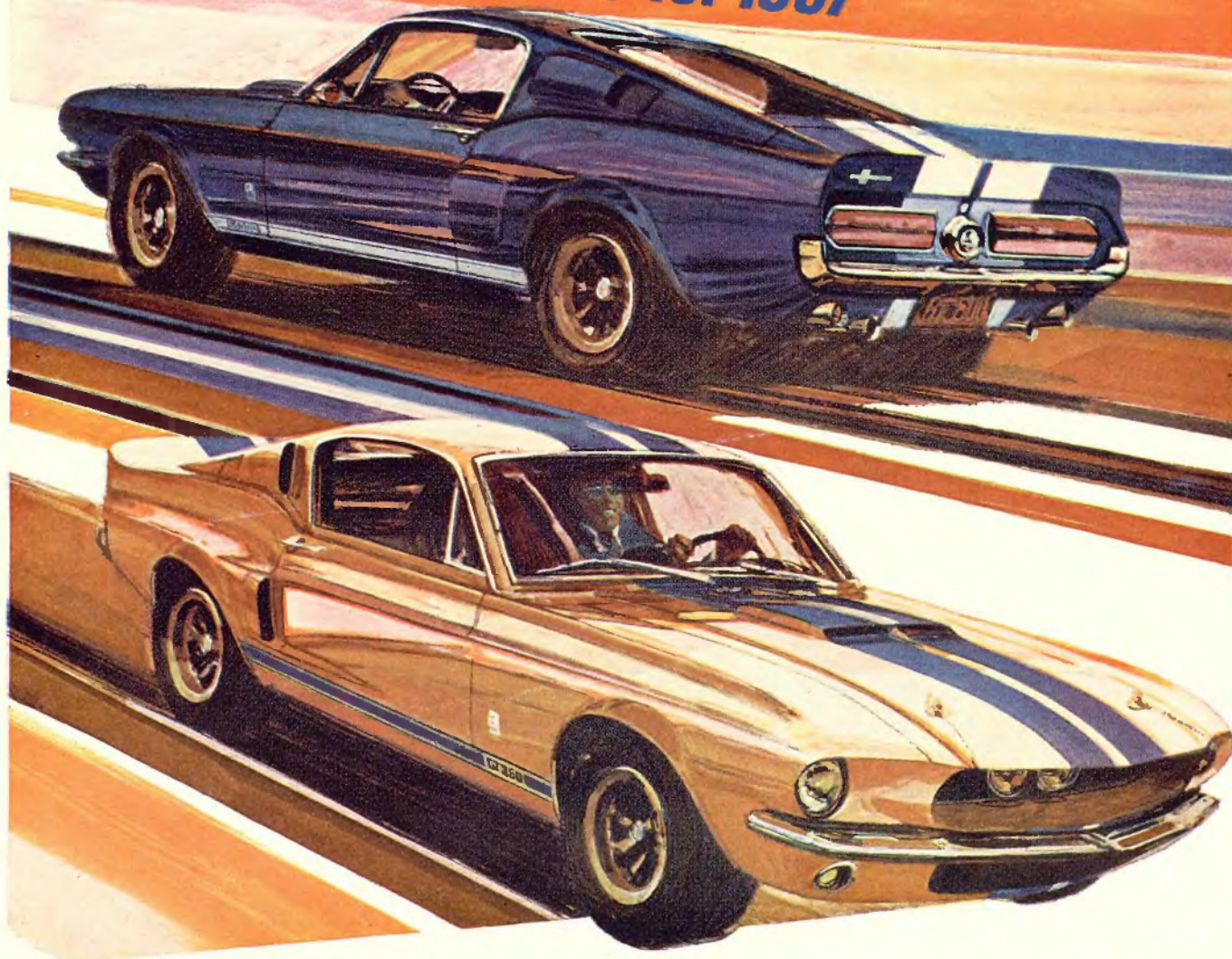
Piano, vibes, Latin and soul cordially blend in *Cal Tjader & Eddie Palmieri / El Sonido Nuevo* (Verve). Augmented by a trombone choir, Latin percussion and, on occasion, the flute of George Castro, vibist Tjader and pianist Palmieri cook up a steamy batch of south-of-the-border-spiced funk. In among the Hispanic hoedowns are take-offs on the theme from *Modesty Blaise* and *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*.

Recent folk fare is headed by a refreshing new sound: *The Saxons / Love Minus Zero—No Limit* (Mirrosonic). The Saxons are Marvin Solley, a conventional but better-than-average baritone, and Dan Goggin, who is that rarity among men (since the practice of castrating choral singers was discontinued), a countertenor (male soprano). The Saxons harmonize skillfully on a variety of recent folk and pop tunes, accompanied by a delightful harpsichordic tinkle of antiquity. On *Little Wheel Spin and Spin* (Vanguard), up-and-coming Buffy Sainte-Marie makes her third offering to the folk-music discography. Possessing a unique singing style, Buffy should take her place beside the Olympians in the field if, hopefully, she eliminates a marked tendency to shrillness. In an outstanding first waxing, the well-matched team of *Malka and Joso* (Capitol)—she from Israel and he from Yugoslavia—perform a variety of traditional folk ballads in Spanish, Russian, Hebrew and English. Pete Seeger ingeniously defines *Dangerous Songs!*? (Columbia) to include lullabies ("a propaganda song, in the opinion of a three-year-old who doesn't want to be put to sleep"), hymns ("controversial songs—try singing one in the wrong church") and bawdy songs ("protesting sanctimoniousness"). Accordingly, the assortment of well-fashioned protest songs is as varied as *Die Gedanken Sind Frei*, a hoary German ditty of dissent, *Little Jack Horner*, a disguised critique of England's Henry VIII, and the current *Draft Dodger Rag*. Another recent Seeger release, loosely adhering to the theme of "conservation," is *God Bless the Grass* (Columbia). *Reflections in a Crystal Wind* (Vanguard), by Richard and Mimi Fariña, is a fine record by a talented couple who will, unfortunately, sing no more: Richard was killed in a motorcycle accident shortly after the disc was released. With his wife Mimi (Joan Baez' sister), he had put together a fresh, well-paced interpretation of contemporary folk music, with a lot of

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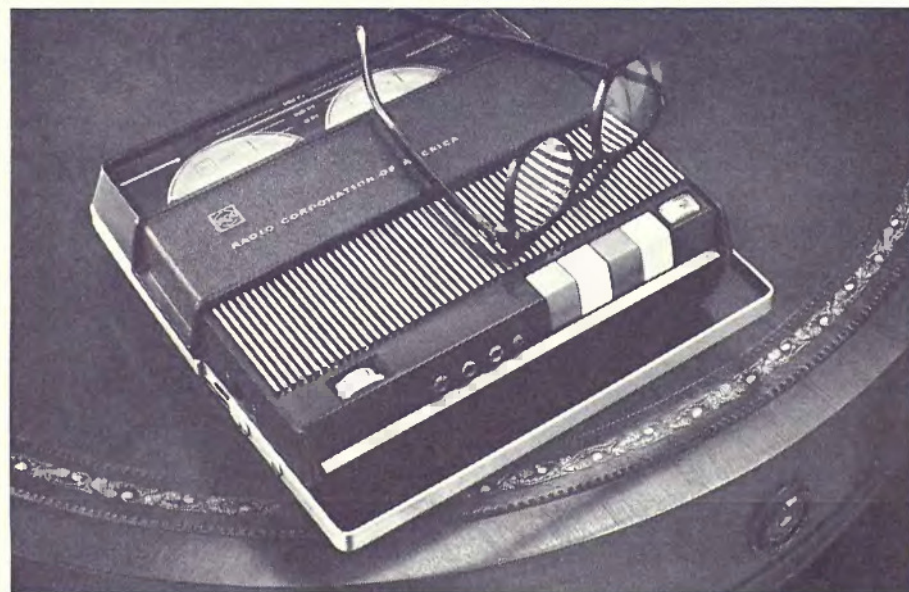
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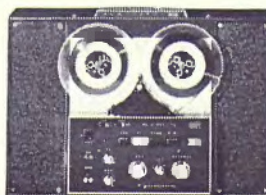
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accompaniment and a big beat—but not so big as to obscure the couple's brilliant musical rapport. (Richard was also a writer—his first novel was just published—and a short story is scheduled for a forthcoming issue of PLAYBOY.) Verve/Folkways this month released *The Legendary Dock Boggs*; *Jean Ritchie and Doc Watson / Jean and Doc at Folk City*; and *Lightnin' Strikes / Lightnin' Hopkins*. The first two are worthwhile re-pressings from original Folkways recordings; the last is a new release. "If you like the songs, learn them," quoth Tommy Makem on the liner notes of the Clancy Brothers' latest, *Isn't It Grand Boys* (Columbia); "and if you feel like singing, just throw back your head, open your mouth and fire away." Which is exactly what Makem and *les frères Clancy* do on a fine assortment of old foot-stamping, hand-clapping Irish ditties.

DINING-DRINKING

In the gastronomical war between the French and everybody else, a sound blow has been struck by the Irish with an olde style bar and grill in the heart of Manhattan called *Charley O's* (33 West 48th Street). "Solid drink and good food" is the motto and the practice. In decor, it's a designer's version of what a Third Avenue bar might have been if it had been designed by a designer—which is not to say that the atmosphere isn't a bit of all right. There's a drinking bar, an eating bar (a stand-up buffet that is an elegant updating of the free-lunch counter) and a regular dining room. *Charley O's*—whose walls are decorated with scenes of turn-of-the-century bibbing—is ultramasculine, which means that women love it. Your companions, in portrait, are W. C. Fields and that omnipresent but anonymous movie drunk, Jack Norton, and the sermons on the wall include such quotes as Fields' "A woman drove me to drink. I'll be a sonofagun, but I never even wrote to thank her." The menu is plain food served fancy. Naturally, the appetizers include superb pigs knuckles, as well as soused shrimp, which is what it sounds like. *Charley O's* bean soup is like you wish your mother could have made. Trencherman fare is the porter-house steak for two, and the corned beef and cabbage is old sod. There is a daily special, too, such as roast duck and chestnuts or Irish stew with dumplings. Desserts are standards, except for whiskey cream pie, made with Irish whiskey. Sure, and there's Irish coffee, too. *Charley O's* is not strong on wines, but the imported ales and beers are a blessing. A special feature is the informal—no ties required—Sunday brunch, served from noon to sundown. It includes such stuff as Irish Milk Punch, porridge, Irish bacon and eggs, and Irish coffee. *Charley O's* is open every day from 11 A.M., for

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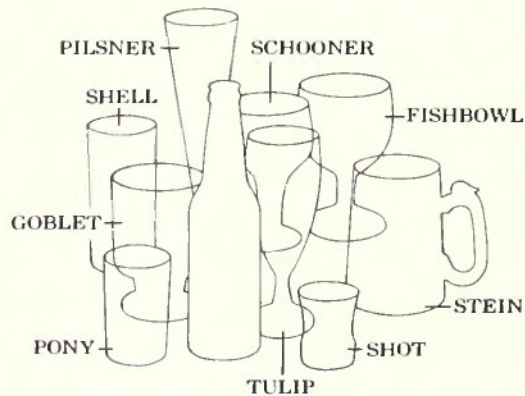
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MOVIES

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum was the funniest Broadway show in New York for two seasons. It was a deliberately patchy sort of production full of low-comedy routines, as if a road company out of Rome were doing Aristophanes in Bosnia. The movie, directed by Richard Lester, has preserved Zero Mostel as the flummoxed fixer, Pseudolus, a living lesson in how to be hilarious though excessive; and Lester has kept the tatty texture that endeared the stage production. Lester's one mistake (and in a movie so rich with successes, it seems ingracious to point it out) is to insist on a Mack Sennett chase by chariot, which begins by being a zany collection of innovating gags but ends by being about five minutes too long. Otherwise, it's all sniggly, lustful, thigh-slapping hysteria, built on sex, sweat and bowel movements. Mostel is monumental—a bloated wineskin of mad schemes and irrepressible emotions, a slave intent on finagling his freedom via every bad joke in reach. Jack Gilford, chief slave of the household, is magnificent, even in drag, as he delivers a song called *Lovely*. Phil Silvers, suitably devious as the neighborhood procurer, is burdened with the hazards of his trade—dud virgins and dud eunuchs. And the late Buster Keaton is quietly absurd as the man whose children were stolen in infancy by pirates, and who never tires of searching for them. The cast gives their absolute lowest most, especially in the Busby Berkeley-style production number *Everybody Ought to Have a Maid*, greatly assisted by a camera with a sense of humor. It's all ridiculous and the point of the plot is that there isn't one. But as Pseudolus warns at the opening curtain: "Morals tomorrow, comedy tonight!"

In Jules Dassin's *10:30 P.M. Summer*, a curiously mismatched trio is driving through Spain when a local crime of passion acts as the catalyst to push everybody over the edge. Dassin collaborated with Marguerite Duras, one of the more prolific of contemporary French writers, on his newest film, but this marriage of talents isn't any more successful than the domestic ménage it describes. The dramatic situation focuses on the hours of final crisis in a woman's marriage. But Dassin's style is too heavy-footed to cope with the subtleties of such a theme, and the Duras delicacies are trampled out of sight. Peter Finch plays the English husband, Melina Mercouri the wife, and Romy Schneider is the other woman. Miss Mercouri has brought Miss Schneider along to Spain as a temptation

for Finch, hoping the emotional effect will put a little life into her marriage. In spite of sensuous photography and the formidable sexiness of the two actresses, the film is astonishingly sexless. Miss Mercouri spends most of her time drinking to relieve her tensions, until she sees a murderer crouching on a rain-swept roof and offers to drive him through the police cordon to safety. The intensity of the man's love life, impelling him to kill his wife and her lover, suggests to Miss Mercouri that she may by emotional osmosis resurrect some passion for Finch. Such a theme could have some validity as a study in the psychology of a desperate, if somewhat masochistic, woman, but in this instance, all that results is a welter of emotionalism reminiscent of the heyday of Theda Bara.

If it were only a question of the severe credibility gap, it might still be possible to say a good word for *Not with My Wife, You Don't!* Maybe the Korean war was a lotta laughs. Maybe the Seoul officers' club did look like a Hong Kong brothel. Let's say that the base hospital resembled the New York Hilton and that it was perfectly commonplace that somebody like Virna Lisi should be a nurse there. An Italian nurse, to be sure. And then let's say that Tony Curtis and George C. Scott were fighter pilots who had nothing better to do than scratch over the lady while she, addicted to two of everything for reasons known only to producer, director and co-author Norman Panama, tries to decide between them. "Why are you both so nice?" she asks idiotically, for neither of them is in the least nice. But credibility aside, the essential trouble with this comedy is that it isn't funny; it's just loud and vulgar.

"I am attractive," says *Galia*, "and I can sleep with any man I want." Making the thought mother to the deed, the pert blonde *Parisienne* is constantly in the sack. Fortunately, Mircille Darc (imagine Doris Day thin, young and naked), the freckle-cheeked heroine, will come as no disappointment to an audience that is bound to be disappointed with almost everything else. For *Galia* soon turns out to be a French flick in the ancient tradition of spiced passion and heated emotions that used to be separated into illogical pieces by the censors. This time the logic is sifted out by the professionals themselves. Director Georges Lauer just can't seem to keep his story straight; who is doing what to whom and why is utterly obscured in the portentous shuffle. On one of those uncharacteristic evenings when she has her clothes on, *Galia* walks by the Seine, spots a drowning woman and plucks her from the drink. She is Nicole (Françoise Prevost), and she wants to die because her Italian husband, Greg—yes, Greg! (Venantino

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Venantini)—will have nothing to do with her (carnally, one understands). Galia persuades Nicole to lay low at her place while she skips around to see how Greg is taking his wife's disappearance. They meet, and Galia forgets to ask. Next thing she knows, she's off to Venice with Greg, bruising her thighs in a gondola and feeling just terrible about it. She keeps reporting back to Nicole on the progress of the adventure, which leads to abrasive scenes for everybody as the bizarre triangle stretches toward hysteria, terminating in murder. But not before Galia has been offered exciting prospects for the future. "We'll go away," Greg promises her. "We'll go to New Jersey. It'll be fantastic." He doesn't know the half of it.

Fantastic Voyage marks the first major film appearance of Raquel Welch, a lady already widely known as her own best press agent; and it must be acknowledged that she does a lot for a latex suit. But even the fantastic figure of Miss Welch is outclassed by the fantastic voyage of the title, which finds the lovely lady and a handful of companions miniaturized to the size of microbes and injected into a human blood stream on an errand of surgical and patriotic importance. Naturally, when antibodies attack the passengers of this microscopic blood-mobile, it is Miss Welch's body they prefer. How, you will wonder, came such pretty people to be inside somebody's Eustachian tube? Well, it is the year 1995 and both the U.S. and "the other guys" have perfected a method of reducing whole armies to the size of mites. Trouble is, the tiny-time is restricted to one hour, after which everybody grows up again. Awkward. But a Czech scientist has discovered a way to prolong miniaturization. He hastens to the West with this news. The other guys get to him before he can spill his secret and leave him with a massive blood clot in the brain. It is up to Arthur Kennedy, a brain surgeon, Miss Welch, his assistant, Stephen Boyd, a security agent, Donald Pleasence, a physician specializing in the circulatory system, and William Redfield, inventor of the bloodmobile, to get tiny, get in, get the clot with a laser beam and get out within an hour. But there is monkey business in the blood stream, a saboteur aboard the bloodmobile, and a shrinking matter of minutes to go to reach the clot. Squeaky adventures take place in the lymph glands (rather like Spanish moss) and the inner ear (a close twin to the Lincoln Tunnel). In the end, the saboteur gets whapped by a white corpuscle. Thank the A.M.A. it didn't happen to Raquel Welch, who survives for the sequel.

An Italian-French co-production, in spite of Mel Ferrer in the title role,

El Greco exhibits the customary flaws of such bilingual works. Its leaning toward melodrama is typical of most Italian "popular" or historical films, and the mock Victorian stiffness of dialog makes the painter seem more lawyer than mystic. Maybe artists just aren't as interesting as their paintings. Among other dubious things, there is the inevitable sword fight, brought about by a Spanish nobleman who catches Ferrer bussing his fiancée in a moonlit Spanish garden. Of course, our cinematic *El Greco* is hounded by that inevitable accoutrement of melodrama, a wily villain, in the person of a rival painter named Pignatelli. This unappetizing chap plants evidence in the painter's studio to suggest he's been dabbling in the black arts, thus bringing upon him the undesirable attentions of the Inquisition. Still, amid all the puffing and pawing, the film does offer the eye something special—a generous tour of Toledo, exteriors and interiors of grandiose churches, palaces and medieval streets; although Rosanna Schiaffino, who plays *El Greco's* high-born innamorata, is not at her best in such voluminous dress, the 16th Century Spanish costumes contribute an authentic and handsome eyeful. *El Greco's* paintings, including the *Burial of Count Orgaz* and his portrait of Cardinal Fernando Nino de Guevara, provide occasional relief from the melodramatic superstructure; but it's a little like passing through an art gallery on horseback.

The Fortune Cookie is Billy Wilder's seventh collaboration with I. A. L. Diamond; and, predictably, it stars Jack Lemmon as society's saddest sack, the little man who takes all affronts until saturation, not courage, inspires him to rise up. Wilder and Lemmon have gotten a lot of mileage out of this *schtick*, but this time Lemmon's tank is siphoned almost dry by the presence of Walter Matthau, who plays the part of attorney "Whiplash" Willie Gingrich with such hairy, twitching venality that Wilder cannot take the camera off him. It may be just as well. The movie is set in Cleveland, not the most photogenic of cities, and Lemmon spends most of his time in a transistorized wheelchair, cinched up in neck braces and surgical girdles—not the most promising setting for humor. It seems that Harry Hinkle (Lemmon), a CBS cameraman, is covering a night game of the Cleveland Browns and is slammed ass over teakettle when Luther "Boom Boom" Jackson (Ron Rich) is driven out of bounds. Harry's brother-in-law Willie, smelling a fiscal bonanza, persuades Harry to simulate paralysis. Boom Boom, the most simple-minded athlete in the movies since Wallace Beery played *The Champ*, dedicates his life to helping Harry walk again. Sandy



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(Judi West), Harry's divorced wife, rushes back from somebody's bedroom in New York to reconcile with Harry and get her slice of the projected pie. In the course of excoriating larceny as a rotten way of life but the very stuff of comedy. Wilder hands out freebie credits on all sides—to CBS and the Browns, to United Airlines and even to the Jacuzzi Whirlpool Bath. But in the practice of his art, the director is less bold. Wilder is always afraid that a joke will just lay there unless he helps it out with cinematic stiffeners. When a group of high-powered lawyers discuss Whiplash Willie, one of them soberly warns, "After you shake hands with him, I suggest you count your fingers." So then in comes Willie, shaking hands with the lawyers' private eye, who thereupon (you guessed it) thinks he's lost a finger. Wilder insists on this kind of exaggeration as if real human fallibility, which he captures so expertly when he's at his best, were not funny enough. Is it possible that this far along in his career, he still lacks the confidence of his own concoctions?

At last, after a long, lingering line of uneven imitations of the whole James Bond-007 thing, comes *The Liquidator*, a parody-imitation that hits its mark. Taking John Gardner's same-name novel as a stepping-off place, Peter Yeldham has honed a screenplay full of verbal surprises, and Jack Cardiff has coaxed a winning performance out of Rod Taylor as the liquidator himself. Boysie Oakes, Taylor, broad of shoulder, craggy of face, looks like he could out-Connelly Connery—except for one embarrassing fact: Boysie simply can't bear to shoot anybody. But the British Secret Service feeds him fancy apartments and Aston Martins and money and feminine companionship until Boysie is obliged by greed to play the killer they are convinced he is. Once, back in the War, Boysie inadvertently saved the life of a British undercover agent (Trevor Howard) in Paris. Years later, still impressed by Boysie's marksmanship, Howard searches him out and makes him a proposition. The Secret Service is getting a black eye because of people in top security jobs defecting to the Soviet Union. So Wilfrid Hyde-White, Number One in the Service, and Howard, Number Two, decide on this very filthy plan to save their jobs: When they feel a pigeon is about to fly, they finger him for liquidation. It's nasty, disgusting, unprincipled. But, as the impeccable Hyde-White observes, "They've got us by the short and curlies, lad." When Boysie gets an assignment, he just goes out and hires an assassin to do it for him. Becomingly involved in all this politely sordid business is Jill St. John, Howard's secretary, for whom Boysie conceives an earnest affection. When the two skip off to Monte Carlo for an illicit weekend, they become cu-

tangled with some rather likable baddies from the other side: Gabriella Licudi, Akim Tamiroff, Eric Sykes and David Tomlinson. And Boysie is just stupid enough to keep everything thoroughly confused right through to the jet-powered conclusion. With a theme song delivered like a threat by Shirley (*Goldfinger* theme) Bassey, beginning and end titles as witty as the film itself, and a sense of immoral fun a hair over the edge of the preposterous, *The Liquidator* is a knockout of a movie.

Claude Lelouch takes almost all the credit for *A Man and a Woman*—story and direction, adaptation and dialog, cameraman, even assistant editor; and credit is what he deserves, for his movie is visually beautiful and technically exciting. The story is not a taxing affair. A man and a woman, he a racing driver, she a film editor, both widowed, meet at the school their children attend. They fall in love, love almost triumphs, the memory of her first husband causes the woman's love to falter, they part, they reconcile. A simple plot—but in Lelouch's telling, we know we are seeing a *movie* and not a play adapted to the film medium. When the woman and her daughter are on the *quai* at Deauville, the colors are pure and delicate. When the man and his son drive a car on the beach, they turn a harder, copper cast. In the failure of physical love, the color bleaches almost entirely out of the film, a harsh, naked light taking over from the rich, peach-pink glow of love attempted. The performances of Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant are warmly convincing—never more so than when these two attractive people are clearly improvising their dialog, and Aimée insists that editing is more interesting than acting, and that Trintignant is handsome enough to be an actor. It is all, of course, intensely self-conscious, and sometimes cute, a great showing off. But everybody involved, and most especially Claude Lelouch, has a great deal to show.

The main business of *Texas Across the River* is to keep the camera on Dean Martin and Joey Bishop while they trade boffola humor; and if you ever wondered what a "vehicle" is, this is it. Somehow or other, Alain Delon has to escape into Texas over the Louisiana border. Seems he's a Spanish duke who, inadvertently, has butted his fiancée's former boyfriend over a balcony, and the boyfriend's boyfriends are after him. Delon is a hankie-flouncing popinjay, fond of embracing people in the Continental manner. This strikes Dean Martin, a simple cowpoke, and Joey Bishop, a simple cowpoke's trusted Indian sidekick, as unusual behavior. But Delon is a crack shot and, inasmuch as cowpoke and sidekick have to get across miles and

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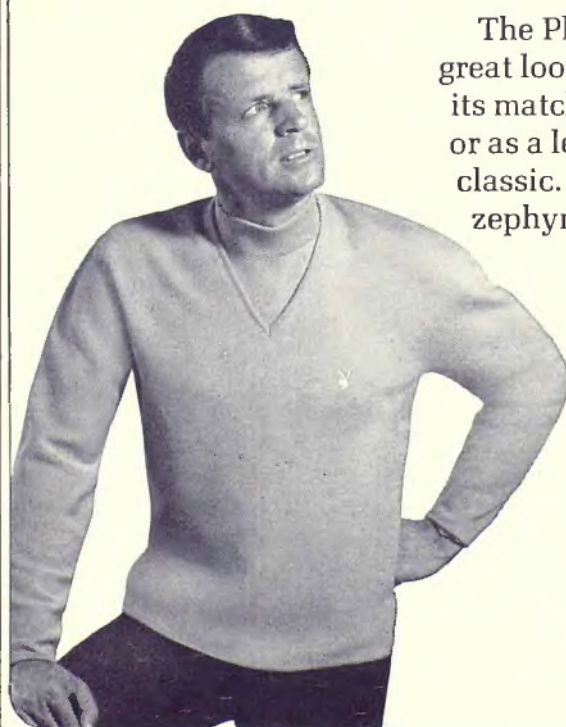


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miles of hostile Comanche territory, they take Delon along as shotgun. The hazards on their trek include a marauding band of tattered Comanches who speak in bad English subtitles and feature a chief who is despairingly trying to teach his son the chief business. There are also two stacked ladies (Rosemary Forsyth and Tina Marquand) who mix up their admirers and, in the end, mix it up together in the requisite ladies' wrestling match; there is even a troop of cavalry, that performs all its maneuvers to the same garbled command: "Arooorh haur!" There is no real point to any of the proceedings, except to provide an opportunity for Joey Bishop, in pigtails yet, to deadpan an arid stretch of red-skin jokes. "Why weren't you born a Comanche?" he is asked. "Mother run too fast," he speculates. And there is, to be sure, that moment of impeccable taste in which Dean Martin, mounting a horse, is shot with an arrow, squarely in the right cheek, the one down south. The arrow quivers there, Martin slowly turning his goggling eyes to the seat of his distress, as the audience presumably savors the high wit and style involved.

A double bill now on the art-house circuit invites some illuminating comparisons between styles of protesting in East and West. The two short films are *Good Times*, *Wonderful Times*, an antiwar polemic produced and directed by Lionel Rogosin, and *Joseph Kilian*, an antibureaucracy lament from Czechoslovakia, written and directed by Pavel Juracek. The Rogosin film delivers its message by jumping from the inane conversations of a contemporary cocktail party to war newsreels of particular horror. A silly drunk insists that war is necessary to keep the population down, and suddenly the scene is the Warsaw ghetto, or families shuffling out of boxcars at a German concentration camp. Somebody jokes about The Bomb, and the next scene is Hiroshima immediately after the atomic blast, people with their faces blown away, children leaping in hysteria around their dead mother. The impact of this technique is undeniable, chiefly because the interspersed newsreel shots were chosen to spare our sensibilities as little as possible. The hardest sequences to take are those of Adolf Hitler parading his charisma among German youths. The shouted greetings of massed thousands, the long fluttering banners and bunting, the glitter of Mercedes limousines moving down flower-strewn streets, have a perverse fascination about them yet. As the Hitler *Jugend* drills, as men freeze to death at Stalingrad, a gut-thumping background score sets a tone of fear and frenzy. It's not for the light-hearted. Nor is *Joseph Kilian*, though it is suffused in a wash of black humor that, until recently, the West doubted could ever emerge from state-controlled



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cinema. The opening scene is a tiny masterpiece in itself. An empty intersection in Prague, deep in shadow, is bisected by a brilliant beam of sunlight. From left to right a class of little children with teachers passes. Immediately, from right to left, a platoon of soldiers marches by. And then, from left to right again, a funeral cortege traverses the sunbeam and passes off screen, leaving behind a young Everyman, who wanders toward the camera. He passes a state-run shop in the business of lending cats, and on a whim, he rents one for the day. The cat turns out to be of little interest to him, so he tries to return it next morning, but the shop isn't there anymore. And here begins the surreal heart of the film, as the young man, cat tucked in his briefcase, attempts to give the animal back to the state. Down endless corridors of government he trudges, identity card at the ready, in search of relief that no bureau is equipped or inclined to give. He ends, of course, by keeping the cat. So, suggests Pavel Juracek, does everybody. Set beside Rogosin's blunt repudiation of the *status quo*, this statement of despair illustrates one of the root differences between East and West and, though decidedly the better film, suggests that, in hope at least, the West still has the edge.

Walk in the Shadow, a 1962 British film that has belatedly reached these shores, is an unusually good example of The Problem Picture. What's the problem? Are those whose religious beliefs forbid certain medical techniques guilty when these beliefs result in medically avoidable death? Should the law give parents the right to deny medical assistance to a child where that refusal must be fatal to the patient? Since the victim in this case is a very attractive girl of eight, the viewer's sympathies are likely to be weighted at the outset against the parents; in particular, the religious father. What makes the story of her death and the father's subsequent trial for manslaughter so satisfying as a film is the clean, unawkward manner in which the story is told. Writers Janet Green and John McCormick have loaded their film with solid characters and penetrating dialog. Beyond the issue of the father's guilt or innocence, his dilemma of conscience places him at the scarifying center of a larger human dilemma. As one character puts it, what's the point in a set of beliefs if one throws out those that prove inconvenient? Patrick McGeehan plays the outraged doctor with no histrionics and Michael Craig plays the stricken father with no stickiness. A conscientious study of the human conscience.

In the late Thirties, you could hardly go to the movies without seeing a musical short, 15 or so minutes of the best bands of the day swinging away. The camerawork was uniformly bad—all

those guys in the trombone section standing up and waving their horns about, the pianist seen by reflection in the raised top of the piano—but the music was pretty groovy. There was a big straight dose of it, a lot of teeth shown by the band's vocalist, and then the feature mercifully came on. *Blues for Lovers*, which marks the first appearance of Ray Charles in a movie, makes us wonder why we couldn't have the old days back again. It's a movie that shouldn't be missed by anybody who is moved by the work of Ray Charles—he and his orchestra and the Raelers (the grabbiest group of ooooo singers ever formed) are caught in a number of concert appearances and it is very good stuff, indeed. All the old camera angles still prevail; if a cameraman has yet discovered how to project the pleasure an audience takes in a good performance, he wasn't working on this film. But the songs include *Let the Good Times Roll*, *Talking About You*, *What'd I Say*, *Unchain My Heart* and *I Got a Woman*. The phony story by director Paul Henreid and Burton Wohl, full of sobs and heartbreak, is a cheap companion to the music. Even Charles, who is perfectly competent in his first time out as an actor, playing himself, is eclipsed by his own talent. He plays the single source of hope for a blind English boy ("The blind kid—when he talks to you, Ray, there's something tough and gummy about him"), the source of instruction for the child's over-protective, widowed mother, and the source of employment for the mother's lover, a composer. There is even, God save the mark, a serious operation on the kid, while the show goes bravely on, and a special song performed when the news comes, out of the wings, that everything is all right. It's good to see Ray Charles in a movie, but 15 minutes of his music would have been enough.

William Holden, a Civil War cattle driver wearing a suede jacket he could only have bought on Carnaby Street, is chatting about cows in the office of the Confederate Secretary of War, while behind him, through an enormous picture window, looms a diorama of Richmond, Virginia, in 1865. Off to the side, in a tatty Confederate officer's uniform, Richard Widmark sneers and snarls and rotates a black eye patch. So much for historical authenticity in *Alvarez Kelly*, a color Panavision hallucination concocted out of a real event from the Civil War, wherein Confederate troops hijacked 5000 head of cattle from a Union supply depot and drove them to the relief of embattled Richmond in the waning days of the Old South. What with Holden dividing his time between two great ladies of the South, Victoria Shaw and Janice Rule, and Widmark busy shooting Holden's fingers off, one at a time (the most fun he's had since he

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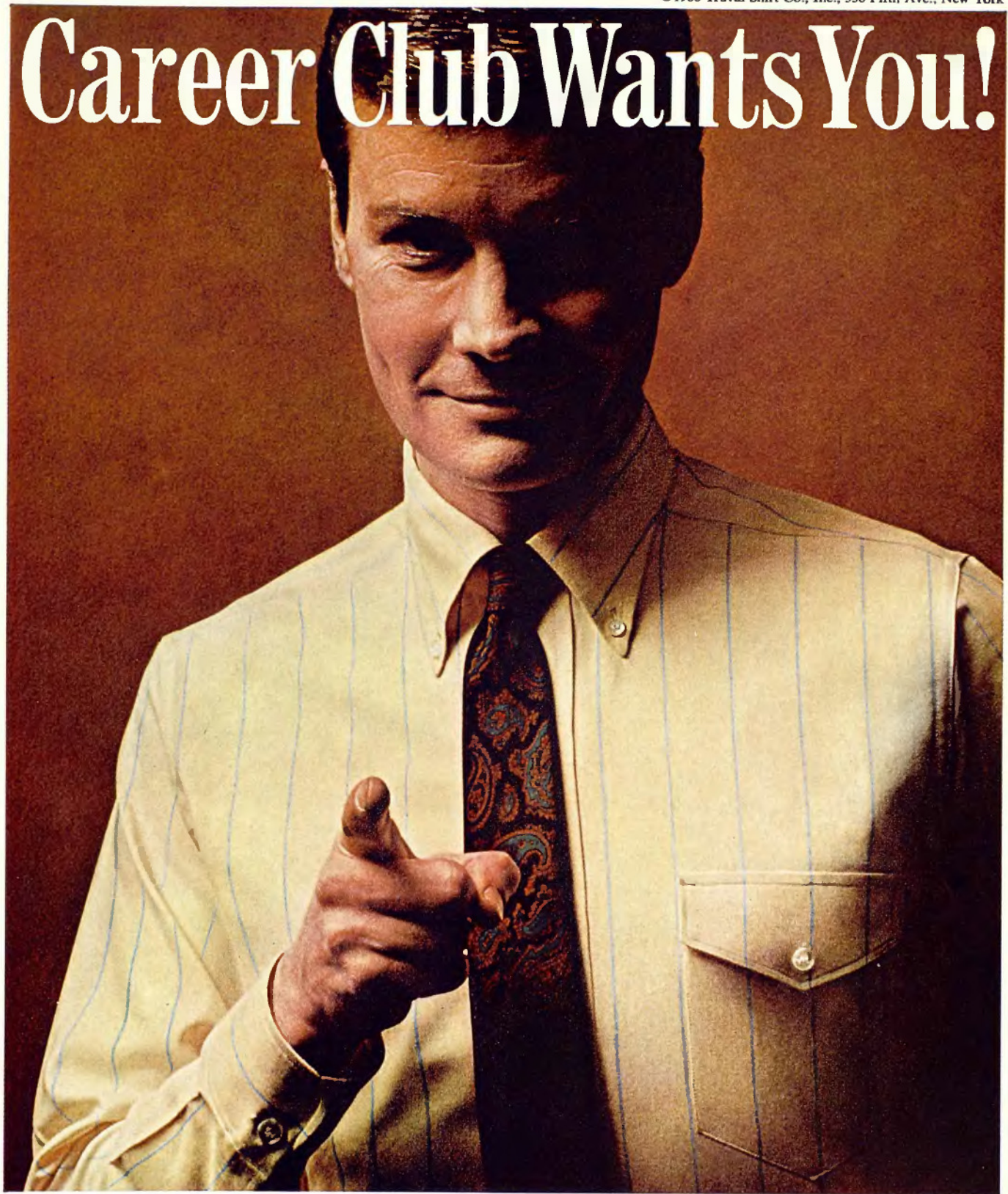
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pushed that old woman down the stairs early in his career), the city would undoubtedly have starved to death had the pair been around at the time. Still, Richmond under siege never looked better. Janice Rule has to sell all her gilt-trimmed armoires and grand pianos to buy Paris gowns, yet there's not a patch on her low-décolletage watered silk. Considering the ease with which this society lady falls into bed, it's a wonder she had to part with so much as a single anti-macassar. The only accomplishments registered in *Alvarez Kelly* are those of Patrick O'Neal as a foppish Union officer, and some 5000 cows, driven endlessly before the camera until you wonder how they can still walk. And there is one magnificent cattle charge that is almost worth the price of admission. The best shot of William Holden is the one at the end, where he occupies the whole wide screen long enough to grin and ride away. It signifies that *Alvarez Kelly* is over.

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round is automatically a movie worth seeing because it allots a juicy role to Severn Darden, an alumnus of Chicago's Second City troupe less celebrated than Alan Arkin or Barbara Harris but more highly admired among *aficionados* for his comic bent. It would be unfair to James Coburn, who stars, to say that Darden steals the movie. Coburn plays a delightfully resourceful man of all names and faces, an inspired con artist who organizes complicated plots for the sheer fun of it. But when Darden is on camera, as a cohort of Coburn and Aldo Ray in an elaborate scheme to rob a bank with the unwitting assist of the visiting Soviet premier, it is Severn who holds our eye. Pale and sweaty, licking his lips in nervous apprehension as the single gutless member of the combine, Darden runs away with his relatively small part of the plot. All the rest is cornered by Coburn, whose simian charm renders women helpless, and whose casual impersonations hoodwink the most sagacious defenders of law and order. It may be that writer-director Bernard Girard means us to suspect that his hero feels some slight remorse over putting the innocent girl he marries (Camilla Sparv) to the service of his nefarious plot, but Coburn is far too involved in admiring the complexities of his own mind to linger long over sentiment. The tension and excitement of the heist in operation are superbly maintained against the background of Los Angeles' International Airport. An especially fine performance is logged by Robert Webber, who plays a State Department chief of security with crisp precision. When he learns that the single security leak in plans for the Russian premier's arrival is his own fault, his regular-featured,

self-righteous, all-American State Department face crumbles—gradually but completely. And it's only the funniest moment in a very funny movie.

The Appaloosa, indirectly the tale of a beautiful horse and what it represents to a couple of pigheaded men, is an ambitious failure. Marlon Brando, here as a bone-weary buffalo hunter called Matt, is incapable of a dull performance; Anjanette Comer, fresh from her role as a pasty-faced necrophiliac in *The Loved One*, plays Trini, the dusky mistress of a Mexican *bandido*; and John Saxon makes a startlingly virile appearance as Chuy Medina, mustachioed outlaw *jefe* of mesquite country. Brando's Matt is a man of simple virtue. If a vicious Mexican crosses the border to humiliate him, that's bearable; but if the fellow steals the horse on which he pins all his hopes to stud forth a horse ranch, that's something else again. So Matt sets out, in sombrero and serape, speaking pidgin English meant to represent Spanish, to get simple justice in Coatlán, Chuy's headquarters. En route, Brando can stick his thumb in a jar of pulque and gulp it down, flies and all; he can lose at Indian wrestling and suffer the sting of a lethal scorpion without wholly expiring; he can endow the character he plays with great strength and dignity—but he cannot altogether lift this movie out of the excesses imposed on it by circumstances and by the director, Sidney J. Furie, in his first American effort. There is, of course, the absurdity of all those Mexicans in Mexico speaking English to one another like so many José Jimenezes. What will not wash is the bag of tricks upended here by Furie, who directed *The Ipcress File* and *The Leather Boys* in England with a lot less self-assertive pizzazz. Furie is successful at creating an atmosphere of heat, cow paddies and chili peppers, but did he have to shoot all those scenes through keyholes, liquor bottles or somebody's spur? It's as if the director were constantly saying, Look, look how good I am. But we knew that already.

Despite some excellent landscape photography, *Hawaii*, the film version of James A. Michener's fat best seller, is tedious, not so much because it is long (with intermission, over three hours) but because the central characters are caricatures. Max von Sydow, the hero of some of Ingmar Bergman's gloomy masterpieces, plays a New England missionary whose single-minded fundamentalism leaves no room for understanding human beings, much less being human. By contrast, Richard Harris as a whaling captain might seem endearing except for his habit of swinging his fist at the hint of any obstacle. The film makes an effort to tell the story of Hawaii in terms of the moral-economic struggle between



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missionaries and whalers in the early 19th Century, the natives being, of course, in the middle. Julie Andrews plays a New England maiden who marries Von Sydow and tries to induce him to see the islanders as people rather than as so many tallies on his missionary score card. Back in New England, she had an understanding with whaler Harris. When Harris stops in Hawaii to give his sex-starved crew a night of shore leave among the bare-bosomed native girls, he is shocked to find his light of love now a missionary's wife. He asks her to come back to Boston. She says no, and that's that. Not all of the incidents are so lacking in suspense: some are quite agonizing, particularly Von Sydow's midwifery during the breech birth of his first son, a sequence that may send all nonobstetricians right out of the theater. The natives look variously noble, dismayed or handsome, but no attempt is made to capture their confusions or passions. This is a common characteristic of that breed of movie known as the spectacle, but *Hawaii* lacks the splendid vulgarity of the best examples, as almost any De Mille epic will remind one.

BOOKS

Günter Grass symbolized his vision of recent German history with a tin drum. Uwe Johnson, another major figure in Germany's literary renaissance, focuses instead on the humdrum. In *Two Views* (Harcourt, Brace & World), he bangs *sehr langsam* on the familiar theme of star-crossed lovers separated by conditions beyond their control: Romeo and Juliet meet the Berlin Wall. But instead of winning our sympathy for his lovers' "misadventured piteous overthrows," he damns them both with faint prose. Young Herr Dietbert, a shallow West German photographer who has nervous tremors just asking a girl to dance, maintains his self-image as a suave and soulful Romeo by romanticizing his enforced separation from his beloved what's-her-name. Nurse Beate, the East Berlin Juliet of dispirits with whom he had a cowardly brief encounter Before The Wall, retains only a vague feeling of something gone, as if Dietbert were a sweater she took off five minutes ago. And both of them, in their alternating chapters, are so quarterhearted in their attempts to join each other in West Berlin that even should their two hearts beat as one, it would still add up to a halfhearted affair. Their love survives only as long as separation allows them to excuse their emptiness. Reunited at last, the lovers are confronted with their mutual indifference. Johnson, an East German refugee himself, seems to say that both East and West Germany need the wall to maintain their fantasies of each other and of themselves. But even if the point is valid, Johnson blunts it on his

leaden style. The aimless lethargy of the characters soon infects the reader, who yawns right back.

Louis Nizer, who has represented many celebrities in celebrated cases (some of them recounted in his previous best seller, *My Life in Court*), tells in his new book, *The Jury Returns* (Doubleday), of four cases—involving murder, divorce, bribery and libel—where fundamental principles of decency and morality were at stake. One is the highly publicized Paul Crump case. Crump, a young Negro convicted of murder and sentenced to electrocution, sought to have his punishment commuted to life imprisonment on the unprecedented ground that, during the nine years his case was being appealed, he had been rehabilitated as a human being. The other cases include: the libel suit brought by radio performer John Henry Faulk against those who black-listed him into six years of unemployment with charges of "pro-communism"; a little-known divorce case juxtaposing issues of legality and morality in a husband-wife relationship; and a bribery charge brought by the U. S. Government against a prominent businessman which, even charitably viewed, seemed to be a matter of cynical harassment. Courtroom drama, of course, is virtually failure-proof, and Nizer marshals masses of background data and facts without letting his narrative flag. With the eye of a man trained to analyze character, he etches a sizable gallery of human beings, and further enhances his tales with behind-the-scenes revelations of how trial lawyers work, and how they feel about their work. Our verdict: a most readable and enlightening book.

In *Our Children Are Dying* (Viking), Nat Hentoff plays Boswell to Elliott Shapiro, the principal of a Harlem elementary school. Shapiro, part Socrates and part Mr. Chips, is loved by everybody except the Board of Education. When Shapiro placed an ad in a daily newspaper calling the public's attention to rats, sagging walls and leaking roofs at P.S. 119, an assistant superintendent demanded, "Why didn't you go through channels?" By not going through channels, Shapiro succeeded in getting a new school for the neighborhood—and in proving again to the parents that he and his staff were the community's allies. He encourages his teachers to join the parents in their battles with slumlords, welfare agencies and other predators. Inside the school, Shapiro wanders the corridors dispensing sympathy, cheering up teachers and cuddling children. He is an enemy of "depersonalization," which puts numbers on children and binds them to the system. "A school isn't worth much unless the principal knows every child by name," Shapiro says. It is Hentoff's contention



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that Shapiro's "concepts of education, if applied in slum schools throughout the country, could save many more children—and now." But his book makes it clear that the concepts are meaningless unless a man of Shapiro's rare qualities gives them shape and substance. Certainly at P. S. 119 it's the principal that matters. Keeping track of the output of the prodigiously prolific Nat Hentoff is an occupation in itself. Next month he comes to the publishing fore yet again as editor of *The Essays of A. J. Muste* (Bobbs-Merrill). Muste, of course, is the patriarch of America's pacifists, and PLAYBOY regular Hentoff put his life story between cardboards a couple of seasons back under the title *Peace Agitator*.

Norman Mott, the hero of Willard Manus' first novel, *Mott the Hoople* (McGraw-Hill), is a fat Jew who refuses to wear anybody's label, insists on being his own man and, through a series of comic misadventures, discovers just who that man is. He refuses to go into the Army, for example, and goes to jail instead. From behind bars he pens a note reflecting his attitude toward society: "You ask, what's prison like? . . . It's a lot like working for General Motors or the Teamsters Union or Hadassah. To get by, you've got to take orders, act busy, and swallow a lot of shit." Norman wages an uphill fight against all the social forces that bind and restrict. He is working the resorts as a card shark when he falls in love with a big hunk of rich girl. In a wild tale that starts fast and picks up in pace as it moves along, he follows her from casino to campus, gets involved with carnivals and department-store TV detection, makes love to both a midget beauty and his beloved's mother, journeys South with a Negro painter and locks horns with a fundamentalist preaching phony. Mott sees himself as a Major Hoople of *Our Boarding House* comic-strip fame, a classic bumbler with a ready protest on his lips—"Dash it all, kak-kaff! Glub-glub! And Fap!" And he fears that his is a Hoople destiny: "The Hooples of this world make the whole game possible, Christmas Clubs especially, politics, advertising agencies, pay toilets, even Popes and mystery novels." Willard Manus is no Hoople; he is an original talent, a good humor man, and has wrought a very winning comic novel.

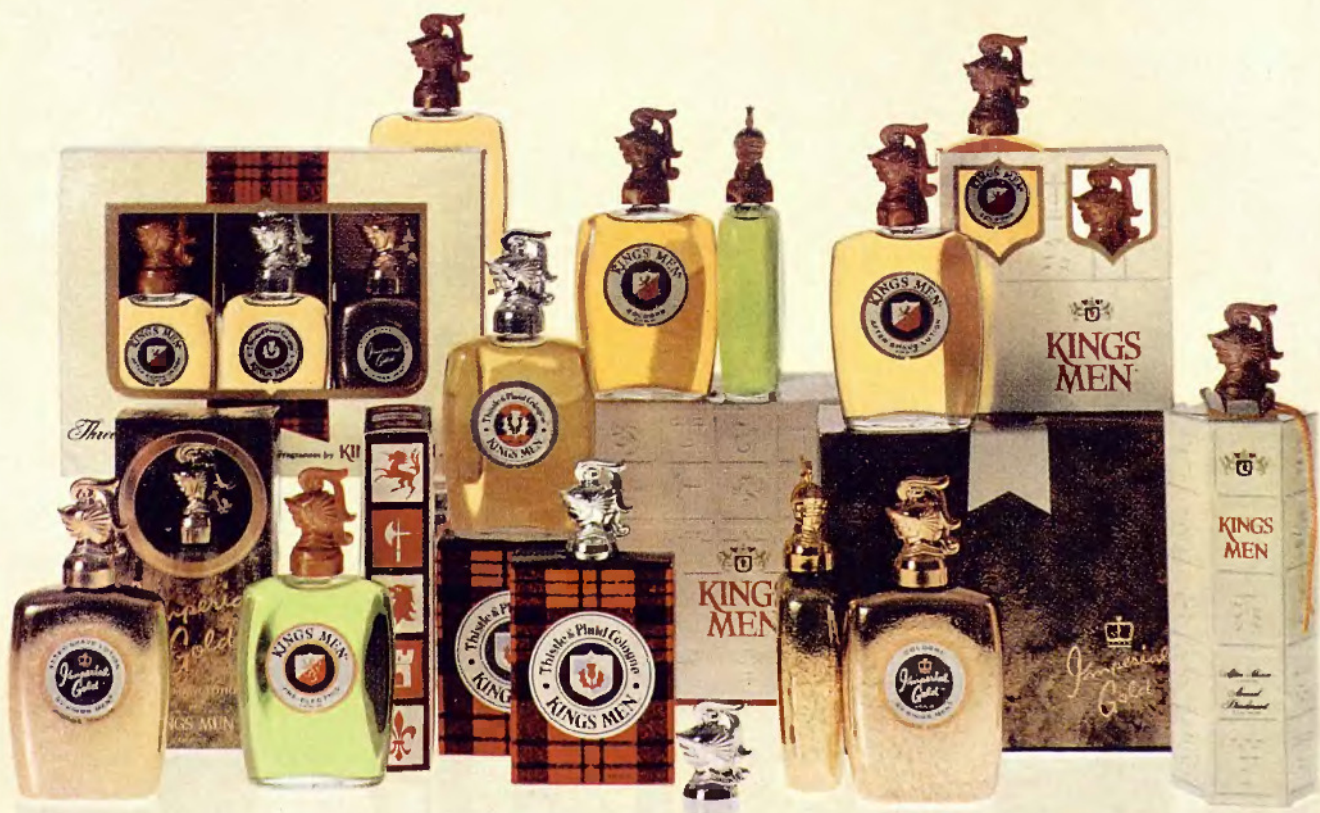
When a book is written with as much wit, scholarship and discrimination as *The Great Leap* (Harper & Row), it seems a pity to find any fault with it at all. Even the fact that the writing occasionally sogs with journalistic clichés ("leaps and bounds" is a favorite) is of no special moment, for it is generally bright, readable and full of sharp observations and well-selected illustrations. Where most such volumes shovel out indiscriminate helpings of "research," rep-

resenting the thoughts of divers men and women who may or may not have said anything worth recording, author John Brooks gives us, along with hundreds of hard facts about dozens of facts of American life in the past generation, his own shrewd judgments, predictions and assessments, bolstered often by quotations and statistics so happily selected as to bring a leap or a bound of surprise. All the same, there is something disappointingly bland about these pages. Journalist Brooks set out to measure the length of the leap the American public has made since 1939, when the future (as envisioned by the publicists of General Motors and exemplified at the New York World's Fair) consisted of a sprawl of superhighways leading men and women by the millions to sterile cities that had been scientifically precut into segments separately designed for living, working and seeking fun. In the course of assessing the change in temper, if not in character, that has overtaken us all (rich and poor alike), Brooks concludes, on what seems rather superficial evidence, that "McCarthyism is dead" and that anti-Semitism, too, is now of little account. Though under pressure of commercial necessity or social convenience these animals may seem to have crawled beneath rocks to die, we suspect they still slumber in selected quarters, awaiting only the proper herdsman to goad them into fury. Brooks seems to accept with too open a heart, also, the change in image on the part of big business as a change in character, assuming that the profit motive has diminished because it now wears so pleasant a face. And it is a little dismaying to see so little reckoning made of the current callousness that permits us to rejoice in our affluence while simultaneously slaughtering and disfiguring random enemies in distant corners of the globe. But if Brooks is somewhat optimistic about our national morale on some points, for the most part he provides a calm and reasoned report on how far this nation full of contradictions has come in the past quarter century and whither it seems to be headed. This is an imposing book and an enlightening one, that sets before us the fitful Forties and fearful Fifties as Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday* did the turbulent Twenties.

Wiped Out: How I Lost a Fortune in the Stock Market While the Averages Were Making New Highs (Simon & Schuster) does for Wall Street what *The Lost Weekend* and *The Man with the Golden Arm* did for alcoholism and drug addiction—except that this book isn't fiction. Written by an anonymous investor, *Wiped Out* (you read an excerpt from it in the October PLAYBOY) is a gripping riches-to-rags saga, a downhill *Pilgrim's Progress*, dedicated "to my brokers, each and every one, whose capacity for self-delusion was

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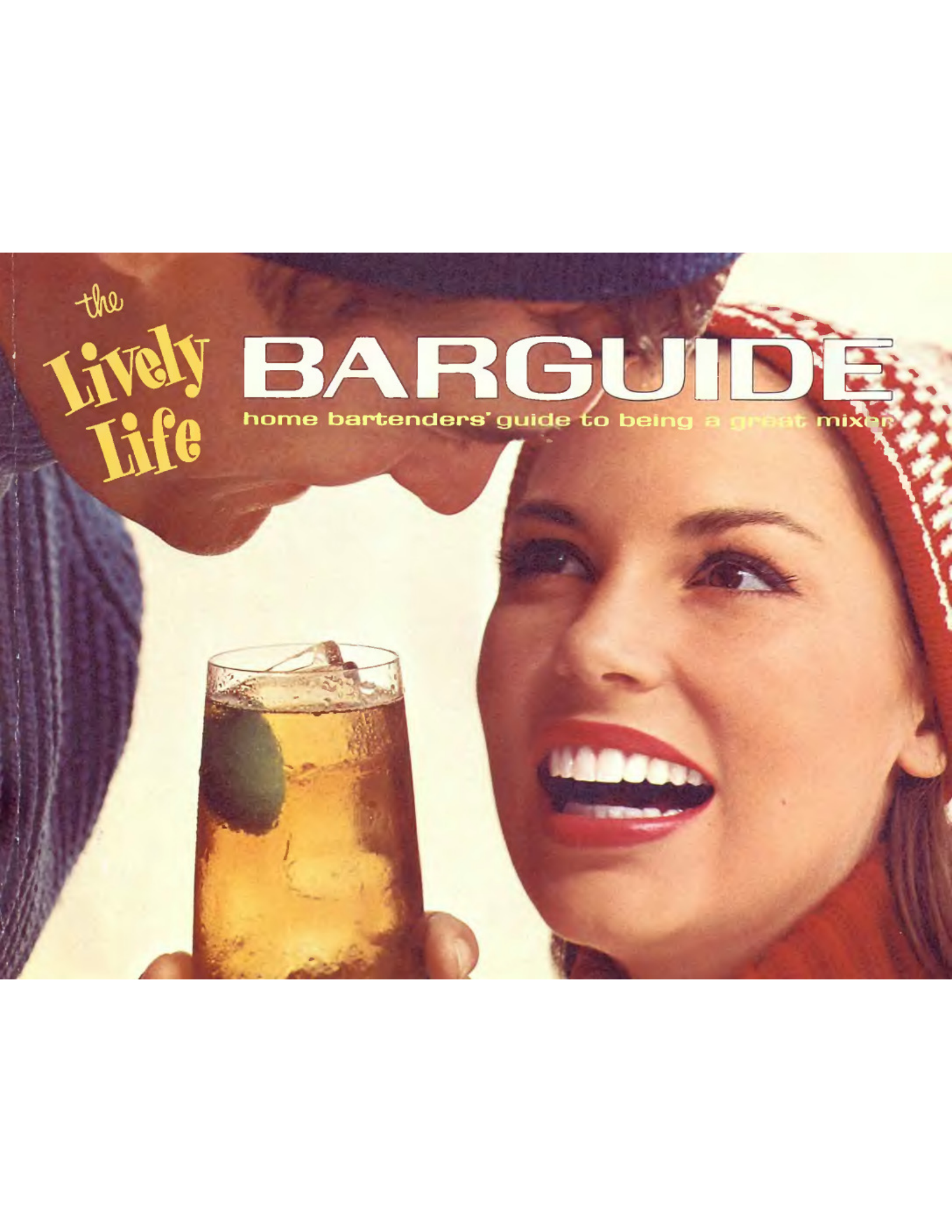
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BARGUIDE

home bartenders' guide to being a great mixer

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Good drinks and good times go together. This recipe guide shows you how to mix the lively favorites made with all the popular basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, Southern Comfort. You can't miss; the recipes are simple, easy to follow. You'll even learn how to "liven up" drinks you've made for years.

But the first thing to learn is the principle of drink mixing. Just remember this: (1) Most drinks are *based* on a single liquor; other ingredients are added to enhance that base. (2) Regardless of what you add, the flavor of the base liquor *still* comes through. Therefore . . .

This one basic tip shows you how to improve many drinks

You can *improve* many drinks by simply replacing the recipe's *basic* liquor with a different one. An excellent example is the smoother Manhattan made with Southern Comfort and dry vermouth. This same switch of basic liquors vastly improves your Old-Fashioneds, Sours, and Collinses, etc. The secret, of course, is in the flavor of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other liquor *can*. Mix one of these drinks the regular way; mix one with Southern Comfort. Compare them. The improvement is remarkable! But, to *understand why* it improves drinks . . . make the taste test across the page.



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COMFORT® HIGHBALL

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Twist of lemon peel or juice of
¼ lime (optional) • sparkling water

Pour S.C. over ice cubes; add lemon peel or lime; fill with mix. Stir.

**Southern Comfort®*

Tips for making lively drinks!

When to shake, when to stir

As a general rule, *stir* drinks made with *clear* liquors. *Shake* drinks with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice. For a "frothy collar" on drinks like a Sour, add tablespoon egg white before shaking.

Which comes first?

As a rule, put sugar, fruit juice, other ingredients in glass *first*; add liquor last.

But, when recipe uses carbonated soda, start with the ice, liquor, etc.

Put the soda in last.

Always use *cold* soda.



Chill your glasses

For better drinks pre-chill glasses by filling with cracked or shaved ice. Let chill; dump ice. Add drink; serve immediately. To frost, put wet glass in freezer. To "sugar frost," moisten rim with lemon, dip in sugar, and brush off excess.

For success: measure

Never mix by the "eyeball" method, not even a highball. The best drinks are the result of exact measurements of the finest ingredients. Basic measurements: pony = 1 oz.; jigger = 1½ oz. dash = 4 to 6 drops.

Make this simple test for improving drinks



Your choice of a basic liquor greatly influences the taste of any drink you mix. Prove it this easy way. First, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it . . . and you've found a completely different basic liquor. It actually tastes *good* right out of the bottle — with *nothing* added. No wonder a switch to this liquor makes so many mixed drinks taste better.

Southern Comfort® is also available in Canada



*Enjoy the lively life
with this great old-time trio*

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into chilled cocktail glass. Add green olive or twist of lemon peel. Mixed 5 to 1, with pearl onion added, this drink's called a Gibson.



COLD TODDY

$\frac{1}{4}$ tspn. sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon

Stir sugar with water in an Old-Fashioned glass. Add ice cubes, and pour in liquor. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

Give your toddy a full body! Mix it with Southern Comfort instead of your usual whiskey.



ROB ROY

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) sweet vermouth
1 jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Scotch • dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass; add twist of lemon peel. (This drink is often called the "Scotch Manhattan.")



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The ordinary OLD-FASHIONED

Dash Angostura bitters • $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger sparkling water
1 tspn. sugar • 1 jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Bourbon or rye
Slice of orange and a cherry

Try both!

See how a simple switch of basic liquor "liven's up" this old favorite!

Stir sugar, bitters, sparkling water in glass. Add ice cubes, liquor, and stir. Add orange slice and cherry. Make one this way. Then make one with the recipe at right. The improvement will amaze you!



The smoother OLD-FASHIONED

1/3 jigger sparkling water • 1/2 tspn. sugar (optional)
Dash Angostura bitters • 1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort
Cherry, orange slice, and twist of lemon peel

Mix it just like the ordinary recipe. Then taste it.
What a difference this switch in basic liquor makes!

THE COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED
Gaslight Club classic in Chicago, New York



Put zing in your singing with this smooth quartet

DAIQUIRI

Juice 1/2 lime or 1/4 lemon • 1 tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until the shaker
frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

To give your Daiquiri a new accent, use Southern Comfort
instead of rum, with only 1/2 teaspoon sugar.



GIN RICKEY

Juice, rind 1/2 lime • 1 jigger gin • sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass.
Add rind, gin; fill with sparkling water; stir.

Make brandy, rum, Scotch, Bourbon rickeys the same way.
Or, to really "rev up" the rickey, use Southern Comfort.



HOT BUTTERED RUM

Small stick cinnamon • tspn. sugar • pat butter
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Jamaica rum • slice lemon peel

Put cinnamon, sugar, lemon peel and rum
in a mug or short glass. Fill with boiling
water; float butter on top. Stir. (Leave
spoon in glass when pouring hot water.)

Hot idea! Omit sugar, replace rum with Southern Comfort.



Lively toast of the French Quarter at Antoine's, New Orleans

SCARLETT O'HARA

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail
Juice 1/2 fresh lime

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.
This drink's as intriguing as its namesake.

* Southern Comfort®



**"In" drinks for the crowd
who'd rather watch than swing**

MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) white Cuervo tequila

½ oz. Triple Sec • 1 oz. lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass, and sip drink over the salted edge.

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice ½ lime • 1 tspn. sugar

2½ oz. light rum • 2 dashes bitters

Mix in glass pitcher with lots of crushed ice. Stir vigorously until mixture foams; serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.

Super swizzle! Use Southern Comfort and ½ tspn. sugar.

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.

Be a master craftsman! Make your next screwdriver with Southern Comfort instead of vodka.



It's go for à-Go-Go, liveliest dance wave ever!



The idea came from France, where "discothèque" means record library and "à-go-go" means dance as you like, the way the music makes you feel. No wonder that a young America has adopted this uninhibited, free-moving dance. It's the spirit of lively living!

The regular MANHATTAN

½ oz. sweet vermouth

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye

Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Serve with a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret. Use the recipe at right; see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this drink tremendously.

Compare them!

*Make one the
ordinary way,
then try the
smoother way!*



The improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix it like the regular recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. The improvement in flavor is remarkable.

THE COMFORT® MANHATTAN

Toast of Arthur, great New York discothèque



Tall, terrific combos for the liveliest go-go fans

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Quinine water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, gin; fill with tonic and stir.

The coolest combo is Southern Comfort, tonic and juice of ½ lime. S.C. and tonic harmonize together smoothly.



DESERT COOLER

At Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, Las Vegas

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Pineapple-grapefruit juice

Pack cracked ice in tall glass. Add S. C.; fill with juice. Add orange slice, cherry.



MINT JULEP

4 sprigs fresh mint • 1 tspn. sugar
Dash of water • 2 oz. Bourbon

Put water in tall glass. Crush mint and sugar in water. Pack cracked ice to top of glass. Add whiskey; stir till glass frosts.

For a julep worth a mint in flavor, use S. C., no sugar.



Swingin' favorite at the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles

COMFORT® 'N BOURBON

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass; add water. Stir. Add twist of lemon peel. This swinging combo's really smooth!



*Southern Comfort®



Popular ways to welcome lively dinner guests

WHISKEY SOUR

½ jigger lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye

Shake ingredients thoroughly with cracked ice until chilled. Strain into glass. To serve, add a cherry, and place an orange slice on the rim of the glass.



GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake ingredients well with cracked ice. Strain into a pre-chilled cocktail glass. A delightful distant cousin to the Martini.



BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice • ½ jigger lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Salt and pepper to taste. Shake thoroughly with cracked ice until chilled, and strain into a 6-oz. glass.

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1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger lemon juice • ½ tspn. sugar

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and cherry. This is the smoothest, most delicious sour ever made.

THE COMFORT® SOUR

Tops at Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco



The smoother Collins

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice ¼ lime • 7-UP

Blend Southern Comfort and lime juice in a tall glass. Add ice cubes, fill with 7-UP and stir. Here's the best — and easiest — Collins of all.

THE COMFORT® COLLINS

Star of Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach



Make 'em tall and cool for warm-weather entertaining

TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger (¾ oz.) lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin • sparkling water

Use a tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice and add ice cubes. Pour in gin. Fill with cold sparkling water, and stir.

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin. Mix tequila, vodka, Scotch or rum Collinses the same way.

RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind of ½ lime

1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S. C. is to cola.

LEMON COOLER

Served at El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes' Bitter Lemon

Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in a tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.

Popular Polynesian at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu

HONOLULU COOLER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice ½ lime • Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice, S. C. Fill with pineapple juice; stir. The coolest tall one this side of Waikiki!

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½ jigger (¾ oz.) Coffee Southern • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Pour over ice cubes in an Old-Fashioned glass. Stir.

WHITE RUSSIAN

1 oz. Coffee Southern • 1 oz. vodka • 1 oz. fresh cream
Pour over ice cubes in an Old-Fashioned glass. Stir.

COFFEE AND COINTREAU

1 part Coffee Southern • 1 part Cointreau
Pour liqueurs over ice in a short glass; stir gently.



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Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
4 oz. Jamaica rum • 8 oz. pineapple juice
4 oz. lemon juice • 8 oz. grapefruit juice
2 qts. champagne or sparkling water

Pre-chill ingredients; mix in punch bowl, champagne last. Add ice; garnish with orange slices. Serves 25.

COMFORT® EGGNOG

1 quart dairy eggnog mix
1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort

Pre-chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg.

Serves 10, pleases them all with its great flavor.

GREAT HITS
for
your
after-dinner
enjoyment

STINGER

1 jigger brandy • ½ jigger white creme de menthe
Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.
A stinger that's a humdinger: Use S.C. instead of brandy.

ALEXANDER

½ oz. fresh cream • ¾ oz. creme de cacao
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort or gin or brandy
Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.



GRASSHOPPER

$\frac{3}{4}$ oz. fresh cream • 1 oz. white creme de cacao • 1 oz. green creme de menthe
Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender; strain into glass.

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Put fruit in sherbet or champagne glass; add finely cracked ice; fill with Southern Comfort. Serve with a small spoon and a cocktail straw.

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commensurate with my own." Beginning in October 1957, when the Dow-Jones Industrial Average stood at 485, the author began to invest his entire capital of \$62,000 in the stock market. In May 1964, at the crest of one of the greatest bull markets in history, the Average stood at 820, and the value of the author's portfolio was \$297.78. The various stumbles, slips and slides by which our plunger plunged into penury are extremely well detailed. "I made just about every mistake the novice in the market is likely to commit," he concedes, and at least some of these mistakes will be sorrowfully familiar to most investing readers. "With each new loss or occasional gain a kind of madness grew in me. I could hardly wait for any stock I held to be sold, written off and forgotten, so that I could call up my broker and buy another one I had already picked from a service, from something I had read in the paper or in a financial magazine. The money could not rest a moment." Since he was speculation-minded, the author gravitated toward speculative brokers, most of whom seemed to do fairly well in an up market but were completely inept on the downside. The sole bearish broker was chosen because he had correctly predicted the slide of 1962. However, the author placed his funds with this gent at the very moment the market began its recovery, thus losing thousands selling short in a bull market. This how-not-to book is strongly recommended as an antidote to too much reliance on over-enthusiastic weekly market letters, chartists, special-situation brokers, investment services and all other sources of crystal balling.

Two more novels by the inexhaustible Georges Simenon have made their appearance in America, and the second half of the double bill, *The Little Man from Archangel* (Harcourt, Brace & World), is good enough to be reminiscent of De Maupassant's anatomies on the *bourgeoisie* in France. Too reminiscent, perhaps, since Simenon must suffer by comparison, chiefly because of his superficial grasp of character motivation. Still, his story of a man who allows himself to be reduced to a suicidal state is tautly written, exciting at times and at times autumnally sad. The man, Jonas Milk, born a Russian Jew and carried to France as a baby, has married a slattern from the quarter where he lives. Sixteen years his junior, the girl is given to bouncing off for a night or two with one of the local studs, and when she disappears at the end of their second year of marriage, Jonas supposes that she will return as always before. Accordingly, he lies to the men he takes his daily coffee with, to his in-laws, to all who ask where his wife has gone—except the police, whose questions make it clear that they suspect him of murder. As more and

more of the people he had thought to be his friends turn their back on him, Jonas comes to realize that he is still a foreigner to them, while his wife, however much a tramp, is one of their own. His confrontations with *flics* and fair-weather friends are by far the best parts of the book. When the little man is thinking his solitary thoughts, though, pace and interest slacken perceptibly; and the major problem with *Sunday*, the first half of the volume, is its lack of confrontations and its plethora of solitary thoughts. The thinker is planning to poison his wife, who says very little but annoys him no end. His mistress doesn't say much either, thus leaving him often alone to ponder the crime, which he bungles in a way that Simenon must mean to be ironic. It is difficult to care whom he poisons, as long as he does it quickly.

It was Lenny Bruce's contention that the legalization of marijuana was inevitable, since so many of today's law students smoke pot. Bruce may have been overly sanguine on this point, but clearly the destruction of the many myths about the euphoric product of the hemp plant is proceeding apace. *The Marijuana Papers* (Bobbs-Merrill) is a significant contribution to the cause of separating marijuana myth from reality. Editor David Solomon has assembled a comprehensive set of essays, reports and literary pieces on the subject. Sociologists, psychiatrists and physicians, among others, probe practically all conceivable aspects of the drug's effects, and there are fascinating studies of its history, along with explanations of its medicinal uses. Literary witnesses range from Rabelais and Baudelaire to Terry Southern and Allen Ginsberg. Inevitably, Timothy Leary is present, promulgating two commandments for the molecular age: Thou Shalt Not Alter the Consciousness of Thy Fellow Man; and Thou Shalt Not Prevent Thy Fellow Man from Altering His Own Consciousness. Solomon ends his foreword to these papers by advocating that marijuana "be granted at least the same legal status as tobacco and liquor." This book provides impressive support for Solomon's recommendations, but we will probably need a new breed of legislators before logic and scientific clarity are applied to the official status of marijuana—Lenny's gag notwithstanding.

As popular music becomes ever more heterogeneous, the lines between folk and pop, between city and country, and even between Nashville and Motown are ever more difficult to draw. What is needed is a guide to the revels, and that we now have in Donald Myrus' *Ballads, Blues, and the Big Beat* (Macmillan). Myrus covers a great deal of ground in his slim volume—from Moe Hill to Bob Dylan,



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from Elvis Presley to Ray Charles, from Francis Child (of the Child Ballads) to Alan Lomax. He has strong opinions, a lively style and a catholic appreciation of the scope of the folk and pop renaissance. He is particularly astute at core definitions: "Hillbilly is white country music; rock 'n' roll is latter-day hillbilly plus rhythm and blues; and rhythm 'n' blues is blues with a big beat." He also gets to the roots of other essential differences: "Elizabeth Cotten is a folk singer; Odetta is a singer of folk songs. There will never be another Elizabeth Cotten. There will be many more Odetta-type singers." And in a remarkably brief space, he provides the historical backgrounds for the basic categories in the book, both in general terms and in the odysseys of such seminal figures as Leadbelly, Pete Seeger and such of the current young as Joan Baez, Len Chandler and Julius Lester. Nor are the Beatles and the Supremes overlooked. A first-rate gallery of photographs crisply complements the text, and there is a selected discography and an index. It is usually fatal praise to say that a book can be read by everyone from teeny boppers to hip octogenarians, but this guide is easily assimilable and yet has pungent flavor. Myrus, let us be grateful, does not mistake popularization for emasculation.

Few journalists have had more extensive on-the-scene experience in chronicling the history of the New Left than has Jack Newfield of *The Village Voice*. In *A Prophetic Minority* (New American Library), Newfield provides a sympathetic but not uncritical description of this still-evolving phenomenon. The strength of Newfield's book is that he has been sufficiently on the inside to recognize that the "New Radicalism is pluralistic, amorphous and multilayered. Its three political strands—anarchism, pacifism and socialism—mingle in different proportions in different places." Accordingly, Newfield avoids the labeling that characterizes the pronouncements of many editorial writers, J. Edgar Hoover and the Attorney General. He incisively contrasts the impotent disaffiliation of the preceding Beat Generation with the thrust by the New Left to bring a new ethical conscience to politics and to effect basic social and economic change. He makes the point that "the Beats had to 'cop out' of the rat-race because they couldn't perform; the New Left chooses to reject a society it could easily be successful in." Newfield is at his best in clarifying the divergent personalities and philosophies that make up the largest body of the New Left. Students for a Democratic Society. While perceptive about the early years of SNCC, he may be somewhat hasty in predicting the failure of its present turn to "black power." But his estimate of the strength and resiliency of SDS is accurate. Newfield

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understands that the combination of forces challenged by the new radicals can (and perhaps will) crush the movement at any moment. He also knows that those in the New Left, like radical Americans of every generation, will have an influence beyond their numbers. Newfield comes to this book as a journalist; he has produced the best report on the New Left so far.

When an explosion racks a mine in the coal town of West Condon, 97 perish; but one miner, Giovanni Bruno, survives. He is introverted and withdrawn, but he is enough of this world to allow others to take his survival as a miracle. Mystics and cultists, homosexuals and nymphomaniacs, sadists and fad-dists, all for their own psychopathological reasons, flock to him as the center of a new religion; and even the local newspaper editor, a straight bachelor-type hero out to make the new savior's beautiful sister, joins in. These followers divine from Bruno's ambiguous statements the prediction of Armageddon. At first, the vested interests of the town look upon the doings of the Brunists with mild enjoyment, but the attitude soon changes to one of hateful persecution. In an apocalyptic scene the world does not come to an end, but neither do the Brunists; they scatter to plant the seeds of what someday might develop into an institution as formidable as Christianity—or so author Robert Coover hints. For in his ambitious first novel, *The Origin of the Brunists* (Putnam), it is Coover's point that a Christlike figure arriving upon the modern scene would have a very hard time getting started. Christianity itself, ironically, would be his sternest foe. Coover makes an interesting go of this Shavian notion. Unfortunately, though, by overloading his train with symbolic freight that can only move along theologically laid-out tracks to an ordained terminal, he restricts his own obvious talent for a free-ranging realism. The result is a journey whose way stations are more rewarding than its goal. But Coover does show himself to be a first novelist worth following.

These days one would be hard put to imagine a double agent with a difference, but Rebecca West (something of a double agent herself in her frequent passages across the borders of fiction and nonfiction) may have turned the trick. In her fifth novel, *The Birds Fall Down* (Viking), Dame Rebecca puts some elegant English on a group of *fin-de-siècle* Russians and comes up with an agent who applies Hegelian dialectics to justify his carryings-on in the mortally embattled camps of czarism and revolutionary terrorism. The verbal action—and the action is mainly verbal—centers on Count Nikolai Nikolaievitch



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Diakonov, former minister to the czar, living in Paris under the shadow of undeserved disgrace. Accompanying this aged giant on a railway trip is his granddaughter, Laura Rowan, an 18-year-old, half-English, half-Russian, who becomes involved in an intrigue so thick and garulous that her bewilderment acts as a source of comfort to the reader. On page 91 of the novel, an agent of the terrorist gang confronts the count and Laura in their railway carriage and embarks on an explanation of how it is that a trusted member of the count's entourage is actually the archbrain of the terrorists while performing at the same time his role of czarist police spy. About page 200, the explanation comes to an end, and the old count understandably has a stroke. Thereafter, Laura is on her own, knowing much too much for her own safety. Dame Rebecca has her Russians talk and talk and talk. They talk articulately, brilliantly and with total recall. They talk the Byzantine mosaic of the plot together stone by tiny stone—but from the distance of a book's page, it is difficult to make out their image as human beings.

In the second chapter of his new work, *A Sign for Cain* (Macmillan), psychiatrist Fredric Wertham asks, "Can violence be studied scientifically?" By book's end, all that the good doctor has proved is that if violence can be studied scientifically, he isn't the man to do it. His book seems less a search for truth than for a handy truism ("The media of communication can be a powerful force for violence or against it." "The next war, if and when it breaks out, will be an orgy of violence."). He indulges in sweeping generalizations better left unswept ("Overdrinking is related to overadvertising"). Documentation is almost nonexistent: presuppositions masquerading as facts form the basis of specious theories; and there is much beating of straw men and belaboring of the obvious. In the end the reader is cheated, because Dr. Wertham has nothing to offer but the most pious of hopes. Having depicted a world careening to hell on the lava slide of violence, he writes: "Human progress is not an abstract concept but is a scientific fact." He acknowledges "the fearful reversals of genocide, atom-bomb killing, mass 'euthanasia' of mental patients, and the starvation and murder of prisoners in the Second World War," and goes on to say: "[But] we do not practice cannibalism anymore. . . . We slaughter one another, but we do not devour one another. We also do not practice state- and religion-sanctioned human sacrifice anymore." *Quel progress!*



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CHANEL^{NO} 22

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My question concerns women and money, two subjects often linked in more than one way. Occasionally, a young lady and I spend an evening together at my apartment cooking dinner, and so on. We usually go to the grocery store together to select the evening's food and drink. I, of course, pay the tab. However, whenever this particular young lady gets the change, she puts it in her purse and it is never seen again. The sums are never very great, but there is a principle involved. May I ask the lady for the change?—G. C., Tucson, Arizona.

Sure, if you think it's worth making a fuss over. But this young lady is already aware that she's pocketing your change, and you run the risk of hurting her feelings and the relationship by pressing the matter. You'll have to decide whether the "principle involved" is really that important—remembering that, even with what your date is keeping for herself, this is certainly an inexpensive way to spend an evening.

As a member of Phi Beta Kappa, I'd rather not go the key-on-watch-chain route, as I think it looks a bit pretentious. At the same time, I hate to consign the honor to a dresser drawer. Can you suggest a substitute spot?—A. R., Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Your key ring.

My girl, who is a college graduate, her parents and the members of her social club (who are mostly college and career girls) all have the impression that I possess that priceless piece of parchment. I do not, although I did complete two years of college and I am now holding a job that ordinarily demands a degree. I have never lied to her about my failure to finish school, but neither have I told her the truth about it, and my conscience grows heavy. How can I let her know that I haven't got a degree?—N. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

The fact that you obtained a job that usually requires a degree, and that you are holding it, speaks pretty well for your abilities—and we trust that your girl will be able to see it that way if you tell her the plain truth.

Until a few months ago, I had an agreeable relationship with my fiancée. At that time she told me that on several recent occasions her stepfather had lifted her up while she slept and taken her into his bed. After she told her school

counselor, at my urging, her family accused me of "putting ideas into her head," and took it out on her by treating her badly. Finally she handed me my walking papers. She says that she can't make me happy, and that because she loves me she must make me happy, and that because she loves me she must let me go. Does that sound fishy?—J. J., Mobile, Alabama.

Yes, and so does her original story. This girl seems to be putting you on and brushing you off at the same time. We think you should consider yourself doubly fortunate to be free of this far-out female and her family.

I'm being transferred to London and I'd like to get the English monetary system squared away before I take off. I know a pound is worth \$2.80, but how much is a guinea, a half crown and a florin? Also, what are the various abbreviations used with the currency? I have seen ads with prices quoted such as 7s. 2d., and I have no idea what this means, let alone how much it is in American money.—C. R., St. Louis, Missouri.

As you indicate, the principal monetary unit is the pound sterling (abbreviated as £ from the Latin libra). There are 20 shillings in a pound, and each shilling is worth 14 cents. There are 12 pence (abbreviated d. for "denarius," a small Roman coin) to a shilling. (Pence is the plural of penny, and each penny is worth a fraction more than 1 cent.) Coins include a half crown (2s. 6d.), a florin, which is also called a "two-shilling piece," a shilling, a sixpence, a threepence (say it "thrupenny bit"), a penny and a halfpenny (pronounced "haypeny"). Paper money is commonly issued in denominations of five-pound, one-pound and ten-shilling notes. A guinea—so called because the gold from which the original coins were made came from Guinea, in Africa—is £1 1s. (\$2.94), but there is no longer a note or coin for it. Use the following table for quick conversions.

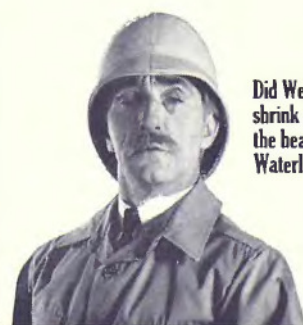
American	British
\$.01	1d.
.10	9d.
.14	1s.
1.00	7s. 2d.
2.80	£1.
10.00	£3. 11s. 5d.
14.00	£5. (also called a "fiver")
50.00	£17. 17s. 1d.
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heat
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"Playboy on the Town in London" in this issue.

I am 20 years old and conservative in religion, politics and taste. I seem to give an impression that makes me something of a "father" image to the girls I know—a cross between a father-confessor and a psychiatrist. In the aftermath of making out, the girls start confiding in me. My problem is really that I can't help giving these girls my advice, which is not always the soundest. I would like your opinion on what I should do.—P. F., Flushing, New York.

A girl who wishes to share confidences after sexual intimacy isn't necessarily seeking advice. As often as not, it's just a sympathetic response she's after, as a means of establishing that the relationship is more than just physical. If the confidence is expressed in terms requiring an answer, try offering alternate possibilities rather than any one solution—with the suggestion that the girl, in turn, should make the final choice from among these alternatives. This, of course, is precisely what she would have done anyway, but this tack will make you seem both wise and sympathetic.

I have eaten in many fine restaurants and have had wine served to me with the usual ceremony—showing the bottle, the preliminary sip, etc. However, while dining at a local restaurant, the headwaiter did something that left me puzzled. After pulling the cork from the bottle, he examined the bottom of it, smelled it and then handed me the cork with the bottom end up. I, too, smelled the cork and then set it down. Only then did he proceed to pour. Can you tell me what the headwaiter expected me to do with the cork?—A. Z., Chicago, Illinois.

He expected you to confirm his decision that the wine was fit to drink by (1) smelling the cork for any trace of spoilage in the wine, and (2) feeling it for proper moistness. If it had been brittle, it would have been an indication that the cork had dried out and air had gotten into the bottle, which causes the wine to turn vinegary.

My fiancée is Catholic and I am Protestant. Recently we tried to tie the knot, but it was impossible. Her family will disown her completely if we don't have a Catholic ceremony and mine is fighting every inch of the way to prevent it. The priest who interviewed us is most displeased about the length of time we have known each other (a few months) and is reluctant to marry us at all. Earlier, my fiancée said it didn't matter where we got married, but now she insists that we'll have a Catholic wedding or none. After hours of lectures by both families, I say we should just find a

hit the slopes!

The Playboy Ski Sweater makes the runs, later, the lodge fun. The finest pure virgin worsted wool fashioned for full-speed-ahead comfort. With the Playboy Rabbit interwoven in white on cardinal red, white on black or black on white. For playboys: S, M, L, XL sizes, WA101, \$22 ppd. Playmate's: S, M, L sizes, WA201, \$20 ppd.

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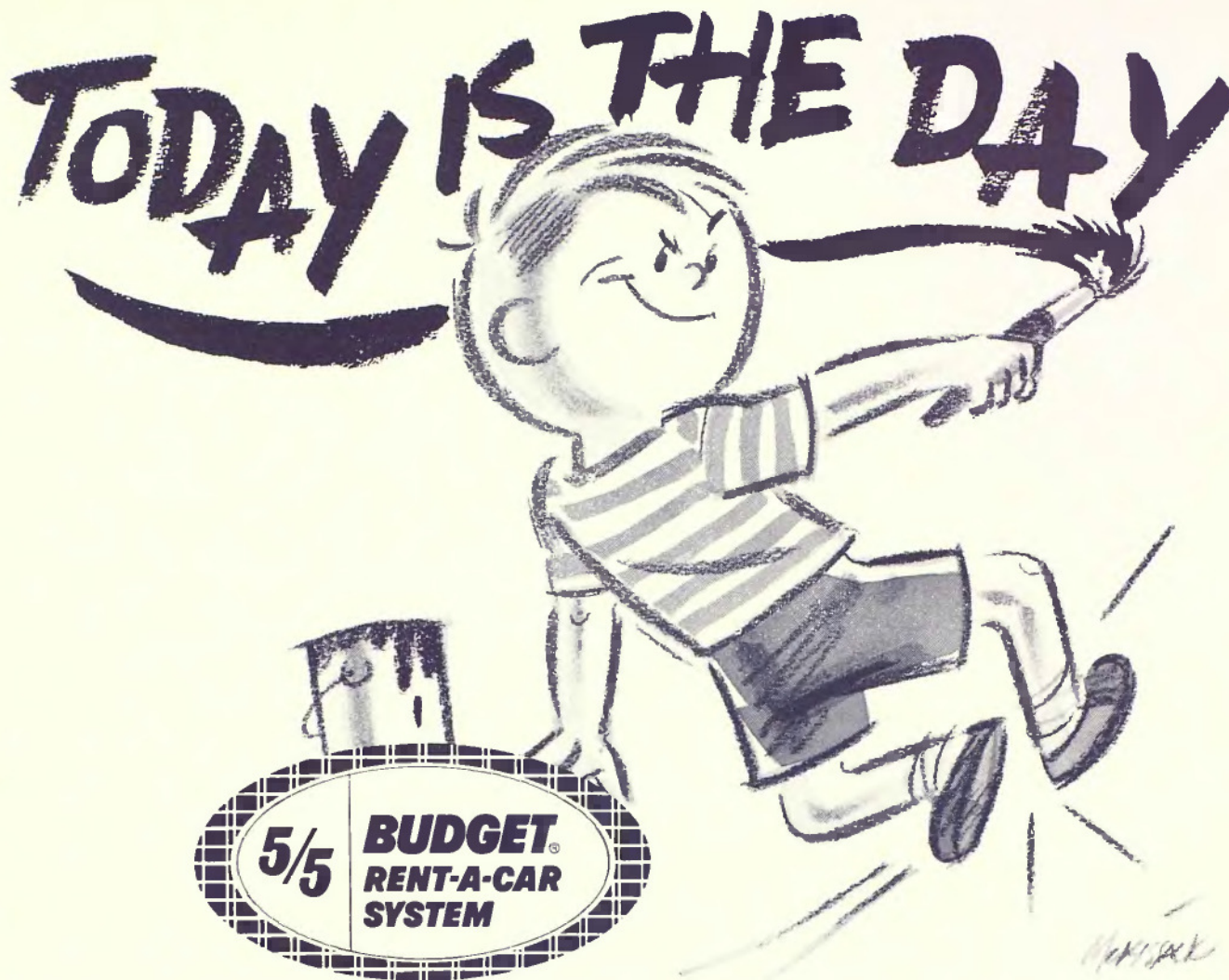
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Soak it up! Thirsty cotton terry cloth makes great wrappings post pool, shower or sauna. For playboys: a new kick called the bath kilt. One size fits all. For playmates: our svelte bath sari in S, M, L sizes. Snugly secured by side buttons. Each in convenient carrying-case. Clever "His" and "Hers" gift thinking: MM326, kilt, \$5 ppd; MM327, sari, \$6 ppd.

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justice of the peace and be done with it. What do you think?—W. S., Raleigh, North Carolina.

That you two can't even agree on how to get the show on the road certainly casts some doubt on the prospects of a long and successful run. Many mixed marriages work, but not when both parties are as inflexible as you seem to be. We suggest that you postpone any plans of marriage in the immediate future and concentrate on improving the relationship that now exists. And since your fiancée's insistence on a ceremony in her own church seems more familial than religious in its inspiration, you would be wise to try winning her parents' approval on as many other nonreligious levels as possible. A place to begin in establishing more rapport with them might be in the explanation of the postponement of your marriage plans, since it can be emphasized that this is precisely what her priest has recommended.

In truth, we think that the short time you have known each other should give you more serious reservations about entering a marriage than the religious differences that seem to be disturbing you.

My boyfriend absolutely refuses to call before he comes over to visit me. This sometimes causes an embarrassing situation, since I might have another male guest, or I might not be dressed for company. We've discussed this many times, but he can't see my point of view. I enjoy his company and I always invite him in if I'm not otherwise occupied, but his surprise visits have ruined a few evenings. How can I explain my objections?—Miss D. C., Richmond, Virginia.

Your boyfriend already understands your objections. He drops by unexpectedly precisely because he sometimes catches you in embarrassing situations. This is his way of keeping an eye on you and discouraging your interest in other men. The only solution to the problem—unless you want to switch to a less possessive boyfriend—is to refuse to allow him to disrupt whatever you're doing when he arrives on the scene unannounced.

What's the correct procedure to follow when splitting openers in draw poker? Do I declare the move, thus giving the other players unfair insight into my hand, or do I quietly keep my discards separate from the others? I've played both ways and nobody seems to know for sure.—T. Y., Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The custom of announcing the split of openers—although it's frequently done—is not in keeping with the spirit of poker or the rulebook. The player who opens a draw-poker hand always keeps his discards separate from those of the other

TALK SOFTLY...
AND
WEAR A
GENTLEMAN'S
COLOGNE



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Crisper than Vodka,
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Gin and Vodka s rival!

players, whether he splits his opener cards or not. ("Hoyle" recommends that they be placed face down in the pot.) Only after the hand has been played should the opening player announce the split, then show his cards, thus disclosing his strategy.

In a few months I will be marrying the greatest girl in the world; but sad to say, we are both virgins. Could you answer the following questions for us: What is the best way to enter a virgin? Do you think we should go away for a weekend before the wedding and have intercourse? Would this spare us difficulties during the honeymoon? Finally, is the size of the penis really important?—R. Z., Ludlowville, New York.

It's not the size of the wand that puts the rabbit in the hat, it's the magic of the performer. Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson state, in "Human Sexual Response": A "widely accepted 'phallic fallacy' is the concept that the larger the penis the more effective the male as a partner in coital connection." The differences in phallic sizes during erection also tend to be exaggerated. Masters and Johnson add, "The delusion that penile size is related to sexual adequacy has been founded in turn upon yet another phallic misconception. It has been presumed that full erection of the larger penis provides a significantly greater penile size increase than does erection of the smaller penis." Actually, Masters and Johnson report, the difference in the size increase between larger flaccid and smaller flaccid sex organs is not significant.

The best way to enter a virgin is gently, after considerable sex play. If your future wife has reason to believe that she still has her hymen, consult a gynecologist together and, after an examination, the doctor can advise you on how best to proceed with your first sexual experience.

We see no reason why you should go away for a weekend before the wedding; if you've abstained until now, you'll have plenty of opportunity after the ceremony to adjust to each other in this and other ways. The best advice we can give the both of you on your initiation into the mysteries of sex is to be understanding, tender and loving.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



give him the fabulous Triple Gift— three gifts for the price of a Key—just \$25!

Last Christmas 34,000 delighted men received the Playboy Triple Gift. Here's your chance to give the same thrilling gift to the most important men on your list, a gift that continues to give enjoyment year after year, that assures fun-packed days and nights all year long. Playboy's Triple Gift holiday package will be the most exciting gift your friends and business associates will receive this season.

THIS CHRISTMAS, YOU CAN OPEN A WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE FAVORED MEN ON YOUR LIST—PLAY SANTA WITH THE TRIPLE GIFT—THE PLAYBOY CLUB'S FAMOUS CHRISTMAS HIT!



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3. **LeRoy Neiman Print.** Neiman paintings have been featured in PLAYBOY for 12 years and his works are an essential part of the decor in every Playboy Club. Each time your friend admires his full-color 20" x 30" reproduction of a Neiman original, he'll appreciate your faultless selection of his gift.

reproduction of a Neiman original, he'll appreciate your faultless selection of his gift.

In the spirit of the holiday season, Playboy Club Triple Gift Keys are \$25 everywhere, including gift keys for recipients in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi (where keys are normally \$50). As a special benefit to new keyholders the first year Annual Account Maintenance Charge (\$5) will be waived. Consequently the new keyholder will be entitled to credit for the first year at all Playboy Clubs.

If you are a keyholder yourself, or have ever been to The Playboy Club as a guest, you already know the numerous advantages unlocked by the coveted key:

- The gentlemanly pleasures of relaxing in your very own Club
- Man-sized potables, brewed with an ounce-and-a-half-plus of the finest liquors and served to you by The Playboy Club's Bunnies
- Outstanding entertainment by such stars as Tony Bennett, Prof. Irwin Corey, Woody Herman, Jackie Gayle, Dizzy Gillespie
- Special events for keyholders only, such as golf tourneys, fashion shows, Meet the Playmate
- In addition, new keyholders receive a one-year subscription to VIP, the Club's own magazine

This wonderful world of Playboy is yours to bestow with The Playboy Club's Triple Gift offer—BUT YOU MUST ORDER NOW!

Each gift key, accompanied by certificate entitling the recipient to champagne and reproduction of a LeRoy Neiman painting, is mailed to the recipient in a personalized package . . . including a pop-up Christmas card signed with your name, as you direct. Imagine his delight at being able to celebrate New Year's Eve in the clubrooms of The Playboy Club!

The lucky new keyholder may use his key in all Playboy Clubs. At the present time, state laws allow us to redeem champagne and Neiman print certificates in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston*, Chicago, Kansas City, Miami, New Orleans, New York, Phoenix and St. Louis. Certificates may be redeemed any time during 1967.

*In Massachusetts, it's Playboy of Boston

This offer definitely will not be made after Christmas. Orders received up to December 19 will be filled in time for the new keyholder to begin using his key during the holiday season. To order Triple Gift Keys, use the coupon at right. And if you don't have a Playboy Club Key yourself, what better time than now to get in on the nightly festivities at the world's most distinguished key club.

Keyholders Dial a Bunny for speedier Triple Gift shopping. Dial a Bunny and order by phone. (Area codes precede phone nos.) We will confirm your order by mail.

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KANSAS CITY	816 HA 1-5080
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LOS ANGELES	213 657-5050
MIAMI	305 751-7543
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(In the spirit of the holiday season, Playboy Club Keys are \$25 everywhere, including states where keys are normally \$50.) Recipient must be male and over 21. I understand that the Annual Account Maintenance Charge for the first year (\$5) will be waived.

Enclosed is check for \$_____ or charge to my Playboy credit key no. _____

MY NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

-----If ordering personal Triple Gift Key only, you need not complete this portion-----

SEND TRIPLE GIFT KEY TO (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

CHECK ONE:

- ☐ Send Triple Gift to recipient with gift card signed
☐ I wish to present Triple Gift personally. Send package and unsigned card to me.
Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift keys.
☐ Check here if you wish only information about obtaining personal Triple Gift.



Now Harry runs his own taxi service

Here comes Harry again, taking another lovely downtown on that Bridgestone of his.

What turned Harry into a ladies' man? He's convinced it's his fatal charm. We like to think his new Bridgestone 90 Sport helps a little. Here's a motorcycle that is engineered to squeeze every ounce of performance out of its design class—competition-proven racing components as standard equipment, brilliant new styling, plus performance that stops all the small talk when the light turns green.

But, besides outperforming every 80 or 90cc in the business, Harry's new "taxi" gets 200 miles out of 39¢ worth of fuel. And, talk about pickup . . .

You can check the pickup of the Bridgestone 90 Sport, or

any of the seven other Bridgestone models, at your Bridgestone dealer. But, take a tip from Harry. If you're trying to be a ladies' man with anything but a Bridgestone, you're doing things the hard way.

BRIDGESTONE 90 SPORT: Top speed: approx. 65 mph. Engine: single cylinder, two stroke, rotary valve, aluminum alloy cylinder, chromed bore. Bore x stroke: 50 x 45 mm. Compression ratio: 6.55:1. Horsepower: 8.8 @ 8000 rpm. Transmission: 4 speed, constant mesh. Weight: 158 lb.

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BRIDGESTONE by Rockford

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

CARNIVAL in Rio de Janeiro is a kaleidoscope of sights and sounds. During the pre-Lenten revel, you can sleep the morning away lulled by the sound of lapping waves, spend the afternoon chatting with lovely South American *señoritas* and the early-evening cocktail hour enjoying an over-all view of the city from the nearby resort of Corcovado. But be sure to save your strength—a night on the town at carnival time usually doesn't end until about seven o'clock the following morning. Out on the street, you'll see samba clubs practicing for the big parade down the Avenida Presidente Vargas; and everywhere there'll be masked balls with hundreds of people dressed in brilliantly colored costumes.

If you have a friend in Rio who belongs to the Yacht Club, be sure to wangle an invitation to the club's private ball—one of Rio's most gala affairs. But even if you don't, you won't be lonely; the carnival mood spreads from the beaches of Copacabana all the way to the hillside shantytowns, or *favelas*, and the whole town goes on holiday. Even the newspapers suspend publication during the carnival.

A good way to meet the distaff side—both local and tourist—is to stretch out on the sand at Copacabana Beach. Along toward evening, you and your new-found acquaintance should head for the Night and Day Room, located in the Serrador Hotel, or for Fred's—both have excellent Brazilian floorshows. Later, you can vary the itinerary with dancing at the Studium Room of the Excelsior Hotel or the Midnight Room of the Copacabana Palace Hotel; then visit two of the most popular night clubs—Le Bateau and Balaio. For fine food, as well as a fantastic view of Rio's magnificent harbor, dine at the Restaurant Mesbla.

Should you want to visit authentic Rio—preferably with Brazilian friends in tow—you'll find it near Tiradentes Square. The Estudantina is a popular student tavern, where scions mingle with neighborhood types and sing, dance or spout poetry as the mood strikes them. Also try Zum-Zum, a small night club that often features some of the top folk talent in Brazil. With luck, Dorival Caymmi from Bahia will be on the bill, or Vinicius de Moraes, one of the originators of the bossa nova.

If you're still in Rio after carnival time, don't neglect the city's other sights. For example, take a cable-car ride to the top of Sugarloaf Mountain or get on

board the cog railway for a trip up to Corcovado. Also allow a few days for an excursion to Petrópolis, Brazil's leading summer resort. It boasts one of the world's greatest resort hotels, Quitandinha, a magnificent structure located beside a small lake with a background of lush tropical foliage.

When your winter wandering takes you to the sunny shores of Greece, be sure to allow plenty of time to see Athens. While you're there, make a walking tour of the fascinating old section of the city called the Plaka. It's not too far from the Grande Bretagne Hotel on Constitution Square. Just follow Pandrosou Street through the Plaka, past vendors selling roasted chestnuts and sesame-seed rolls, an accordion player or two, a cobbler making shoes on the sidewalk, a store displaying antique icons and silverware, and a store that offers Greek national costumes for sale. At antique shops on this street, you can buy old Greek coins dating back to the Fifth Century B.C., the age of Pericles, and perhaps a small but beautiful vase that's 2000 or more years old. (Make sure the dealer obtains permission from the government for you to take out of the country any antique souvenirs you buy—a process that usually takes two or three days.)

Early in your stroll you'll pass Aeolou Street; and if you follow it to the left, you'll come to the ruins of Hadrian's Library, facing a green square. Farther down Aeolou Street is the Tower of the Winds, which dates to the First Century B.C. About 50 yards beyond, a right and then a left lead to a flight of steps just below the Acropolis. Take this winding street a short distance and you'll come upon several of the quarter's most popular taverns. Stop at one, order an ouzo or two and silently offer a toast of thanks to the ancient deities of this sunny land, the gods of Olympus.

The next time your travels take you to Italy, visit the island of Sardinia. It's rapidly becoming the Mediterranean's hippest spot. Planes now fly direct from Great Britain, as well as from Genoa, Rome and Palermo. Sardinia has a wild, beautiful coast line that's backed by rugged hills in which deer and wild boar still roam. Be sure to explore the local ruins that date back through the Greek, Roman and Phoenician eras to the Neolithic age. Several luxurious hotels are available, including the Cala di Volpe, the Pitrizza and two newly opened superposh palaces—the Cervo and the Romazzino.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

The glory of Rome in a classic cologne.

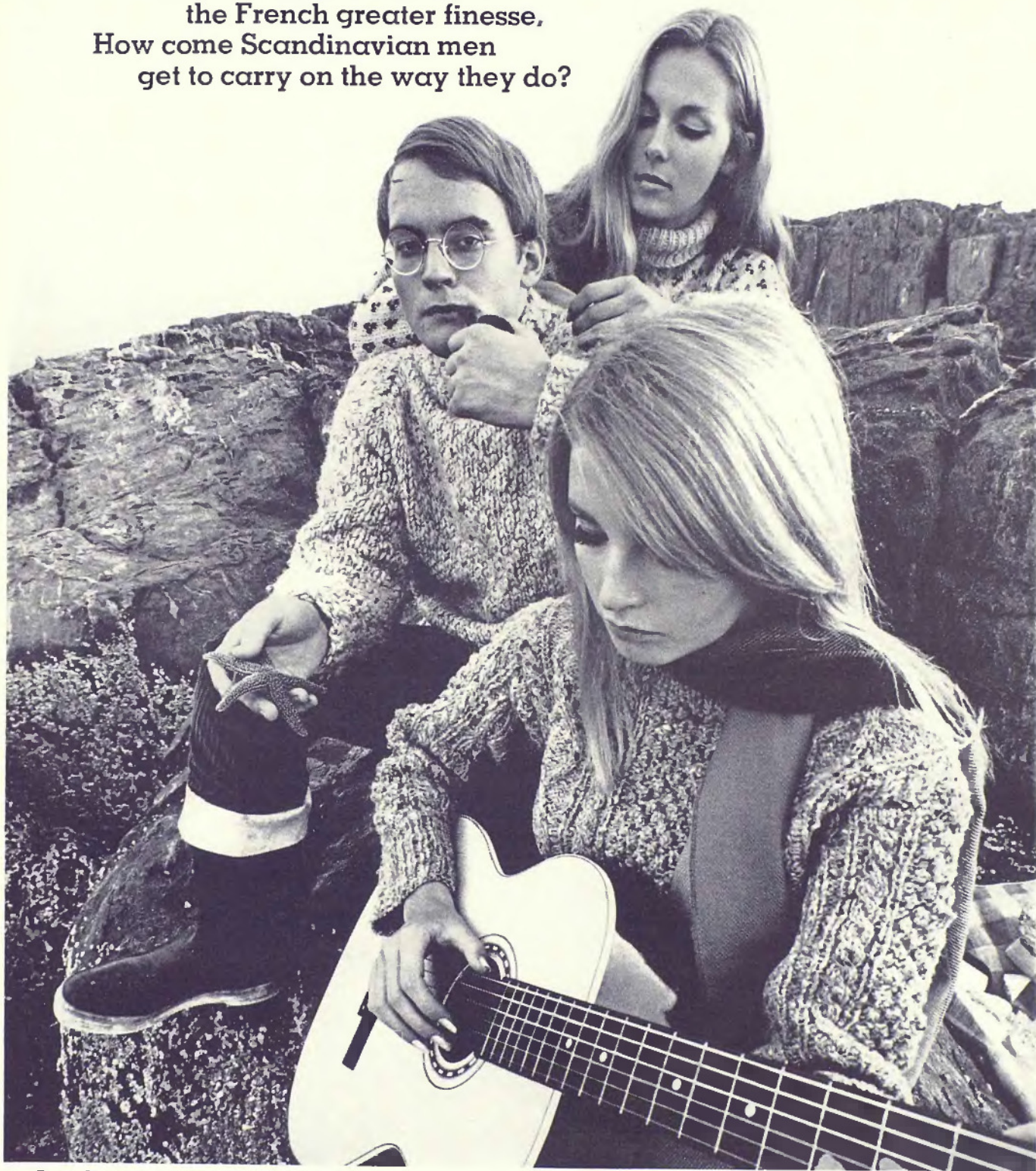


A classic the moment it touches your skin.

Danté



Englishmen have more dash,
the French greater finesse,
How come Scandinavian men
get to carry on the way they do?



Petter Jorgenssen believes in a schedule for everything and everything on schedule. Invariably, he wears steel rimmed glasses, a warm sweater, and a scent called Teak. Yesterday Pia and her sister Mia invited him on a picnic. It wasn't bad enough that they ruined his digestion by serving lunch 17 minutes late, but they brought pâté sandwiches and champagne when they know he always has coddled eggs on Wednesday. Here, Pia and Mia plead for forgiveness.

Think of what would happen if a man like you wore Teak.
Now in America at good stores.

TEAK by SHULTON
What Scandinavian men have



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

POSTAL PRIVACY

If H. B. Montague, Chief Inspector of the Post Office Department, had handed in his letter to Senator Dirksen (PLAYBOY, August 1966) as a thesis in my elementary logic course, he would have gotten an F. The center of his argument is a monumental contradiction (saying what can't possibly be true):

- (1) The Post Office Department has no authority nor desire to . . . practice censorship in any form over first-class mail.
- (2) The Post Office Department will . . . continue to discharge its responsibility as regards the postal obscenity statute . . .
- (3) The postal obscenity statute . . . applies equally to private letters.

These three statements amount to a contradiction. To apply the postal obscenity statute to private letters is to practice censorship.

Many books have been written about the "criminal mind." If Mr. Montague's thinking is typical of the law-enforcement officer's mind, perhaps we need some studies on that subject as well.

Arnold Levison
Associate Professor of Philosophy
University of Illinois
Chicago, Illinois

Your evidence proves that some postal inspectors have been guilty of deliberately destroying, or attempting to destroy, the reputation and position of those whose postal privacy has been violated—in the full foreknowledge that absolutely no known benefit to anyone can result therefrom and that the most grievous harm will be done thereby to the victim, his family, friends and associates. This is an exhibition of sadistic immorality at its most vicious, fully worthy of the late, unlamented Gestapo—the atrocities of which were also completely legal in the land at the time they were committed. Doubtless the inspectors are looking forward eagerly to the time when they will be empowered to brand an identifying mark on the foreheads of these unfortunates. The next step—for those of short memory—is to have children inform on their parents, parents on their children, etc.

King George's tax on tea was eminently legal, but a group of Boston "In-

dians" were nonetheless certain that it was *wrong*. Conversely, probably no more illegal a document was ever conceived than the Declaration of Independence; yet most of us consider it to have been, and to be, *right*. All of which should make clear to even the most obtuse that the law is not invariably a fertile field in which to look for what is right and what is wrong.

H. F. Dobson, D.O.
Kansas City, Kansas

I was really surprised to read the various letters concerning the postal investigation of private correspondence—they must be kidding! This is the Great Society we're fighting for?

Apparently the postal inspectors haven't been paying much attention to the mail from Vietnam, or I'm sure the majority of Marines would soon be Stateside again, serving an extra hitch in a Federal penitentiary. There's nothing sexually abnormal about the men over here; but after 13 months away from home, you can bet they're writing wives and sweethearts personal letters of an "intimate" or "suggestive" nature that, in many cases, must be quite similar to those that the Post Office Department would consider obscene.

Pfc. J. P. McCarty
U. S. Marines, Vietnam

If *The Playboy Philosophy* and *Playboy Forum* were never to accomplish another thing, you would have more than justified their existence with your exposé of the Post Office Department's invasion of privacy. Your revelations were chilling, and their impact extraordinary. If the Post Office Department intends, henceforth, to leave private correspondence alone, then PLAYBOY—and its readers—deserves much of the credit.

I hope your readers realize, incidentally, just how important all their letters of protest written to Washington were; more than a dozen different Congressmen personally inquired into the Post Office situation soon after the protest mail started arriving in real quantity.

What has been achieved surpasses everyone's earlier expectations. In my opinion, PLAYBOY ought to be awarded a Pulitzer Prize for its key part.

James O'Donnell
Washington, D. C.



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Congratulations on your campaign against the further infringement of postal privacy. The key to your success was the coordination of the efforts of your supporters by first giving them the facts and then providing the specific names and addresses of those to whom they should protest. Organization is responsible for whatever success the censors and sickies have had lately; but organization can also be used to combat the attempt to censor and suppress us. There are untold millions who believe in your philosophy.

William Hurry
Bellport, New York

This is a copy of the letter I sent out today to Post Office Department General Counsel Timothy J. May:

I am a teacher of seventh grade, mother of one, and a reader of *PLAYBOY* magazine. I am grateful for your letter to Senator Edward V. Long, published in the September *Playboy Forum*, in which you expressed your concern over the postal interception of private mail recently brought to light. But at the same time, your letter puzzled me by pointing out an exception to this concern. If it is true that "the seal on a piece of first-class mail is sacred," as the Post Office claims, then why continue the shocking invasion of privacy to uncover the wife-swapping plans and organizations of private citizens? What useful purpose is served by harassing these people who willingly exchange their private correspondence?

In my civics courses, we go very deeply into the Bill of Rights and its guarantee of personal freedoms, rights a citizen has against any government on earth. Would you want these 12-year-old students told of the snooping you and your department are continuing to endorse blatantly? What of their right of free speech? Their freedom from illegal search and seizure? Their rights not to incriminate themselves? And since the *Redmonds* case was reversed, it is highly doubtful that a conviction will stand, so what do you intend to do with the information you uncover? Will harassing continue through employers and publicity? What of their rights to due process of law, their freedom from cruel and unusual punishment, their "unnamed" rights as guaranteed in the Ninth Amendment?

This is the Bill of Rights, sir, practically all of it, violated every time one of your inspectors breaks the sacred seal on a piece of first-class mail. I hope you will reconsider your expressed decision to continue this outrageous prying, and return

the mails to their former state—that of a private medium for personal correspondence.

This is one battle I fervently hope you will win. When you've won it, how about taking up another torch and shedding some light on the equally shocking recent agitation for expanded wire-tapping legislation? The NBC White Paper, excellent as it was, might have caused quite a bit of damage by stirring up sentiment for such legislation. All of the arguments you have been using apply. There are times when, as odious as organized crime is, democracy must live dangerously. Those of us who have faith in it believe it will survive. Wire tapping is for police states, totalitarian governments who have to resort to such methods or seriously risk their existence. It is the existence of the wire tapper, the censor, the postal snooper that threatens the existence of a democracy.

Julie F. Forster
Miami, Florida

We think you'll be interested in an authoritative article on that very subject appearing in next month's PLAYBOY, the special Holiday-Anniversary Issue: "Big Brother in America" by U.S. Senator Edward V. Long, Chairman of the Congressional Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, that is investigating the various forms of Government intrusion on the citizen's right to privacy, including postal snooping and wire tapping—by Mother Bell, and others.

To change the law that governs obscenity or lift the restrictions of using the mails for any immoral purpose will open the doors to the smut peddlers, who would flood the mails with their filth. You would also allow some neighbor to send your wife a vile, anonymous letter that would violate her right to protection against such illness. The law is a good law, and anyone caught at this filthy game should be punished.

I feel sorry for those who are caught. It can and does mean financial and social ruin, but someone has to stop them. Maybe they should have gone for medical help before it got out of hand.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Although the Federal law governing obscenity is an incredible amalgam of ambiguity and obsolescence (for example, it provides the same severe penalty for the dissemination of birth-control information as for hard-core pornography), the statute itself was not at issue in PLAYBOY's discussion of postal privacy. We were concerned primarily with the Post Office Department's alleged violations of the Constitutional rights of individuals in the course of its investigations, and with the Department's misapplication of its own statute: The established purpose of the law is to keep

the doors closed to those "smut peddlers" you mention, not to justify snooping into the personal mail and morals of private citizens.

The Justice Department recently announced an official policy against the further prosecution of obscenity cases in ordinary private correspondence; the United States Supreme Court subsequently established this policy as the law of the land with its unanimous decision in "Redmonds vs. U.S."; indeed, even the Post Office Department belatedly acknowledged that enforcement should "focus primarily" on commercial obscenity "... rather than on those who use the mail system to carry on private correspondence that may involve obscene communications." This was the central theme of a letter on Post Office policy sent to Senator Edward V. Long—at the Senator's request, as a result of PLAYBOY reader protests—by Timothy May, General Counsel of the Post Office Department (see September "Playboy Forum"); although less than a month before, in a letter to Senator Everett M. Dirksen—also requested as a result of PLAYBOY reader protests—Chief Postal Inspector H. B. Montague was still insisting that the postal obscenity law "applies equally to private letters" (see August "Playboy Forum").

Regrettably, spokesmen for the Post Office Department are still attempting to justify the investigation of private citizens who communicate with one another through correspondence clubs, claiming that such letters can be considered "non-private," because the letter writers are frequently not well known to one another, and because the subjects discussed are often offensive to the moral standards of the community—as interpreted by local postal inspectors. In so doing, the Post Office Department is willfully ignoring the Supreme Court's decision in the "Redmonds" case, which reversed the conviction of a married couple who had sent compromising pictures of themselves to a correspondence club for processing.

As for anonymous nuisance letters (concerned with sex or any other subject), we think five years' imprisonment and a \$5000 fine is too severe a punishment for a relatively minor offense. The Model Penal Code, in its section on "harassment," recommends that similar conduct be deemed a petty misdemeanor (penalty: 30 days for first offense; six months to two years for repeated offenders)—although compulsory psychiatric treatment might be more in order for the sexually repressed neurotic who needs to get his kicks in this manner.

VOICES OF THE VICTIMS

Upon buying a house several years ago, my husband and I found six lovely wooden picture frames. My husband, who was starting to get interested in photography, got the idea of sending away to a

firm that had advertised in a very popular photography magazine that they were selling art photos. He wrote and asked if they would make him six 16 x 20 photos. We never heard from this firm; and being very busy with the new house, we had completely forgotten about the matter. One rainy night I was home alone, when I heard a knock on the door and, lo and behold, there were two postal inspectors!

It seems that they had raided the firm and found my husband's letter asking to buy "six large nudes suitable for framing." It seems that even before they had paid us a visit, they had questioned my husband's employer as to his morals, social life, etc. (and as a result, he lost the best job he was ever to have). Their story was that they wanted to search the house and see if we had received any other "objectionable material"—the words are theirs, not mine. I refused; and inasmuch as they had no search warrant, they left. However, they were back a few nights later to question my husband. They made him sign a statement saying that he had never received any photos from this firm. My husband at first refused, pointing out that many nudist publications and girlie books were given second-class mailing permits, so how come so much attention was being given to his letter? They were very evasive and claimed it "was orders." The upshot was that my husband finally signed after about two hours of conversation. In the last few years I have often wondered *where* this statement is and what was gained by their talking to my husband's employer.

Thank God for people like Hugh Hefner, who have had the courage to stand up and fight back. Half of these inspectors don't know where their legal limits are and the other half seemingly don't even care.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

You may add my story to your growing collection of postal invasion of privacy cases. I exchanged some juicy correspondence with a "girl" who turned out to be a postal inspector. On the basis of this and intercepted letters to a California couple, the charges were lined up: (1) A Federal charge of mailing obscene material; (2) a state charge claiming the distribution of obscene material; and (3) a city charge of possession of obscene material. The postal authorities had done a thorough job: Before lining up this formidable battery, they had visited my employer and shown him photostatic copies of my correspondence. This cost me a \$17,000-a-year job.

My attorney made deals with the state and the Feds in exchange for a conviction by the city. It was arranged in the attorney's office that (1) I would plead *not* guilty to city charges, and (2) the city

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magistrate would find me guilty and fine me \$150. I was booked (fingerprinted and mugged) to the accompaniment of sly and leering remarks in the presence of my wife. I paid my fine, plus a \$1000 attorney's fee, and that was the end. I never met the judge nor the accusers. My attorney informed me that the Feds were hanging onto the evidence; he explained that they could still press charges any time they felt like it. I have been living under this sword of Damocles for the past two years.

For three months I hunted for a job. I think my professional qualifications are excellent. I have a B. S. and an M. S. and three years of training in a management institute. My experience background is unblemished, in both the technical and the managerial fields. My superiors from the firm I left have indicated that they would like to have me back. I went to see the vice-president about this and he told me: "Yes, you are an excellent man; however, it is the company's policy not to hire persons who are *sex deviates*. We would give an embezzler or a murderer a chance, but we are very strict about sex offenders." These were his exact words; I will remember them until the day I die.

Next came the job hunt. My qualifications were acceptable to more than 30 of the companies to which I applied (mostly through professional placement agencies). Then came the time to fill out the company's employment application form. Question number 13: Have you ever been arrested? Answer: Yes. Give Details. Answer: Possession of obscene material. I was turned down on 36 jobs for which I was qualified. I now have a job at less than half the salary I made before. How did I get it? I lied. Fortunately, my immediate superiors gave me excellent personal recommendations. The cost to me has been around \$30,000 in lost salary, and my soul. I was very civic-minded, but now I refrain from all such activities for fear that someone will dig out my one mistake.

This, then, is the society in which I live. Fifteen years of productive service and innumerable civic endeavors wiped out by Big Brother and his snoopers. Bitter? *You bet I am*. Scared? You better believe it. I have a family to support.

(Name and address withheld by request)

I don't consider myself abnormal in any way, but I do possess a burning curiosity. Because I was curious, I started writing to correspondence clubs and joined four of them—three of which are now defunct. I picked out the ads that indicated a desire to meet or correspond with single males and wrote to these people through the club. With no criminal or commercial intent, I, perhaps naively, used my correct name and address. As pointed out by others, most of these ads seemed to have been placed by

scatologically inclined males of both heterosexual and homosexual natures. Of the 40 or 50 letters I received, only about ten seemed to be truly as advertised. Of this ten, five were from couples and five from single girls. I met and talked with just two of the couples.

Well, I was soon confronted with a pair of postal inspectors. One was businesslike and the other leered. The businesslike one handed me a form to fill out and I complied. He said he had no search warrant and would like me to voluntarily give them any and all correspondence dealing with these clubs. He said that if it were necessary, he would get a search warrant and a sheriff to serve it and it would be better for me to make a clean breast of it and cooperate. I thought it over and gave them the bulletins mailed by these clubs and a few of the letters. He produced some pictures and a letter written by myself that had been sent to a couple in northern California in October or November of the previous year, and also pictures and letters sent to another couple in Southern California. How the postal inspectors came into possession of the contents of these letters is still a mystery to me. But the couples had asked me to send them some "live pics" (pornographic pictures) and I had done so by *first-class mail*. The charge (a felony) was mailing obscene pictures through the U. S. mails.

The inspectors submitted the material I had surrendered to them to the Attorney General and the warrant for my arrest was issued. They told me to appear before a clerk for a reading of the charges. I was to produce bail at this time and did so through a bondsman. Not having a great amount of money, I obtained a public defender. The case appeared to be an open-and-shut matter, and the lawyer held out little hope. Then I read about the Supreme Court decision in the *Redmonds* case. I mentioned this case to the public defender and he approached the Attorney General; a letter was sent to Washington to see if the decision applied to my situation. The Government decided to drop the charges and allowed me to withdraw my earlier plea of guilty. The dismissal of the case was contingent on the assurance that I would not bring suit against the U. S. for false arrest. I agreed and the case was closed.

(Name and address withheld by request)

POSTAL HARASSMENT

I have sent the following letter to Senator Dirksen:

It was very gratifying to me to see your letter in the August issue of *PLAYBOY*. This past school year in Twin Falls, Idaho, where I was teaching at the College of Southern Idaho, a representative of the Post

Office Department went to the Twin Falls police and also to the president of the college and told them that I was receiving pornography that showed that I was a dangerous homosexual and a threat to children. In spite of my protests, or perhaps because of them, the president declined to recommend my reappointment. I have since been fortunate enough to secure another position, but how long I will be able to hold onto it with the Post Office on my back I don't know.

Whether one person should attempt to tell another what he should read or view is to me questionable. That such matters should in any way be the responsibility of the Post Office is inconceivable. Surely they are doing inestimable harm meddling in things that are clearly outside their province. Something should be done to definitely curb these abuses. How can people respect the law while such injustices are being perpetuated? And it says very little for the Government that a man like Chief Postal Inspector Henry Montague is a part of it.

Your own state, I understand, has abolished the laws that protect the exploiters and persecutors of homosexuals. Let us hope that the time is not far off when everyone in America will enjoy this relief.

Clayton Montgomery
New York, New York

AN AMERICAN OMBUDSMAN

I am surprised that in the discussions of invasion of privacy that I have seen, no one has raised the possibility of a Post Office Ombudsman (rhymes with woodsman) or Citizen's Defender. "Ombudsman" is a Swedish word that means roughly "one who stands for" and is the name of a special office of government where citizens' complaints may be filed. It is a feedback system that helps control the government bureaucracy. This system has been in use in Sweden since 1809 and is now in use in other Scandinavian countries and in New Zealand. Here in the United States, at least four states (California, Illinois, Rhode Island and Connecticut) have had Ombudsman proposals introduced in their state legislatures. Congressman Henry Reuss of Wisconsin has raised the issue in Congress.

Most bureaucracies have their own defenders or public relations experts, who are trained to give glib answers to consumer complaints. Any individual citizen or legislator has a very limited view of the bureaucracy and cannot see the patterns that are evolving. In the instance of the Post Office invasion of privacy, *PLAYBOY* has been a central repository, where the complaints could be channeled. *PLAYBOY* has performed a valuable public

service. But the handling of citizen complaints about Government bureaucracy in general should not be left to voluntary private efforts. It should be formalized, protected from politics and systematically used to improve Governmental efficiency.

Charles L. Smith
Berkeley, California

ROME AND WASHINGTON

In the 19th Century, to a liberal European, Rome was the symbol of everything reactionary and oppressive and Washington was the symbol of everything progressive. What a change has occurred in our time! In Washington, an imperialistic war is unleashed against the Vietnamese; and, in Rome, the voice of the Pope is raised in the cause of peace. In Washington, dogma has settled into a hard, brittle mold; in Rome, the spirit of ecumenicism is sweeping the whole Church through gales of change. Finally, in Washington, the Supreme Court orders a man sent to five years' imprisonment for the crime of publishing; in Rome, Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani announces the abolition of the Index of Prohibited Books.

My grandfather would never believe that, in 100 years, Rome could *progress* so fast and Washington could *regress* so fast.

Jean-Marie Proudhon
Lyons, France

P. T. A. PROTEST

I attend P. T. A. meetings, in a public school auditorium, that are always opened with a prayer. P. T. A. leaders seem to assume that everyone present is in accord with their ideas. Naturally, if anyone objected to this practice on the basis of his personal beliefs, he would be classified as an atheist or an infidel, and the children involved would surely suffer.

Why does a religious liberal such as myself object to a simple prayer to open a P. T. A. meeting? Let us assume that the P. T. A. president is a religious liberal. Instead of opening the meeting with an affirmation of a supernatural God through prayer, she proceeds to make a few comments on the benefits to be derived from the negation of supernaturalism in religion. How would the orthodox religious minds react to this? Certainly there would be an impeachment of the P. T. A. president. Can orthodox believers expect religious liberals to react any differently when they are coerced into this simple ceremony?

Those who continue to ignore the Supreme Court ruling concerning religious ceremonies (teachers, P. T. A. leaders, etc.) in public schools do so for one of two reasons. Either they must impose their beliefs on others as a bulwark against their own insecurities or they feel that open defiance of the law will

show their true religious zeal. Neither of these reasons is in the spirit of religious freedom guaranteed by the United States Constitution.

Please withhold my name, since I do not wish my children to suffer for my personal beliefs.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

Shortly after the 1962 Supreme Court decision banning school prayers, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers adopted the following resolution:

P.T.A.s may continue their own inspirational exercises within their own meetings. Whether or not they meet in school buildings, P.T.A.s are voluntary and private associations, and determine for themselves the observances that will meet their needs.

This places the responsibility for the continuation or discontinuation of religious rites upon the members of each local P. T. A. The power of its leaders, like that of leaders in any democratic organization, is derived from the consent of the governed. You have the vote and you have the right to make motions from the floor. If you are too timid to express your opinion, you'd have nobody but yourself to blame if the leaders, next year, decided to open meetings with "Deutschland über alles."

MARGARET SANGER

Margaret Sanger, birth-control pioneer and one of the greatest women of the 20th Century, died this September, at 82. Her career should be an object lesson to those persons whose letters I keep reading in *The Playboy Forum*, stating that Hefner's ideas are right but can never make any change in the widespread ignorance and superstition of the masses.

When Mrs. Sanger was brought to trial in New York City in 1914 for sending birth-control information through the mails, she stood virtually alone. As *The New York Times* remarked in its obituary, "Even progressive women, Socialists and physicians offered her no assistance. Fighters for women's suffrage seemed more concerned with the vote than with Mrs. Sanger's immediate problem. Physicians seemed to fear the Comstock Law." Only Emma Goldman, the anarchist, supported Mrs. Sanger publicly. For years afterward, nearly single handed, Mrs. Sanger carried on the battle for the right of husbands and wives to decide the size of their own families. She survived other lawsuits, a jail term, raids on her clinics and year after year of vilification by both the Catholic and the Protestant Churches.

Today, only 52 years after the beginning of her crusade, this brave woman is known and revered throughout the world. The Planned Parenthood Federation,

which she founded, now has centers in 150 cities in the United States and 88 other countries. Nehru of India accorded her a hero's reception when she visited that country. She was the first woman ever to address the Japanese Diet. The Protestant churches, almost unanimously, have reversed their opinion on birth control and now accept Margaret Sanger's teachings as orthodox; the latest reports from the Vatican indicate that Rome, too, is rethinking this issue.

May Hefner's crusade bring the same sanity to other sexual matters that Margaret Sanger brought to contraception, and may the victory be quicker in coming this time!

Catherine Brown
Mexico City, Mexico

CONTRACEPTION AND CONSCIENCE

The following story appeared in a recent *San Francisco Chronicle*:

The use of the rhythm method of birth control causes serious psychological harm, a leading Roman Catholic psychiatrist has concluded.

It creates severe frustration to many couples and the disagreements over its use and quarrels over its failures cause marital discord. Dr. John R. Cavanagh wrote in this month's issue of *Marriage* magazine.

Dr. Cavanagh, who teaches in the School of Sacred Theology at the Catholic University of America and is a member of the Pope's Birth Control Commission, said he based his conclusions on preliminary study of replies from 2225 couples who read the magazine. Only successful users of the rhythm method were asked to reply to the questionnaire which appeared with an earlier article in the magazine. Dr. Cavanagh wrote that "most of the comments were far from happy and the users did not seem too successful."

He said many of the readers sent in letters with their questionnaires and they "made me wonder if God intended Catholics to suffer so."

It also makes me wonder if God intended Catholics to suffer so: That's why I'm an ex-Catholic. Isn't it time that the clergy began practicing a certain virtue that they preach to their followers—the virtue of "periodical examination of conscience"? According to such theologians as Saint Francis Xavier, examination of conscience does not mean recalling and repenting your obvious sins: It means asking yourself if any of your "harmless" acts, or even your seemingly "virtuous" acts, were really motivated by malice. It means asking whether you have been doing evil and lying to yourself about it. Now, consider the facts well known to modern psychologists: A

celibate always suffers from some degree of frustration. A celibate always has some envy, and malice, toward those who are enjoying a happy sex life. Is it not worth asking, of those priests who really wish to serve God, if their whole stand on birth control is not just the product of their unconscious hatred of noncelibates? Should they not examine their consciences very severely and ask why they approve only the one method of birth control that is a sure-fire way of ruining marriages and poisoning the love act with fear and anxiety? If a man with a wooden leg imagined that he found in the Bible some justification for asking ordinary men to break one of their own legs and hobble around on crutches, one would suspect that he was guilty of neurotic malice and rationalization—especially if millions of others read the same Bible and couldn't find that message in it. Isn't it time the celibates frankly asked themselves these questions?

(Name withheld by request)
Dayton, Ohio

ABORTION PROPOSAL

PLAYBOY might be interested in an unequivocal stand from the pulpit on a controversial issue:

An Iowa City church pastor wants to change Iowa's abortion laws.

The Rev. William M. Weir, pastor of the Iowa City Unitarian Universalist Society, said he plans to get in touch with legislators to promote the change.

Iowa law now forbids terminating a pregnancy unless the mother's life is in jeopardy.

The Rev. Mr. Weir and the Social Concerns Council of his church will work for adoption of a law following guidelines set out by the American Law Institute.

Under the proposal, abortion would be permitted if:

The physical or mental health of the mother would be impaired by the birth of a child;

There is a strong indication that the child would have mental or physical defects;

The pregnancy resulted from rape, incest or other felonious intercourse;

The prospective mother is under the age of 16.

An abortion would have to be recommended by two physicians, neither of whom would perform the operation.

Said the Rev. Mr. Weir:

"I am concerned that so many persons are driven to violate the law because it is so restrictive. I am even more concerned that approximately 8000 women die each year as a result of illegal abortions.

"Present laws drive large numbers of desperate women into the hands of those from whom the law seeks to shield them—namely, the illegal abortionists."

Jim DeMaranville
Council Bluffs, Iowa

EDUCATION AND DEVIATION

It looks like *The Playboy Philosophy* is really spreading. A recent *Toronto Globe and Mail* ran the following story, under a glaring headline beginning with a word that couldn't have been printed in a newspaper ten years ago:

MASTURBATION DESCRIBED AS PART OF GROWING UP

Masturbation may be one of the essential processes of growing up, a woman doctor told the second North American Conference on the Church and Family Life.

Dr. Mary S. Calderone, executive director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, also told a press conference that for many persons a homosexual relationship may be more creative and fulfilling than marriage.

Dr. Calderone, a grandmother, is one of the leading figures at a conference that has brought together 625 clergymen, theologians, psychiatrists, sociologists and laymen from all over North America, under the auspices of the Canadian Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States.

"Masturbation is something that touches everybody at all ages. . . . I'd like to see the churches support free scientific research to find out what it is about," she said.

"The churches and the medical profession must combine to encourage and support honest objective research. It wasn't too long ago that women were delivered under a sheet with no part of them exposed, and all sorts of tragedies occurred because the physician was not allowed to look."

Dr. Calderone, mother of three daughters and grandmother of two teenaged boys, said she was summarizing the feelings of a group of psychiatrists, priests and sex experts when she urged toleration of homosexuality.

"It was the general feeling of the group that homosexuality was a way of sexual expression that can be as constructive—depending on the use that individuals make of each other—as married life has the possibility of being highly destructive."

She said ignorance and fear breed a punishing attitude toward

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homosexuality and other forms of deviation. "We've learned we can't punish an alcoholic out of . . . alcoholism and we're going to have to learn this about several forms of sexual expression."

I once heard a psychiatrist from Los Angeles say that most mental-health problems could be cleared up in a generation if mental and medical doctors just had the guts to say in public what they already knew was true. Maybe that great day is finally dawning?

Edwin C. Cooper
Toronto, Ontario

PLAYBOY IN THE PULPIT

About two years ago, we became interested in the Unitarian church here in Auckland. The church, isolated from Unitarian headquarters in the U.S.A., was in the doldrums. A roster of voluntary speakers was drawing as few as five people to services—no young people, no children. Eighteen months ago, we persuaded the church to let us try a new kind of monthly family service. We hit as hard as we could—replaced hymns with folk songs, and instead of a sermon we used a dialog between my wife and myself. We also converted an old mezzanine or gallery into a coffee bar, and as part of our effort to create a less stuffy atmosphere, we put nude paintings and photos on the walls (our own work, of course, as there was no money to buy any).

Several Sundays ago, we held a family service that included two readings from *PLAYBOY* and a dialog on *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Attendance is now climbing toward the 100 mark.

Noel and Thelma Blyth
Auckland, New Zealand

KEYS TO THE KINGDOM

They say a churchman a long time ago prayed that Plutarch be admitted to heaven despite his pagan beliefs. I like what you're doing in trying to bring about a more reasonable and enlightened atmosphere in this country. I'm quite sure that if you succeed, someday somebody will say, "Dear Lord, in addition to Plutarch, let old Hugh in, won't you?"

Who knows? That place up there just may very well be the biggest Playboy Club ever.

M. G. Turner
Dayton, Tennessee

GOD IS AN ATHEIST

The United States is not a Christian nation. Rather, it is a nation where Christians, Jews, Buddhists, etc., are all free to live their individual lives as their conscience directs them. But no one is free to impose his religious way of life on others. Atheists should also have this

freedom; but our society imposes such hostile attitudes toward atheism that enjoyment of this philosophy (of reality) has been difficult. This, however, is changing with the advent of "Christian atheism."

Atheism is the universe as science finds it and as interpreted by human understanding. It is an attempt to state the simple truth, to give a fair likeness of things, to photograph facts. Atheism is denial of nothing true, of nothing good, of nothing that can be proved. I see no good reason for abusing the atheist. His opinions don't make him a bad citizen or a bad man. He is as moral as his Christian neighbor, and as ready to help a fellow being.

Atheism is the exhilarating release from the mental retardation of what the psychologists call the syndrome of ego dysfunction, whose three characteristic and related symptoms are: feelings of helplessness, of insecurity and of self-devaluation.

In countries where atheism is a crime, hypocrisy is more honored than integrity. And it should not be overlooked that Christians and Jews worship an atheist. God, the Father, worships no God; He is therefore an atheist.

Frank C. Nickerson
Dallas, Texas

CHRISTIAN ATHEISM

As a good friend of the Reverend Richard Gary, one of Hugh Hefner's fellow panelists on the radio programs that served as the basis for several installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I have been an intermittent reader of yours for years. I admire Hefner's frankness, and only wish we might debate face to face someday.

A publication with such wide circulation as yours is bound to influence opinion among a large circle of readers. For this reason, I beg the use of your pages to correct a misconception that could do severe harm. In the headline on William Hamilton's *The Death of God* (*PLAYBOY*, August 1966), you introduce the author as a "christian atheist" who "proclaims and defines the radical new concept of christianity without a supreme being." And in the article he ingeniously endeavors to do just that.

But I submit that any concept of christianity (even when it is spelled with a small "c") without a supreme being is a contradiction. The very essence of Jesus' teaching, preaching and example is the relationship of creature to Creator, of man to God. He himself epitomized that relationship. He exercised it in meditation and prayer. He taught it in parables—especially in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. You cannot have "christianity without a supreme being." You may have something else—call it "ethical atheism" if you wish—but not Christianity.

Any reader of yours who has the good sense to admire a pretty girl should be smart enough to grasp this truth.

The Rev. Marcus B. Hall
Saint John's Episcopal Church
Stowe, Vermont

SITUATION ETHICS

Your editorial comments on "situation ethics" in the May 1966 issue, some of them quoted directly from Dr. Joseph Fletcher's book called *Situation Ethics*, prompt me to take you to task.

Quoting out of context is an editorial sin that is really unforgivable. I have just finished reading Dr. Fletcher's book and I doubt that your editor understands it any better than the pastor to whose letter he was replying. Situation ethics are, indeed, based on a presupposed existential freedom—existential in the sense that reality originates within each person's mind or out of each person's experience—but this is not the freedom of hedonism. The new morality is not a sexual ethic, although it includes sex. Sex morality, in situation ethics, is part of total morality—or, in other words, of a total view of life and of ethics.

And this view is based on the old notion of individual responsibility. It assumes that modern man has come of age into the possibility of growing up into a whole, and adult, human being. Dr. Fletcher offers men the election of maturity—mentally, morally, physically and (if you will print the word) spiritually. He suggests that modern man, who has been capable of inventing the atomic bomb, really has no other choice than to hasten toward maturity—or cease to be.

To try to equate *The Playboy Philosophy* with situation ethics is, it seems to me, a misrepresentation that is intellectually dishonest. Situation ethics are for the brave, the strong, the intelligent. And may I add that an editorial policy so narrow that it does not include some dedication to the facts is one that will prove self-defeating.

Ann Neusel
Wyncote, Pennsylvania

We agree that "quoting out of context is an editorial sin"; we would add that unjustly accusing anyone of this transgression is an equally serious sin. We quoted—with Dr. Fletcher's permission—eight paragraphs from "Situation Ethics" in order to defend the "new morality" against one of its critics. We made absolutely no equation between "The Playboy Philosophy" and situation ethics; moreover, our own comment was merely a brief introduction to the subject, and could hardly reveal our editors' understanding of the book.

Yes, there are indeed similarities and differences in Fletcher's and Hefner's ethical codes. Both men know each other
(continued on page 264)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAMMY DAVIS JR.

a candid conversation with the kinetic singer, dancer, comedian, musician, mimic, actor and best-selling author

Whether Sammy Davis Jr., as so often billed, is really "the greatest entertainer in the world" may be open to debate, but even his critics would admit that no one has worked harder—nor overcome more hardships and handicaps—to earn that appellation. Literally a child of show business (his parents, Sammy and Elvera Davis, toured with a vaudeville troupe headed by Will Mastin, whom he called his uncle), Sammy made his stage debut at the age of one and became a full-time professional when he was three. He had no opportunity for formal schooling and was forced to scuffle for pin money with Mastin and his father during the Depression years. But the younger Davis proved a quick study as a song-and-dance man, and soon eclipsed his elders to become the star of their struggling little act in carnival side shows and those few small-town theaters and night clubs that would book Negro talent in that pre-civil rights era.

After an eight-month hitch in the Army's Special Services—a traumatic first-hand exposure to racial bigotry and brutality for the 18-year-old entertainer (his nose was broken twice in beatings administered by white GIs)—Sammy rejoined the Trio with redoubled determination to make the big time. It finally happened in 1951, when Sammy (still second-billed to Mastin) electrified audiences—and earned rave notices—during a triumphant first engagement at Ciro's in Hollywood. Suddenly in demand for solo recordings and movie roles (in "Anna Lucasta" and "Porgy and Bess"), and

celebrated for his kinetic performance in the Broadway hit "Mr. Wonderful," Sammy found himself rich as well as famous almost overnight. Living his new part to the hilt, after "a lifetime of waiting and wanting," he plunged headlong into the maelstrom of Hollywood night life: punishing the bottle, plunging at the gaming tables, playing around with the chicks and tossing big money away with spectacular—and self-destructive—abandon. His income and his audiences continued to grow, but his performances began to suffer—along with his health—and Sammy was soon several hundred thousand dollars in debt. But his fortunes had not yet reached their lowest ebb: Late in 1954, while driving from Las Vegas to Hollywood for a recording date, he was seriously injured in the automobile accident that cost him his left eye. Although he was soon working again at Ciro's, and even joking about his misfortune, he was privately distraught and depressed, and one night tried unsuccessfully to drive his car off a cliff. His two brushes with death, however, shook him into a fateful decision: A few months later, seeking "a purpose bigger than myself," he converted to Judaism amid a storm of publicity assailing him for insincerity.

If Sammy was looking for peace of mind, he was not to find it yet. When the news leaked out that he was secretly dating Kim Novak late in 1957, despite warnings from Hollywood higher-ups, Sammy became a target for racist hate mail—undeterred even by his brief mar-

riage to a Negro dancer—that reached flood proportions with the announcement of his engagement to Swedish actress May Britt in May of 1960. Defying a barrage of anonymous death threats, Sammy and May were married six months later, with friend Frank Sinatra as best man and fellow rat-pack chum Peter Lawford among the guests. May's movie career was over, but the marriage flourished and Sammy's own successes multiplied—along with his family (they now have three children, two of them adopted). In the years that followed, he continued to make movies ("Ocean's Eleven," "Threepenny Opera," "Robin and the Seven Hoods"), performed at more benefits than any other entertainer in history, simultaneously starred in a successful Broadway remake of Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy," and in his spare time, co-authored "Yes I Can," a painfully candid best-selling autobiography. Saturating television with specials and guest shots, he eventually earned his own weekly series, but low ratings and lukewarm reviews forced its cancellation early this year after 15 shows. Undaunted, Sammy went on to produce and star in his most recent film, "A Man Called Adam," but it, too, was indifferently received both by the critics and by the public. Not pausing long enough to regret his mistakes—and well enough established by now as a jack of all entertainment trades to withstand such setbacks without jeopardizing his success—Sammy set out last summer on



"Every time I walk on a stage, I feel like the cat who walks into a saloon and says, 'OK, who's the fastest gun here?' And the audience out there is the cat who stands up and says, 'I am. Let's go outside.'"



"My mother was born in San Juan. So I'm Puerto Rican, Jewish, colored and married to a white woman. When I move into a neighborhood, people start running four ways at the same time."



"It may sound hopelessly idealistic and unattainable, when you look around today, but I believe the day is coming when the K.K.K. will be relegated to history books along with CORE and SNCC."

a nationwide one-man concert tour; the crowds were S.R.O. in every city.

PLAYBOY interviewer Alex Haley caught up with the peripatetic star during an engagement at the Forrest Theater in Philadelphia (shortly before Sammy was hospitalized in Chicago with hepatitis). Haley tells of his experience: "I had been trying to get his ear, and his confidence, for two weeks, dogging his tracks from city to city, trying to penetrate both his shell of reticence and the cordon of cronies and co-workers with whom he surrounds himself, waiting in vain for Sammy to alight anywhere long enough to button-hole him for anything more than a wave and a greeting. Genuinely apologetic, he finally took me aside and vowed that somehow he'd make time for me in Philadelphia. He was as good as his word; but it was still an uphill battle.

"Late every afternoon during the four-day engagement, whenever Sammy woke up, his close friend and secretary Murphy Bennett would telephone me to join them in Sammy's lavish suite at the Hotel Warwick. There, for the next two or three hours, we would try to talk, swimming upstream against a steady tide of bellboys bearing telegrams and delivering packages—mostly gifts from fans, which were added to the vocational and avocational miscellany already overflowing the suite: books, tape recorders, scripts, contracts, cameras, record players, movie projectors and the wardrobe of 50 suits Sammy takes on the road. Adding a note of shrill urgency to the melee, the phone rang incessantly and without mercy. Most of the calls were fielded by Bennett, but a few Sammy had to take himself—among them, one from Vice-President Humphrey, inviting Sammy to Washington to discuss a possible Vietnam tour; and several from Mrs. Davis in New York, requesting advice on wallpaper and bathroom towels for the family's new apartment on Manhattan's East Side.

"Each evening at eight, Sammy left for the theater in his \$25,000 limousine, custom-fitted with intercom, bar, stereo, television and telephone. His stocky chauffeur, an ex-Marine named Joe Grant, denied that he functioned as a bodyguard: 'Just call me Sammy's right-hand man.' Be that as it may, Joe's own karate-trained right hand can split a cinder block. The marquee at the Forrest Theater—where Sammy had won an amateur free-style dancing contest at the age of three—read, SAMMY DAVIS—THAT'S ALL. Inside, Sammy sang, danced, did his impressions and his pistol-twirling act, imitated the walking styles of current Western stars, and followed up with a pantomime and an uninhibited drunk routine. Then his dancers took the stage as Sammy quick-changed to finish the show as a wistful clown. The audience gave him a standing ovation. Back in the hubbub of his dressing room, he acted

out impromptu ideas for improving the show, accompanying himself with fiercely mouthed sound effects. Then, after several hours, 20 or 30 people set off in taxicabs, following Sammy to one of his almost-nightly private screenings of unreleased feature films. Later, though this relentless round-the-clock schedule was obviously draining his strength (he had been rubbing more and more at his plastic left eye—a sure sign, according to Murphy, that the 39-year-old star was really exhausted), he would talk with me back at the hotel—this time without interruptions and distractions. Often as not, the light of dawn would find us still immersed in conversation. We began with a question about a subject that preoccupies his profilers and perplexes even his closest friends: What makes Sammy run?"

PLAYBOY: Sammy, you seem to be in a permanent state of exhaustion—and perpetual motion—trying to keep up with your nonstop schedule of commitments. What makes you drive yourself so relentlessly?

DAVIS: If you want to be the best, baby, you've got to work harder than anybody else. I'm not in this business to be second-rate. If you've worked and waited for a lifetime, and finally your opportunity comes, do you swing at the ball or do you hunk? Well, I want to swing at it. PLAYBOY: Some might feel that you're trying to swing five or six bats at once.

DAVIS: So what if I am? I'm not trying to hit anybody with them. I'm not Sammy Glick, stepping on people, destroying people. Why should you be put down because you're ambitious, because you want to succeed—so long as you're not hurting anybody? Jesus! Is it criminal to have drive?

PLAYBOY: Of course not. But why do you take on more commitments than you can fulfill?

DAVIS: Well, nobody starts out to do three or four major things at once. You start to do one thing, and suddenly a chance comes to do another. You're handling these two all right, then suddenly here comes another thing you can't refuse, and so on. After a while, it gets out of hand.

PLAYBOY: During the run of *Golden Boy*, you ran yourself ragged doing free benefits between shows—more than any other performer ever has done in so short a time. Why?

DAVIS: Well, I wasn't thinking about setting some record. People just asked me. This one, that one, people I knew, people who knew somebody I knew: "Sammy, baby, just a little half hour for us." Another one: "You can't let us down." I'd say, "Yeah, yeah, OK—when?"—even when I knew I shouldn't. The dates always sounded a while off. Word filtered around I'd try to help good causes, and the promises started piling up on me. Man, sometimes in one day I'd be doing two, three bene-

fits, then the show that night. If I tried to beg off because I was beat, they'd say, "Sammy, this organization helps your people; you've got to make it! We'll send a limousine." I had limousines; what I needed was sleep. But if I said no, they'd hate me—and I saw some of that, too. So I'd sleep on the way over in the car; chauffeur would wake me up to walk in the door and do the benefit. I got so run-down I looked it. And you know what I'd hear then? "Sammy, you're too tired! You got to quit doing so many benefits—just this one more for us." I knew something was going to give. I kept feeling it, different ways—warnings, you know. I kept saying to everybody, "Give me some time off. I've got to have some rest." But they never really listened, and I tried to keep going—until finally it happened. I collapsed and had to miss several shows. You can only do so much to yourself, then your body acts to save itself. I learned my lesson. I'm not going to let myself get that overburdened no more. I'll still help, but within reason. Anxiety to help anybody I can is the particular bag I happen to swing in as a human being. But there must be 5000 good causes; I learned I can't help all of them.

PLAYBOY: Your nervous collapse was only one of many problems—bad reviews, script changes, firings, frictions, accidents, injuries—that seemed to plague the run of *Golden Boy*. Has that experience soured you on the theater?

DAVIS: No, I'm going to go back, and I'm going to keep going back until I learn it. Most people cannot understand, even to this day, why a guy who makes a million and a half or two million dollars a year would want to come back and do a Broadway show. Well, I can't say I need the theater to exist as a human being; but it's my vitamins. Legitimate theater is marvelous if you can find the right set of circumstances to work under. In *Golden Boy*, we just didn't have all the right circumstances. It became too hard to perform—physically and mentally. I got hurt too many times, and finally I got bored with it.

PLAYBOY: To judge by its low ratings and lukewarm reviews, your recent television series was even less successful than *Golden Boy*. Why do you think it didn't click?

DAVIS: I've got no cop-out. It was nobody's fault but mine. I apologize especially for those first five shows. I'm being as honest as I know how to be. They were horrible. We never got over that bad beginning—even when we started to swing those last six or seven shows. But it was a ball to be on for the 16 weeks it ran.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to try again with another series?

DAVIS: Someday, sure. I don't know about this coming season, though. If NBC doesn't pick me up, I've been

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offered other parts—like CBS wants me to be the CBS eye.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like type-casting. Your latest film, *A Man Called Adam*, which you produced and starred in, didn't fare much better than your TV series, either critically or commercially. Were you satisfied with it?

DAVIS: Not completely, but I liked it. I think we said some things never said before in a picture. I don't think it's as strong, as powerful, as great a picture, as, say, *Champion* or *The Defiant Ones*, or any of the others with that kind of punch. But I think it's a good, entertaining picture, in its own way. And even if the critics didn't like it, I'm pleased that a lot of them, and other people, were pleasantly surprised by my performance in it. I never before had a chance to really *act* in a picture, and I tried to act my ass off in this one, pal. I really did.

PLAYBOY: It's often said that everything you do as a performer is characterized by what one critic has called "a fanatical desire for approval." Is there any truth to that?

DAVIS: Maybe so. I know every time I walk on a stage, or do a television show, or act in a movie, I feel like the cat in the old West who walks into a saloon with the guns on his hips and says, "OK, who's the fastest gun here?" And the audience out there is the cat who stands up and says, "I am. Let's go outside. I'm going to take you." Every audience is like that. Every time I walk on, I'm thinking, "Oh, God, is this it? Is this the time I fail? Is this the time this other cat's going to be faster than me?" But if I win them over, see, it's another notch on my gun. I have said on a stage, when I haven't been able to move them, "Look, you people, I ain't leaving this stage until I find something you all like." And after doing a full show, I have gone on as much as another hour and a half, until I won them. It's like you've got these marvelous paints, and you want to get on that canvas *exactly* this beautiful thing you've got pictured in your mind, but you just can't seem to get that sun *bright* enough. I know the audience will courteously applaud just because I'm singing loud, but that's not what I want. I got to have them *pulling* for me; I want them feeling, "Oh, God, if he doesn't make it, he might run off and cut his wrists." They want me to climb that mountain. And then, "Oh, God—he *made* it!" That's how I've got to make them feel.

It's a constant challenge, because there's no sure-fire act, no sure-fire performer. You can be the world's biggest star, and any night that stage can fall from under you. The way this business is going today, it's getting to the point where you're really only as good as your last performance. I have to fight myself to put that foot across that magic dividing line between backstage and on stage

—because I can never be certain what's going to happen out there. Take this show I'm doing right now. Opening night, the audience liked the show all right, but I knew something was wrong. I just sat and sat and sat in my hotel suite after the show and tried to figure what to do. It wasn't till the third or fourth night that it finally clicked. Now it's right. I got them turned on.

PLAYBOY: Your night-club and theater audiences are predominantly white. Do you think there may be some element of race consciousness in your compulsion to win their approval?

DAVIS: No question about it. I always go on stage anticipating what people out there may be feeling against me emotionally. I want to rob them of what they're sitting there thinking: *Negro*. With all the accompanying clichés. Ever since I recognized what prejudice is, I've tried to fight it away, and the only weapon I could use was my talent. Away back, when I was learning the business, I had no education, no power, no influence; entertaining was the only way I had to change prejudiced thinking. I could see it happen every time Will Mastin, my dad and I did our act. For as long as we were on stage, our skin had no color; the people were just seeing us as entertainers. We didn't become Negroes again until we stepped *off* the stage. Again in the Army, especially the Army, where I met the most concentrated bunch of haters I ever experienced: On that stage, for the eight months I was in Special Services, that spotlight erased my color. It made the hate leave their faces temporarily. It was as if my talent gave me a pass from their prejudice, if only temporarily. And when I spotted haters in the audiences, I tried to give extra-good performances. I had to *get* to them, to neutralize them, to make them recognize me. It was in the Army that I got the conviction that I had to become a great enough entertainer that the hatred of prejudiced people couldn't touch me anymore. See?

PLAYBOY: You said "the most concentrated bunch of haters" you ever met was in the Army. Was their hatred directed at Negroes in general or at you in particular?

DAVIS: We all got it, but being a performer and a little guy besides, I guess I was an especially tempting target.

PLAYBOY: For what? Verbal or physical abuse?

DAVIS: I don't like talking about it—even thinking about it. It don't *bother* me; I don't mean that. I mean I don't want nobody thinking I'm whining about it. When it was *happening*, I didn't whine; I fought it. And now it's over; it's past.

PLAYBOY: Will you give us some idea of what you went through?

DAVIS: I met some prejudiced cats—all right? I got pushed and banged around

some, got my nose broken twice—all right? But the roughest part wasn't that: the *roughest* was the psychological. Like, you know, I'd been all my life in show business. I had never known one white agent, manager or anybody else in any of the acts my dad, Will Mastin and I had worked with who hadn't been friendly, see? I don't mean every time we met they hugged me; they didn't. My point is that until the Army, nobody white had ever just *looked* at me and *hated* me—and didn't even *know* me.

From the day I got into the basic-training center—it was Fort Francis E. Warren in Cheyenne, Wyoming—from the first *ten minutes*, I started hearing more "nigger" and seeing more sneers and hate looks than I'd ever known all my life. Walked inside the *gate*, asked a cat sitting on some barracks steps to show me how to get to where I had to go: "Excuse me, buddy, I'm a little lost—" Cat told me, "I'm not your buddy, you black bastard!" When I got assigned a barracks, cats in there—most of them from the South and Southwest—don't want to sleep *nowhere* next to me. And there was this one guy elected himself head of the haters. First move he made, he ground his boot heel down on the \$150 chronometer watch my dad and Will had borrowed the money to give me as a present. I had treasured that watch. Man, they did all kinds of things, *sick* things. One time I remember, I had just done my first show there at the center, and I mean I had *entertained* them. Well, back in the barracks, suddenly they all acted friendly. Offered me this beer—but it *wasn't* beer, man, it was warm piss. Then a cat "accidentally" poured it on me. Well, I went for him, ready to kill. He was a big cat, and I didn't weigh but 115 pounds. He broke my nose the first punch, but, man, I fought him like a wildcat, and before he beat me unconscious, I broke *his* nose, too. From then on, nearly as long as I stayed there, maybe every other day I had some knockdown, drag-out fight, until I had scabs on my knuckles! Got my nose broken again. It got so everybody white I saw, I expected to hear "nigger." Somebody ask me if I want my coffee *black*, I was ready to fight.

PLAYBOY: Were all the white soldiers that anti-Negro?

DAVIS: No, there was *good* cats there, too—don't get me wrong—at least some that didn't want to get involved, or who didn't hate Negroes that bad. And I had a sergeant who was one of the finest men I'll ever meet. Anyway, I met George M. Cohan, Jr., and we got an act going with this WAC captain in charge of us. Well, one time some cats from headquarters came and said the captain wanted to see me, and I went with them into a building where they said she was—but there were four other cats waiting instead. Pushed me into

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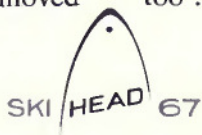
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a latrine; some of them held me and the others beat me. They wrote "coon" in white paint across my forehead, and "I'm a nigger" across my chest. Then they ordered me to dance for them. "Dance, Sambo—fast!" Man, I fought to get at them, but they pinned me and punched me in the gut until it looked like I'd have to dance or die. Don't even like to think about it! *Sick cats!* I danced until I couldn't no more. Then—bam! In the gut again—and I had to dance some more, until finally they saw I was ready to pass out. Then they poured turpentine over me, and told me the reason they'd given me "this little lesson": They'd been watching me "making eyes" at the white WAC captain. She was my boss, man, my commanding officer—and that's the way I treated her. Didn't make no difference. Anyway, they finally left me there. I was so sick, I just wanted to crawl into the latrine walls and die, man; I just lay down and cried.

That was when, for the first time in my life, I didn't want to go out and do my act—go out there and smile at people who despised me. But I made myself do it anyhow. I was fighting myself so hard to stay out there that the fighting made me do maybe one of the best shows I ever did in my life. And I'm glad it did, because I discovered something. I saw some of those faces out there grudgingly take on different expressions. I don't mean for a minute that anybody suddenly started loving me—I didn't want that from them anyway—but they *respected* me. It taught me that the way for me to fight, better than with my fists, was with my talent. For the next eight months, going across the country doing my act, I nearly *killed* myself every show trying to make them respect me. Maybe I still am.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any bitterness toward whites because of your Army experiences?

DAVIS: No, I can't harbor that, based on one very simple fact. If I'm going to look at you with a jaundiced eye because you're white, then how are you going to look at me? Am I going to try to hide my bigotry, hoping that you'll show your tolerance? It makes no sense. I don't know how I can ask to be regarded as a fellow man, as I wish to be, without myself extending that same respect to you. I've met too many decent white people to hold the prejudices of other whites against them—even in the Army. Like that sergeant I told you about. He's the one who got me started reading something besides comic books.

PLAYBOY: You were in your late teens then. Is it true, as some writers have claimed, that you could barely read and write, that you'd never even gone to kindergarten?

DAVIS: Yeah, it's true. What's more, I'll be turning 40 this year, and I *still* haven't gone to kindergarten. Haven't

spent a single day in school my whole life. I say that with mixed emotions. I'm very proud in one sense: I'm very ashamed in another. For instance, you know I'm always being asked for autographs. Say a girl tells me, "My name is Rosemari, with an 'i.'" Well, I don't know how to spell the names. I can't hardly write anything but my *own* name. It's a constant, daily embarrassment. It's even more of an embarrassment because of my articulate façade. People think, "Why, he's *got* to have education." But I can't even write! Nothing but chicken scratches! That I'm not proud of. I'm proud that I've pulled myself up by my own bootstraps, with the help of some people who cared enough; but I'm not proud of having no education. What little I do have started on the road, when Will Mastin and my dad found someone around the theaters to tutor me to read and write. We'd work between shows in the dressing room—when there *was* a dressing room—until it was time for me to go on for the next show. Then in the Army, like I told you, this sergeant took a liking to me and started me reading books. Things like *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde, and some of Carl Sandburg's books about Lincoln; books by Dickens, Poe, Twain; and a history of the U.S. I would read every minute of the day I had free, then in my bunk until taps, then in the latrine until after midnight. At the PX I bought a pocket dictionary, and I would look up words in places where nobody would see me, then I'd read the books over again.

Imagine somebody 18 years old, grown, discovering the thrills of *Robinson Crusoe* for the first time—reading that kids of ten take for granted. And a showbiz kid is already ten years up on the average cat, in street-knowledge terms. Like, man, I'd had my first serious affair at 14, and at 18 I still didn't know what a serious *book* was. That's a sad paradox. I remember so well the first book I ever read about my own people, and the effect it had on me. It did something to me. That was *Native Son*, by Richard Wright. Then, later, I read *Black Boy*. They made me feel something about being black that I had never really felt before. It made me uncomfortable, made me feel trapped in black, you know, in a white society that had created you the way it wanted, and still hated you.

But to get back to your question. People hearing me today don't think I have no education. I've worked hard—*hard*, man, to be able to give this impression. Blood, sweat and tears went into every combination of words that I use now. I've read, and I've remembered. I've listened and recorded in my mind. Now, I'd be confident anywhere I was asked to speak. But I still make mistakes that infuriate me, especially when I'm corrected. People *very* close to me do

that sometimes. Like Burt and Jane Boyar, who did *Yes I Can* with me; to this day, one of them will say, when we're alone, "You're pronouncing this word wrong." It *infuriates* me—but I know they're right. Say, I'll get up and extemporaneously make a speech that would put Burt to shame if he tried it. It'll just come off the top of my knot; it'll roll—brrrrr—and I'll look at Burt triumphantly. Then later on, he'll get me somewhere away from people and say, "You pronounced two words wrong," and that little comedown really kills me, because I've struggled so hard, you know? It took me five years, I guess, to quit saying "Ladies and gentlemen—" It just hurts when I'm told I was making a mistake, particularly by someone very close to me, even though I know he only wants to help me. And I *want* them to help me, but I'm torn between "Help me" and "Geez, I thought I was doing good."

PLAYBOY: A friend of yours told us it bothers you that without a day's education, you earn more than the nation's top dozen college presidents. Is that true?

DAVIS: Yes and no. On the one hand, I feel guilty about making all the money that I do. It's like, say, I talk to a cat, a policeman, that's exposed all the time to crime and corruption, and he's just saved someone's life, and what does *he* make? You know? But then I think that if I draw the people in, and they're willing to pay the tab, then I'm entitled to it. It's a mixed-up feeling.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject, would you mind telling us just how much you earn?

DAVIS: Well, it fluctuates. This year, two million dollars. I know that sounds like an awful lot, but you have to consider that just yesterday my accountant told me that to keep my books even—understand me, just to break *even*, in terms of salaries, spending money and household things, plus taxes—I've got to make \$17,000 a week. After all, I'm in the 90-percent tax bracket. Next year, I'll make less, about a million and a half, because of the six months in London with *Golden Boy* there. You make a lot less on the stage than in night clubs as a top act.

PLAYBOY: How much of that two million did you earn as a performer?

DAVIS: I'm not sure of the exact amount, but as you know, I got a couple of other things going for me, too. There's the royalties from my book, for one thing. And I'm now sincerely and honestly in the motion-picture business. *A Man Called Adam* is on the screens now, and I've bought future film properties, such as Irving Wallace's *The Man*, which Ossie Davis will star in. I've also got two music-publishing firms—rather, my musical director, George Rhodes, has one and I have one. And I've got

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a record company: It releases through Reprise Records, but it's my company. All of the masters come back to me. And I've got a personal-management company: they're all part of my overall enterprises.

If you count the household help, and the West Coast office, I've got about 30 people working for me. I don't really know what the weekly payroll amounts to, or what I average spending just myself a week, either. But I know I don't spend as much as I used to.

PLAYBOY: During the first few years after you made it big, you spent several million dollars on custom-made suits and shoes by the dozen, expensive jewelry, limousines, parties, chartered planes, and enough photographic and recording equipment to fill a small warehouse. Why? What were you trying to prove?

DAVIS: Listen, baby, you ever had a mustard sandwich? Just mustard spread on bread—and then tried to dance on the nourishment from that? Will Mastin, my dad and me, we used to heat a can of pork and beans on the radiator, when they were nice enough to have heat in the radiator, and split it three ways, eating right from the can. There were times when for a meal we had a Mr. Goodbar apiece. Or a grape soda. I remember our filling our stomachs with nothing but water! I mean, I paid my *dues*, baby; don't you ever overlook that, and anybody who does can go jump in the lake! We got stranded more times than I can count! Our beds were *benches* in drink-water train depots. And once in the winter in Ohio, I remember, it was so bad we went to the *jail* and asked the man to let us sleep in there. In the Thirties, I remember, we lost the old \$90 car we had, and we had to join Hank Keane's carnival. Eight, nine shows a day—and that bally, "Heyyy! Here they come! Three little hoofers, hot from Harlem!" There was no dignities then. Nobody was trooping around saying "Let's have our rights." You were alone out there—every Negro performer was. We danced so hard our feet scarcely touched the floor; but we kept saying inside, "It ain't gonna happen, ain't *never* gonna happen for us." Jesus, man! We starved. About literally starved. If we got two little one-nighters a week, we were lucky! Like all Negro performers, though, we put on the best front we could. But the insults. The indignities. You haven't *known* indignity until you have to dance, and have people throw money at you, and you take the money off the floor.

Anyway, we'd go wherever it was, and we'd work. And then we'd go back to my grandmother's little railroad flat and sit waiting for some call, frustrated to death, knowing all the entertainment we had in us to give to people. And I'd sit all day waiting to tune in on Jack Eigen's celebrity interview program from

the Copacabana. He'd always say, "I'm at the Copa, where are you?" And I'd holler at the radio, "I'm up here in my goddamned hole in Harlem, that's where I am!" And meanwhile, my grandmother's on relief, and The Man is coming around, checking up. "I hear your son was working"—meaning my father. And she'd say, "But he didn't make anything." And he'd say, "Well, if he's working, you're not supposed to be on relief." That seemed to be the concept in those days—if you were on relief, you were just supposed to sit there, and not even *try* to work.

It was a frightening thing to think. "Jesus, I'm never going to live, live *big*! I'm never going to be able to walk in some place and buy something and not ask the price. Never!" Just work, kill myself working, and waiting, and praying. It was like that song from *Sweet Charity*: "There's got to be something better than this." You know the humiliation for a Negro to walk in a store? You got on your front, that one good suit. You got on your Sunday shoes, the ones you use on the stage—we always prided ourselves on being neat on the stage: you walk in the store, you say, "I'd like to get one of those shirts you've got there in the window." And the man says, "You know that shirt's seven ninety-five." And you want to say, "Then gimme the whole fuckin' store!" You know? Because you knew his thoughts: "Snap, bop, broke. Negro, no money—deadbeat." Man don't want your business! Negro ain't got no money to pay for it! Negro going to ask for credit. Man, you'd dream it in your mind whether that's what he thought or not. If he'd done the same thing to eight white customers, it didn't matter to you. You see what I mean? So suddenly it becomes a personal vendetta with this guy. One time I walked in, taking the last ten dollars I had, when I had nothing else to *eat* on, and the man tells me the price of the shirt and gives me the eye, and I said, "Well, then, give me *two* of them!" And I walked out with my little package, saying to myself, "Boy, I sure showed him!" Who the hell did I *show*? What the hell did I *prove*? Nothing! But, boy, what satisfaction! Except that now I didn't have nothing to eat.

Anyway, we worked, and we starved, and we kept hoping that somehow, someday, something would happen. Only it seemed like it never would. You know? And then—suddenly—*pfoom!* It starts to happen! And you're looking around, blinking, like you're staring at the sun. And all of a sudden it's *your* world. You *run* into stores. You say, "Hey, man! Gimme twenty of them! And eight of them! And a thousand of those!" Man—you understand? You walk around with a thousand dollars in your pocket. Like, that had been a *year's* salary! Nobody else can *know* that god-

damn thrill—nobody! To be able to give a waitress a hundred-dollar tip. *Nobody* knows that thrill who hasn't been at the bottom of the barrel—where, as the joke goes, the rent was a dollar a month, and you was still 12 months in the 'rears—'cause you couldn't pay even *that* rent! So when I spend money now, I guess it's because that's how it was for so long, man. It was so hard, baby, I really couldn't tell you.

PLAYBOY: A few minutes ago you said you don't spend as much anymore as you used to. Yet you still have a reputation for extravagance. Is it unfounded?

DAVIS: Not entirely. I still live way beyond my means; I know that. By that I mean I'm living beyond the means that my accountants would *like* me to live. The difference is now I have the security of knowing my family is taken care of. My wife is taken care of so that she's in good shape if anything happened tomorrow, and so is the rest of my family. My children each have million-dollar insurance policies on me, and money in the bank besides that. And I'm paid up on my taxes. I've got my enterprises and corporations set up—legitimately. I don't want to try to gyp the Government out of a goddamned dime. Including back taxes. I was \$300,000 in debt when I met May. But you know something? I don't really have any regrets. I had lived *good*, you can believe that! 'Cause when I did it, baby, I *did* it. Cats see me come in a town today, cats who knew me then, and say, "Here he comes! My man! My *main* man!" And I tell them, "Cool it, baby, I'm not doing it anymore." The way I feel about what I blew is that it's a whole lot better to be able to say "I was there," instead of "I never was." You know? A young cat suddenly makes \$20,000 a week, he doesn't know how to protect himself. He doesn't know how to move. He's vulnerable to anything, everything. But now I've been there. I've made the mistakes. I've had the love affairs; I've had the controversy. What happened was I met May, and suddenly all the rest of it ceased to be attractive.

PLAYBOY: But you said you still live beyond your means.

DAVIS: Well, I'm not on any austerity kick. I've worked hard, baby, and I still want to enjoy the pleasures and the luxuries of life. *Nobody* enjoys luxuries more than I do. I've got a limousine that costs \$25,000 with all the fixturs. I sit there, I press that button, a television comes up. Ain't no other pleasure in the *world* like that for me. Press another button: The tape recorder plays. The bar—fix me a drink. It's right there! That's my *pleasure*, man! Do you understand what I mean? I *enjoy* opening my closet door and saying, "Oh, what suit should I wear?" So I have 20 suits too many! So I have too many tape recorders! And too many cars! I ain't

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hurting nobody! I didn't take a gun and stick somebody up and beat them over the head. I didn't rape nobody's daughter to get it! So I've got a lot of gold lighters; who did I *hurt* to get them? So I bought some gold watches at Cartier's: it gives me *pleasure*, is all.

Now, I wouldn't do this if it meant my family wouldn't eat, or I'd promised someone money and couldn't come up with it. I ain't taking no dope. If a lens comes out for one of my cameras, I'll buy it, and I don't care *what* it costs. Everybody has his *shlick*, that he enjoys doing, to give him personal pleasure. Mine is luxury. I *love* luxury! If I could wear cashmere underwear, I'd wear it. I love having my underwear made. I love having suits made, sending to Hong Kong for special-made shoes. I'm not going to cop out with "I never had it as a kid," because very few people ever had it as a kid. My point is that it's my *pleasure*; I love it, and I earn it, and nobody gives it to me, and nobody works any harder for his than I work for mine. That goes for a riveter on a bridge, for a ditchdigger: don't *nobody* work no harder than me, no matter what he works at. I'm out there sweating blood. So if I feel like having me a little Rolls-Royce, I buy one.

I used to gamble in Vegas—lost more money than I could make. Once I was 40-odd thousand dollars in debt, gambling. Blackjack, craps, anything I could get my hands on. But I don't owe it anymore. Now, I can afford to lose \$10,000 at the tables in a six-week engagement in Vegas. I can't afford no *more* than that. The difference is my accountants would like for me not to play at all. They don't realize that \$10,000 gives me some sort of adrenalin, gives me whatever psychological answers make it possible for me to earn all that *other* money. See? Ain't nothing going to happen on that stage if I'm bugged mentally. I'd be in a hospital someplace.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the things you've mentioned, what do you spend your money on? Do you make any contributions to charity?

DAVIS: Last year I gave to various charities better than \$100,000, and this year I'm going to give more. A man don't just lay around and not contribute something to the society he lives in.

PLAYBOY: How much of that amount goes to civil rights groups?

DAVIS: I don't know—maybe half or more. The rest goes to other causes, right across the board.

PLAYBOY: Apart from donations, what do you do for civil rights?

DAVIS: I give my time—a lot of my time—to benefits, personal appearances and such, as a professional entertainer. You ain't going to find nobody in show business—except for Dick Gregory—giving more of his time to civil rights than I do.

PLAYBOY: How about Harry Belafonte

and Sidney Poitier? Do you contribute more than they do to the cause?

DAVIS: *Nobody* could contribute more than they do. I could never match them based on their commitment. But I'll match them based on mine. We're *all* doing whatever we can, however we can, within our abilities to do. I can go to sleep at night knowing I'm contributing all it's possible for *me* to do, consistent with maintaining my business, which is being out there on somebody's stage about 300 nights of the year.

PLAYBOY: Have you participated, like Gregory, Belafonte and Poitier, in many civil rights marches or demonstrations?

DAVIS: Yeah, I do that, too. I flew to Jackson, Mississippi, and I flew to Selma. I don't like talking about it, though, because I don't go for this "Where were you? I didn't see you in the march!" That bag that a lot of civil rights people are in. Because there are plenty of other contributions as important as marching. Like if you're privileged to be a personality, there's the responsibility of what new image of the Negro do you project when you're reaching all them mass audiences in movie theaters and on national television, and those big live audiences like I play to. The way I see it, my Broadway show fails for me, the movies I make fail for me, if they aren't presenting Negroes in an image that ain't never been seen before—an image of dignity and self-respect. Every night I do my act, I like to think I change at least a few more white people's way of thinking about Negro people. So—I give my money; I give my time. And I'm out there beating at prejudice night after night. What more have I got that I can give?

PLAYBOY: Most people would say nothing more. But you didn't start participating actively in the civil rights movement until five or six years ago. Why not?

DAVIS: During my years of driving myself to get somewhere in this business, and then in the kind of personal reactions I had to making it finally, I wasn't thinking about nothing but *making* it, and then having a ball; wasn't thinking about *nothing* else. I didn't give a damn about no race cause. I knew about the problems, but I just didn't care. I didn't care about nobody but me. I can't tell you the truth no more honest than that.

But then different things started to happen. Some of them had to do with me; most of them didn't, until finally I called up Harry and Sidney. I go to them when I'm bugged about something. Harry has been my friend for many years. And Sidney, I named my son after him, Mark Sidney Davis. They talked to me, and so did Ossie Davis. I was confused and angry, and maybe a little guilty.

PLAYBOY: About what?

DAVIS: Well, for a long time I had thought that money, fame, popularity, people asking for your autograph, that

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was what it was all about; but it was beginning to gnaw at me. It's like a cat that's balling every chick he can meet. Then one day he finds out, floating in this marvelous dreamworld, that having sex per se is not the be-all and end-all of existence. There comes a time when he wants something else, something *more*. And the fast cars, the fancy clothes, the money, the chicks, all that jazz, they're not enough anymore. It's fun and games; it's adult Monopoly. But it's not enough to justify your life, and any cat that thinks it is had better wise up before it's too late. Well, I finally did—but I didn't know where to turn. I wanted to commit myself, but I didn't know how or to what. So I talked to Harry and Sidney and Ossie, and finally I knew: I wanted to help my people. When I said to them, "OK, where do I start?" they embraced me, they were so happy. Ever since then, I've been trying to make up for what I didn't do in the past. And it's been a gas! This is a glorious time to be alive.

PLAYBOY: And to be a Negro?

DAVIS: Right! That's something I never felt before, that none of us ever felt before: pride in our color and in our cause. Jesus, I'm proud to be black when I can see the moves that I make and that others are making, and the opportunities that are opening up to my people. To me, that's where pride comes from—when it's possible for my people, like everybody else, to *accomplish* something. Ain't nobody going to feel much pride in being black as long as we let ourselves fall into all the cliché categories they use against us: "They don't want to help themselves, they just want to sit back, and whatever we hand out, they'll take." That shows no dignity, no purpose, no nothing. Why can't we all live in a society where it becomes every man's obligation, white or black, to extend his hand, to help—to do what we know in our hearts is the right thing? I'm proud to say that I'm Honorary Mayor of Harlem. I did a lot of work up there with HarYou-Act [a Harlem civil rights youth group]. And the most recent thing, a marvelous position, very dear to me: I've been made the head of the life-membership department of the NAACP. It's not something you *are*; it's something you *do*. It's the first time the job ever was held by a performer.

PLAYBOY: Honorary Mayor or not, weren't you heckled out of the pulpit in the middle of a speech for HarYou-Act in a Harlem church a few years ago?

DAVIS: I was booed right out of the church—by black nationalist rabble-rousers shouting, "You're not for the black man!" "What about your white wife?" Well, I carry a gun, you know. They let me carry one in New York, the hardest state to get a gun permit in, because they realized that I get some kind

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of threat about every day of my life. I'm not a violent man, but *that* marvelous day, that *fun* afternoon, I never in my life felt so much like shooting someone. What's my *wife* got to do with it? I was there! I'm black!

PLAYBOY: Despite your commitment to civil rights, many Negroes seem to feel that you're trying to disavow your race and your responsibilities as a Negro by "mixing" in the white world. What's your reply?

DAVIS: Baby, the best answer I can give you is the background of all this. Everything rotten about me that's said around, or that's been in the press, was started by a Negro photographer. You remember that picture of me and Ava Gardner that was in *Confidential*? I was playing the Apollo Theater in Harlem. Ava was in New York publicizing *The Barefoot Contessa*. She did me a favor to come up to the Apollo and let me introduce her. William B. Williams was escorting her, and a guy from United Artists. Well, the four of us had one quick drink after the show, then later on at her hotel suite, two photographers took a cover shot of Ava and me for *Our World* magazine, with me in a Santa Claus suit. Then, when I got out of the costume, one photographer shot some pictures of me and Ava together, with the United Artists guy standing right with us. I told the photographer to give me the film, but he said he'd develop it for me. I told him to be very careful, because in the wrong hands the shots could make trouble for Ava. I felt embarrassed even saying that to another Negro, knowing he'd understand. Well, next thing I knew, that picture came out on the cover of *Confidential*, the United Artists guy cropped out of it entirely; and it had the headline blurb, "What Makes Ava Gardner Run for Sammy Davis Jr. cheek-to-cheeking it in her 16th floor suite at New York's Drake Hotel?" And in the story, the one quick drink the four of us had had together became, "Ava sat glassy-eyed through a gay tour of Harlem with Sammy"; and quotes Ava had made about my performance on the Apollo stage—"exciting, thrilling, masculine"—were slanted to make them sound like she meant in bed.

That's what really started my troubles, black and white, all over the country. Eating me up! I don't care what I did, it was wrong. That "Sammy Davis Jr. thinks he's white" bit. I'd take out beautiful Negro girls, like an old friend of mine, Ruth King, a top model, and the columns would have something like "The Negro girl with Sammy was only a cover-up for the white woman who was *really* his date." You know? In fact, I sometimes use a line in my act that I got from what I used to really feel during that time. I say, "I buy *Ebony*, *Jet*, the *Pittsburgh Courier* and the *Chicago*

Defender because I can't *wait* to find out what I'm doing."

One day I'll be proud when I can see my kids not having to bear a stigma for being the children of an interracial marriage, not having to struggle for the rights that every white American takes for granted, and that'll make it all worth while. But in the meantime, it's a pain in the ass sometimes to be Sammy Davis Jr., because I just can't make a right move racewise. My mother was born in San Juan, you know; her name was Elvera Sanchez. So I'm Puerto Rican, Jewish, colored and married to a white woman. When I move into a neighborhood, people start running four ways at the same time. It defies explanation, what it's like. No matter what you do, no matter where you go, you ain't right, even with your own people. It used to be I'd go uptown to Harlem, and all I could feel around me was arms. I could take my wife; it'd be beautiful. It was just downtown I'd get the hissing sounds. Now, uptown, too. The color don't make no difference. Every day becomes a challenge, to keep yourself level, to keep yourself from becoming embittered. Mind you, I'm *proud* to be black, but I don't want my blackness to be a burden to me. I don't want to have to wake up every morning saying to myself, "What can I do today to prove to white people that I don't fit the racial stereotype? And at the same time, what can I do to prove to my black brothers and sisters that I'm black, and I love them, and I'll help any way I can?" This is what certain groups indicate they want to make you do. It's unfair.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wished that you weren't a Negro?

DAVIS: Well, not professionally, anyway. Earlier in my life—despite all the barriers—it proved advantageous to be a Negro, because they hadn't ever seen a Negro doing impressions of whites, and all that jazz. I've never wished, or felt, that I'd be making it better in show business if I were white. That's been written about me, but it's not true. On a personal level, though, maybe I really have at least subconsciously wished, like probably every other Negro, that there was *some* way I just wouldn't have to go *through* all of it, you know? Because it's all based purely upon the pigmentation of your skin, or the way your hair is. You might be the next Nobel Prize winner, but it don't matter: "If you're black, get back." You'd just like to look like everybody else so that people wouldn't automatically start hating you a block away. White cat sees you walking down the street, maybe from across the street, and he never saw you before in his life, and he's not even close enough to distinguish anything about you except that you're not his color—and just for that, right there, snap, bop, bap, he *hates* you! That's the injustice of it, that's what

makes you cry out inside, sometimes. "Damn, I wish I wasn't black!"

PLAYBOY: Some say that's why you wear your hair straight.

DAVIS: Well, years ago that might have been so, but the only reason I leave it this way is because it's become part of my image. A show-business personality, if he's created a successful image of one kind or another, has to keep that image. Like, I don't want to see Cab Calloway with a crewcut: He's a great performer, but at this late date he'd look pretty silly with kinky hair, and so would I. Am I supposed to cut it short and let it grow in natural just to prove I'm proud to be black? Even if I did, the Negroes who don't like me would find something else to knock me for.

I don't care whatever move I make, some of my own people won't like it. Maybe they'll like me when I die. But I can't die like normal: I got to be shot by some sheriff in Mississippi. Like Dick Gregory got shot at Watts. Shoot me—*bam!* Then they'll say, "I guess he really *was* on our side." I don't understand it. I would voluntarily *die* to have my own people love me as much as they love some of those goddamn phonies they think are doing so much fighting for civil rights! To me, the obligation of being a Negro is to carry the banner of being proud to be a Negro and helping in the areas you can best help in. In terms of the civil rights fighting front, if we're all picketing at Selma, or wherever else the particular locale is this month, then who's left to help put Negroes into motion pictures? Who puts the Negro into mainstream television? I've put dozens of Negro cats to work! I'm not bragging, but that's got to be recognized, too. We're all in the same battle; I'm just fighting it on another front.

PLAYBOY: A moment ago, without naming any names, you referred to some civil rights leaders as "goddamn phonies." Would you care to tell us who they are?

DAVIS: I'd rather not.

PLAYBOY: Well, do you number Martin Luther King among them?

DAVIS: I would give him my good eye. That's what I think of Dr. King. He's one of the great men of our time. They should retire the Nobel Peace Prize with his name on it.

PLAYBOY: Despite his Peace Prize and his continuing dedication to nonviolence, Dr. King has been accused—most recently during last summer's Chicago riots—of fomenting violence. Do you think there's any substance in that charge?

DAVIS: Those who make such charges don't seem to realize that the Negro public's abiding faith in Dr. King's unflinching commitment to nonviolence—in the face of a rising tide of white violence against him and other Negro marchers—is just about the only thing that's kept the lid from blowing off the racial pressure cooker. Without his

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counsel of patience and brotherhood, the nonviolent Negro revolt could easily escalate into a bloody revolution.

PLAYBOY: Among those advocating a revolutionary course are a number of racist groups dedicated to "getting Whitey" and sabotaging "the white power structure." How do you feel about their philosophy?

DAVIS: They're living in a dreamworld. They think they're going to "get Whitey" and take over the country. Well, I got news for them: They ain't going to get nobody or take over nothing! 'Cause whenever they get ready, right there is going to be the end of it. The Man will just open one eye and swat them like a gnat, and that will be that. They ain't made no razor yet that will stop an atomic bomb. You know what them cats should do that are so mad? Go down to Mississippi and kill them cats that killed them three civil rights workers. Everybody knows who did it. Find out who bombed that church in Alabama: Wipe them out. If you want to deal in justifiable violence, why kill the man who's trying to learn the right road to walk? Destroy the guy who has already proven to be your enemy. You know who it was that murdered Mrs. Liu-zo down in Alabama; they're out walking around. Go down there and wipe them out, you're so brave. When they bomb your church, bomb *their* church! 'Cause then that would prove, as it was proved in Africa, "Ten blacks may be killed for every white you kill, but you'll cause such an upheaval that every eye in the world will turn toward Africa. And the world will look and say, 'The sleeping giant is awakening.'"

PLAYBOY: Are you serious about bombing white churches? Would two wrongs make a right? What if innocent children were killed, as they were in the Negro church bombing?

DAVIS: Of course, you're right. I don't mean literally bomb churches. I wouldn't literally bomb where even the most violent segregationists worship. Not for the segregationists as much as for the meaning of the institution. What I really mean is take care of the bombers themselves. I'm saying that if these extremist cats want to get Whitey, let them go take care of all those known murderers, the bombers and the others, who are walking around free because segregationist juries wouldn't convict.

PLAYBOY: If they haven't been convicted in a court of law, how can you be sure they're guilty?

DAVIS: In practically every case I mentioned, the evidence was airtight: their guilt was established by the prosecution beyond a shadow of a doubt. The segregationist juries simply chose to ignore it.

PLAYBOY: Then you'd feel justified in taking the law into your own hands?

DAVIS: Yes—just as long as the law permits whites to kill Negroes, or "white

Negro" civil rights workers, and get away with it. I'm for any kind of protest—including retaliatory violence against known killers who get off—as long as Negroes are denied the full rights that any other American enjoys.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't such acts of vengeance—even if the victims were guilty—set back the Negro cause by alienating millions of whites, as well as Negroes, who deplore *all* lawless violence?

DAVIS: I imagine millions of whites *would* be alienated, the same way millions of Negroes were alienated when their church was bombed and their kids were blown to bits. I never will get out of my mind that famous *Time* cover showing that stained-glass face of Jesus shattered by the bomb that killed those little Negro girls sitting there in Sunday school hearing about peace on earth. That sticks in millions of Negroes' minds—same as that other famous picture printed around the world, of that Alabama white cop's heel on that Negro woman's neck. You see, baby, too many people don't want to face the terrible truth that violence *begets* violence. American Negroes have been on the receiving end of white violence for over 300 years; it would be a grievous error for anybody not to recognize that, if he wants to understand what's happening—and the consequences of doing nothing about it. Unless white society acts to end that violence by punishing those who commit it, Negroes may run out of patience and take care of the job themselves. And because violence begets more violence, it could spark a bloodbath in which the innocent on both sides would suffer along with the guilty. I'm not applauding it; I dread it. But I'm afraid that's what may happen if something isn't done—soon, and once and for all.

PLAYBOY: Are you predicting more riots like the one in Watts?

DAVIS: I'm predicting riots that would make Watts look like a Sunday-school picnic—unless we get to work fixing what *causes* them. And you won't do that by blaming everything, like the FBI does, on black revolutionaries and Communist troublemakers. They don't start the fire; they just fan the flames. Put them all in jail, you'll still have riots. But the fact that riots are unplanned don't mean they're nothing but isolated outbursts of spontaneous hooliganism. Riots are simply *violent* manifestations of what Martin Luther King is protesting *nonviolently*, of what every black man in America is protesting, one way or another: the fact that our race has wrongly been denied that which is enjoyed and taken for granted by every other American. Rioters are people who have no stake in their country, no stake in their city, no stake in their homes, no stake even in their own survival. How much worse could death be than

what they have to live with—and for? They feel they have nothing to lose—and they're probably right.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that enough is being done in Negro ghettos such as Watts, Harlem and Chicago's South Side to eliminate the conditions that breed riots?

DAVIS: Baby, you got to be putting me on! They ain't even scratched the surface in any of those places. You know what always seems to happen after every riot? Immediately, committees are formed to find out why it happened, and they investigate, and they study, and finally they turn in a fat, reassuring report—full of all the standard sociological platitudes—recommending further study and investigation and urging "better understanding between the white and black communities." The concrete results, if any, are way-out things like a new pocket park just about big enough to pitch pennies in, a front-page rat-extermination drive in one block where a baby was last bitten, a ceremonial street-cleaning campaign presided over by the mayor, and if we're really lucky, maybe a biracial civilian review board empowered to investigate police brutality and "make recommendations" for reform and discipline. Is it any wonder, when the *next* summer rolls around, that there's another riot? You can't bail out a sinking ship with a teaspoon.

You want to end riots? Fumigate their breeding grounds: Wipe out the black ghetto and the slums. It's a chain of cause and effect: Give the Negro the same chance whites have to get a decent education, so that he can qualify for a decent job, so that he can live in a decent home, so that he can lead a decent, self-respecting life—so that he can live in dignity as a human being, side by side with his white brothers.

PLAYBOY: Many whites, particularly in Northern suburbs adjoining newly integrated neighborhoods, regard the Negro drive for equality of opportunity as a threat to their homes and jobs. Do you think there's any justification for that feeling?

DAVIS: Negroes don't want to take away nothing that belongs to white folks. White folks ain't giving up their own rights by giving the Negro his. There's enough human rights for *everybody*; don't need to fight over them. But you know, the real *gut* reason whites are afraid of us isn't a matter of job security and property values. It's because we're not the same *color*. Anything that's different they don't understand, and anything they don't understand they fear—and anything they fear they *hate*. Well, they're just going to have to get used to the idea of having us around as equal partners in this society. We share the same land, just as we share the same aspirations. We're stuck with each other, baby, so let's make the best of it. You

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PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

DAVIS: The Negro's destiny in America is America's destiny as a democracy. Malcolm X said it: "As the black man walks, so shall all men walk." Well, if the Negro falls, American democracy will fall, because all of the things it stands for will have been betrayed. But I don't think that's going to happen. It may sound hopelessly idealistic and unattainable, when you look around at all of the worsening racial strife we're confronted with today, but I honestly believe that the day is coming when the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizen's Council will be relegated to the history books along with CORE and SNCC, when there'll be cobwebs not only on racist hate literature but on these NAACP life-membership cards that I try to get just about everybody I meet to sign up for. I may not be here to see it happen—even if I live to be 80—but I think my kids will be around to witness the birth of a truly color-blind society.

PLAYBOY: As you know, extremist groups such as the Black Muslims share the view of the K.K.K. that American whites and Negroes will never be able to live together in peace and should therefore acknowledge the inevitability of racial separation. How do you feel about it?

DAVIS: I feel that the vast majority of Americans, white and black, want to get along with one another, and they're willing to do whatever they have to do to iron out their differences. That's what this country is all about. I think all those cats who don't believe in that, who don't think it'll work and don't want to try, who preach racial hatred and want to separate black and white, they should get the hell out of America and go to some desert island and live among their own sick kind. We don't need them.

It may sound hokey as hell, but I *love* my country. It's no paradise, God knows—and it never will be, color-blind or not—but it's *my* country, like the man said, right or wrong. If you're outraged by its racial injustices—and you ought to be—then fight to *do* something about them; don't be a defeatist and a dropout. If you don't like its foreign policy, then *bitch* about it as loud as you like, 'cause that's your privilege as a citizen; but don't put down the country that *allows* you that right.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a patriot.

DAVIS: Maybe so. I'm a nut, I guess. I love America. It's given me opportunities that no other country in the world could've given me. If I had to go and fight, and lose my good eye, or die for

this country, I would. Because there's no country better. I've traveled the world, and there ain't no place God ever created like America. Even with all the troubles we've still got to solve, if a guy doesn't want to let me into a hotel here, if I make enough money, I can *buy* the joint.

PLAYBOY: As a major star, Sammy, you're not likely to be turned away by many hotels anymore, even in the South. In fact, you might be offered the red-carpet treatment at a hotel that refused patronage to other Negroes.

DAVIS: If I was, I'd tell them what they could do with the carpet. It's not any big, banner-waving thing with me; I just don't want to stay anyplace my people can't, and I don't care if they roll out an *ermine* carpet.

PLAYBOY: Would you refuse, for the same reason, to perform in a white-only club?

DAVIS: Absolutely. I'd never even consider it. Even when I was poor and hungry, I didn't do it.

PLAYBOY: In those early days with the Trio, were there many clubs that wouldn't book you because you were a Negro act?

DAVIS: I lost count of them. For years I remember telling Will and my dad that eventually we'd be able to make our way into clubs that had never booked Negro talent, if only we got good enough and pushed hard enough. But they kept telling me, "You can't. White folks ain't gonna let you get but so far." I been hearing that all my life. But I kept insisting, "Yes I can!"—say, there's a good title for a book—and I kept believing that somehow, someday we'd be able to break down the wall of prejudice that was blocking us. Well, we finally did; but the battle still isn't won, because there are big clubs today—two of the biggest right in Las Vegas—that *still* won't book no Negroes on the stage; don't even want to see your black face inside the night club, star or no. And there are other clubs that wouldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole if I wasn't having the luck to be hot and swinging now and people weren't lining up to see me.

PLAYBOY: On the whole, though, wouldn't you say that the opportunities open to the Negro performer today are considerably wider than when you were starting out?

DAVIS: Much wider, overall, and getting wider every year—in clubs, movies, television, theater, everywhere. But we're still on a trial basis, in terms of both the onstage and offstage attitude. They're still watching us. I know certain clubs that will book only Negroes who "behave themselves." That's such a *marvelous* line—"if they *behave* themselves." How about the drunken, loudmouthed big-time Charlies in the audience? How

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about *their* behavior? I'm not knocking them for it, as long as they don't mess up my act. My point is that *we're* not allowed the luxury of getting as drunk as others can, the luxury of being as loud as others can get.

It wasn't long ago that you could make \$20,000 a week in Las Vegas, but you couldn't live in a hotel on the Strip. I worked at one of them—packed in the people, could have rented a whole floor of the hotel with what I was making—and I wasn't allowed to go into the main room. You had to have your dinner served in your dressing room; and if you got a room to stay in, it was in the back. And you stayed there, you cooled it—no relationship with any of the people. It's not quite that bad anymore. But now there's kind of a gentleman's agreement going on. "Hey, baby, we love you, but do us a favor and stay in your suite as much as you can between shows, OK? It's nothing personal, you understand. It's the customers; we get a lot of them from the South." It's never "us"; it's always "them." At least they're *ashamed* of it now. That's some kind of progress. But we still got a long way to go.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Negro entertainers have reached the point where they can succeed—or fail—on the strength of their talent alone?

DAVIS: Yes—most of the time. Only we're expected to have *more* than whites if we're going to make it—and I don't mean make it *big*; I mean just get by. Let's face it: Every Negro jazz group ain't Louis Jordan in his heyday; every Negro band's not Count Basie; every Negro singer ain't Nat Cole. We've got, proportionately, just as many bad bands and bad performers as the whites could ever boast of. Some of the saddest acts I've ever seen were colored—sad as McKinley's funeral, man. My point is that just as we've earned the right to be judged on our merits as entertainers, we've earned not only the right to stardom but the right to mediocrity, the right to be adequate, OK, unsensational—and still make a living in this business. At this point, though, Negro performers aren't allowed that luxury; if they're going to make the grade, they've got to have something going for them besides their good looks or their sex appeal.

PLAYBOY: Shouldn't they?

DAVIS: Of course they should—but whites should have to meet the same requirements. And that brings up something else that bugs me about show business today. Young performers, black and white, are getting caught up in the overnight-star syndrome. Some electronically augmented rock-'n'-roll group makes it big with one hit record, and audiences go flocking to see them; yet they'll ignore

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17 highly talented, maybe *more* talented performers who've been around for years refining their talent, getting better and better, turning out one great song after another—only nobody's listening! Somebody like Damita Jo. Marvelous! One of the best voices in the business. Well, one night I went to catch her singing, and you could have shot deer in the place! There's no justice in it.

The kids breaking in today have plenty of ambition, and some of them even have talent, but they don't want to pay their dues; they don't want to *earn* their success. They're not interested in becoming *pros*—just stars. And they don't seem to have whatever it is that turned my motor on. You know, the all-consuming, almost disastrous desire to make it. I remember going into penny arcades and dropping a quarter into those Record Your Own Voice machines. I'd sing like Billy Eckstine, Louis Armstrong; I'd speak like Edward G. Robinson; I'd sing in my own voice; then I'd play the records over and over at home. And talk about *envy*: I'd go to the show at the Roxy and the Paramount, and all I could think about was, "Why ain't that *me* up there?" I'd go back home and dance before a mirror, copy a cat. And I wasn't afraid to ask for help. I'd go to Larry Storch and say, "Teach me how to do Jimmy Cagney, Cary Grant. I want to learn." And he taught me. Same with Mel Tormé, who taught me how to handle guns—which I've made a standard part of my act. Even when I had started making it, I was still asking, still listening, still watching, still learning, experimenting, accumulating, practicing, polishing. I learned, in time, something a lot of your young performers today don't appreciate, really—the importance of every single thing you do on that stage. Every gesture, every inflection, every tiny thing the audience sees, hears and senses about you makes a positive or a negative impression. Each one alone may seem insignificant, but cumulatively, they can make the difference between a good act and a great one.

PLAYBOY: Other than your father and Will Mastin, who would you say has contributed the most to your success as a performer?

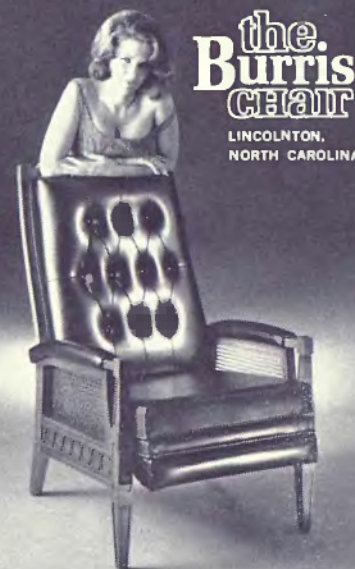
DAVIS: Frank Sinatra, Mickey Rooney and Jerry Lewis—in terms of guys who really went out of their way, who did tangible things, who stood up and were counted where it needed to be done.

PLAYBOY: You named Sinatra first. Why?

DAVIS: It would embarrass Frank if I told even half of the reasons why. I first met him in 1941 when he was singing with Tommy Dorsey in Detroit, when he was in his 20s. He just walked over, matter-of-factly, to Will, my dad and me, and

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stuck out his hand and introduced himself. That might sound like nothing much, but the average top vocalist in those days wouldn't give the time of day to a Negro supporting act. But every night, for the rest of that engagement, Frank would sit down on the dressing-room stairs with me, and we'd talk show business.

After that, every chance I could, I'd show up at his radio shows. He'd see me in the autograph line and invite me to his dressing room. I'm talking about when he was *big*, and I was a *nobody*. Then, months later, out of the blue, we were playing Portland when a wire came for us to open in the Capitol Theater in New York with the Frank Sinatra Show—and at \$1250 per week! For us then, that wasn't just great money—it was incredible. Later I found out that Frank had insisted the management find us and book us with him. Introducing us to the audience, he'd say, "We've got three swinging cats here. Keep your eye on the little one in the middle; he's my boy!" After that show, Frank heard me do my impressions in his dressing room and gave me hell that I hadn't used them in the show. And he insisted that I needed to sing straight, using my own voice. I took his advice—and it seems to have paid off pretty good.

I guess a dozen times over the next several years, every contact I had with Frank, he went out of his way to do something for me, to help me up. That's the kind of guy he is: a sweet, outgoing, bighearted soft touch who'll do anything—literally *anything*—to help a friend. I don't know how many times—and he wouldn't want it known if I did—he has quietly picked up the tab for some friend in the hospital, or some other tight spot. But you don't hear many of these stories, and that's part of the reason Frank's such a misunderstood man. You don't hear about the *real* Sinatra, the father and the friend; you only hear about the legendary Sinatra, the swinger, the idol, the king, with guys supposedly standing around biting their nails to please him. You don't hear about what a kind, gentle guy he is; you hear about how he's supposed to be so *rude* to people. I can say, honest to God, I've never seen him say or do anything rude to anybody. If there are people asking for his autograph—and there always are—he signs, he's kind, he's courteous. Yet still he gets that bum rap. I've seen him order away guys trying to protect him from the autograph hounds and say, "Wait a minute, these are the people who make my career for me. Yes, of course, darling, it will be my pleasure." He ain't got to *take* no rudeness, though. He don't sit still for no stranger, drunk or not, coming up to him with a

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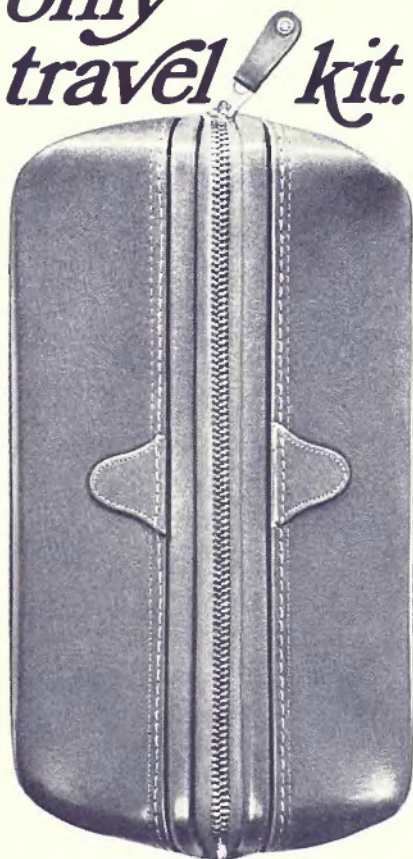


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big "Hey, Frankie!" and a playful punch on the shoulder.

PLAYBOY: With Sinatra's help, you were just beginning to make it really big when you had the accident that cost you your eye. How did it happen?

DAVIS: I was driving from Vegas to Los Angeles to do the sound track for *Six Bridges to Cross*. In Vegas, our act was playing the New Frontier—\$7500 a week, the most we'd ever made—and to celebrate, my dad and Will had just given me my first Cadillac convertible. Charley Head, my valet, was with me. He'd been driving, then I'd taken over. We were keeping her under 50 that first 500 miles, taking it easy: I wanted to break her in nice, you know? When I took over the wheel, I remember I turned on the radio, and I heard myself singing *Hey, There*. Talk about a gas feeling, man! Then up ahead after a while was this green car—women in it: I could see their hats. The driver was pulling left, then right, then she'd straddle the lanes. I didn't dig what was happening with her for sure, so I stayed to the far right. Then suddenly she started into this wide U-turn—and stopped broadside across both lanes. No room for me to go right. My only move was to try swinging around her into the oncoming lane. Started around, saw cars coming at me, hit my brakes, cut hard right—but I knew I couldn't stop in time to miss her. I cut for her rear fender, trying to miss a broadside where the passengers were. Then, this crash! Never will forget that sound: you don't know what it's like unless you've been in a car crash. I saw her car spinning around, and then my forehead hit the steering wheel.

Man, the pain! But I saw my hand moving, so I knew I was still alive. Blood was running down my face. Charley was in the back seat moaning. I opened the door and got out to help him. I saw his jaw hanging all loose, blood running from his mouth. I had just gotten my arm around him, trying to help him out, when he looked up at my face, and he made this gargling sound. I reached up, feeling with my hand—and man, there was my eye, hanging by a string! I was trying to stuff it back in when I started sagging down, blacking out. I was on the ground praying. After all them hard years, our act was just starting to get somewhere. "God, please don't let me go blind. God, please don't take it all away now." And I heard a siren, and felt some movement; kept hearing the siren, and knew I was in an ambulance.

When I came to, I was in the hospital, and this doctor was standing beside my bed telling me very calmly that he'd removed my left eye. How do you take



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that news, baby? In that bed, my head wrapped up like a mummy, everything dark, I did a whole lot of thinking. I might have gone off the deep end if it hadn't been for that public. Stacks of letters! *Thousands* of them! So many flowers the florists ran out; couldn't even get them all in the hallway! The nurses were reading names off letters, and flowers, and Bibles, and all kinds of things—from everybody I ever knew in show business and out, and people I never heard of, white and black, all over America, even the deepest South. People sending me their prayers and best wishes. Man, that's one of the reasons you can't tell me the different races have to hate each other; I've seen too much of the *good* in people, white and black.

Then, finally, came the day when the doctor took off the bandages. When I saw that first gleam of light, baby, I was ready to jump up shouting! And then I saw the doctor and the nurse and my dad and Will Mastin all standing there at the foot of the bed, and I knew I wasn't finished. I had another chance.

PLAYBOY: Did you have much difficulty adjusting to monocular vision?

DAVIS: It wasn't easy. For a while, right after the hospital, I'd reach for something and miss it by two, three inches. And the first time I tried dancing again, I kept kicking myself in the other leg and tripping. I knew I'd have to learn how to dance all over again. Wasn't nobody going to be saying, "He's *nearly* as good as before." I had to be *better*! But everything's pretty straight now. I'm still aware that I'm seeing with one eye; things look flatter to me than they do to you, and I've got a blind side that I have to keep aware of. But with this one eye, I see more now than you would if you closed one of your two good eyes. My field of vision has expanded to make up for the missing eye, like a wide-angle lens.

PLAYBOY: For a year or so after the accident, you wore a black eye patch. What made you decide to take it off?

DAVIS: Humphrey Bogart convinced me to quit that. He asked me, "How long you gonna trade on that goddamn patch? How long are you gonna keep using it for a crutch? You want people calling you Sammy Davis or 'the kid with the eye patch'?" Well, you know, I'd had myself figured with a glamorous trademark, but what Bogart said kept on bugging me—especially knowing he was right—until one night in Vegas I took it off and threw the goddamn thing away. I don't need no pity, and I got nothing to hide.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't long after the accident that you converted to Judaism. Did one have anything to do with the other?

DAVIS: In a strange way, yes. After one



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show I did with Eddie Cantor, he saw me looking at his mezuzah—that's a holy Hebrew charm for good luck, health and happiness—and he insisted on giving it to me. He told me that his religion had the basic belief that every man should have freedom to face God in his own way. Well, I wore that charm around my neck all the time from then on—until that day in my car, just before the accident, I missed it: I had left it in my hotel suite. If I had followed my impulse to go back and get it, I'd have both my eyes today—but I didn't.

Anyway, when the bandages were removed after my operation, I noticed a clear outline of the Star of David cut into the palm of my right hand. Then I remembered Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh walking alongside me as I was being wheeled to the operating room, and Janet pressing something into my hand, saying, "Hold tight, and pray, and everything will be all right." And I had clutched what she gave me so hard that it had cut into my flesh. It was kind of like a stigmata: it shook me.

Then one Christmas I read a history of the Jews, and it astonished me to see the affinity between Jews and the Negroes: their oppressions, their enslavements—despised, rejected, searching for a home, for equality and human dignity. For thousands of years, they had held onto their belief in themselves and in their right to a place in the sun. It got to me so much that I visited a rabbi, who gave me books to read. There were already a lot of Negroes converted to Judaism, but *my* talking about converting worried the rabbi, because it could so easily be taken by people as a publicity stunt. He insisted that I not rush into it just because I was filled up with what I'd read about Judaism. He told me that neither he nor anyone else could make me a Jew, that only I could do it.

Anyway, around this time, I was getting into deeper and deeper trouble—debts piling up into the hundreds of thousands; my performances weren't what they should have been, and all my high-living, until finally I tried suicide, as you know. I tried to race my car over a cliff, but right at the edge the drive shaft hit a rock and snapped, and the rear half of it jammed into the ground and held the car right there at the edge like an anchor. God had his arms around me. The hardest thinking session I've ever had was after that—until finally I said to God, as a Jew: "Here I am."

PLAYBOY: Do you observe all the rituals and holy days of your new faith?

DAVIS: Well, in those orthodox terms, I couldn't rate myself the best Jew; but I'm certainly not the worst one, either. If it's possible, I'd say today I feel even

more committed than when I converted. It took me a long time to really learn the truth about commitment, but finally I have, and it's one of the most beautiful things that ever happened to me.

PLAYBOY: It was only a few months after your much-publicized conversion that your name hit the headlines again, this time linking you romantically with Kim Novak. Were they true?

DAVIS: Yeah, they were—but, ironically, not until *after* the first stories appeared about us, and maybe, in a sense, because of them. It all started so innocently. Tony Curtis asked me over to his house one night for a drink. He was having some people in. Kim Novak was there, and we were introduced. I doubt we exchanged 20 words. She was just one of the group. Well, the next day one of the columns carried an item: "Kim Novak's new sepi love interest will make her studio bosses turn lavender." I called Kim. She knew I'd had nothing to do with the item. She said, "Come on over and let's talk about it." She was cooking spaghetti and meatballs. I went over. She said her studio had called, wanting to know if she'd seen me, and when she said yes, they wanted to know how many times. When? Where? What was going on between us? It would have to stop! Well, like me, Kim just naturally rebelled against anybody making rules for her. And so we became conspirators, drawn together by defiance.

Well, from that point on, the press columns took it and ran. I mean, they made sure *everybody* found out about it—and they added a few trimmings of their own. Everybody I knew started advising me; and everybody *she* knew was telling her, "Don't wreck your career!" The scandal columns were running items that I'd been warned by Chicago gangsters if I ever saw "that blonde" again, both my legs would be broken and torn off at the knee. And the Negro press started riding me harder than ever. Stuff like: "Sammy Davis Jr., once a pride to all Negroes, has become a never-ending source of embarrassment. Mr. Davis has never been particularly race-conscious, but his recent scandal displays him as inexcusably unconscious of his responsibility as a Negro." That kind of thing.

Meanwhile, I rented a beach house at Malibu so we could meet secretly, and I had a guy drive me there incognito, like in the spy stories. The press was so hot on it, we didn't know if they wouldn't have movie cameras hidden on the road, so I got to hiding on the car floor while we drove there. Well, one night down on that car floor, it hit me in the face: What the hell was I doing there, sneaking around in the middle of the night? I

was just confirming what they were saying: "You're not good enough to be seen with a white woman." I got up off the floor, told the driver to turn around, and that was that—the end of it. I never saw her again. If only I'd known my heart troubles were just beginning.

PLAYBOY: You mean your first marriage?

DAVIS: If you want to call it that.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't it work out?

DAVIS: It was doomed from the start. You got to understand the shape I was in. Deep in debt, from all my high-living. Tax problems. Losing my eye. Then this Kim Novak thing down around my neck. For the first time in my life, I started drinking the hard stuff. I felt like a man being pulled down into quicksand, with mosquitoes buzzing around his head. I was taping my TV shows, and they were hollow. Then one night, after a show at the Sands, I got drunk in the lounge, then got in my car and drove over to the Silver Slipper. The show was letting out when I saw Loray White—a Negro girl, one of the dancers. Once we'd had a little thing going. We'd broken up when she couldn't play it for laughs. Well, I took another look at beautiful Loray, and the thought occurred to me that if I had a Negro wife, maybe the papers would get off my back. I was drunk. I proposed, and Loray accepted on the spot. It was unreal. Drunk, I pulled her up to the bandstand and I announced our engagement. The club's press agent brought a photographer. It was done. By morning, it was all over America. I wake up, my head's splitting, it's on the radio, front-paged in Vegas, long-distance calls from all over, telegrams pouring in. What had I done? But what could I *do*? All my career needed now—all Loray needed—was for me to back down.

Next time I saw her, she said, "You don't have to marry me, Sammy." "Yes, I do," I told her, and I explained why. She said OK. So we got married, and afterward there was a party in a West Side saloon. I drank like a fish. Finally we left in my car, a buddy of mine driving us. Well, something snapped inside me, and the next thing I know I've got my hands around Loray's neck trying to choke her—as if it was all her fault. When I realized what I was doing, I must have, like, gone into shock, 'cause my buddy had to carry me into the hotel, like a baby, up to the bridal suite. Loray was in hysterics; even *he* was crying. Man, it was a mess. Well, every paper in the country smelled it was phony, and all kinds of rumors started. I began to draw bigger crowds than ever—but for the wrong reasons. To the public, I wasn't a performer anymore; I was a geek, a side show. I was close to the

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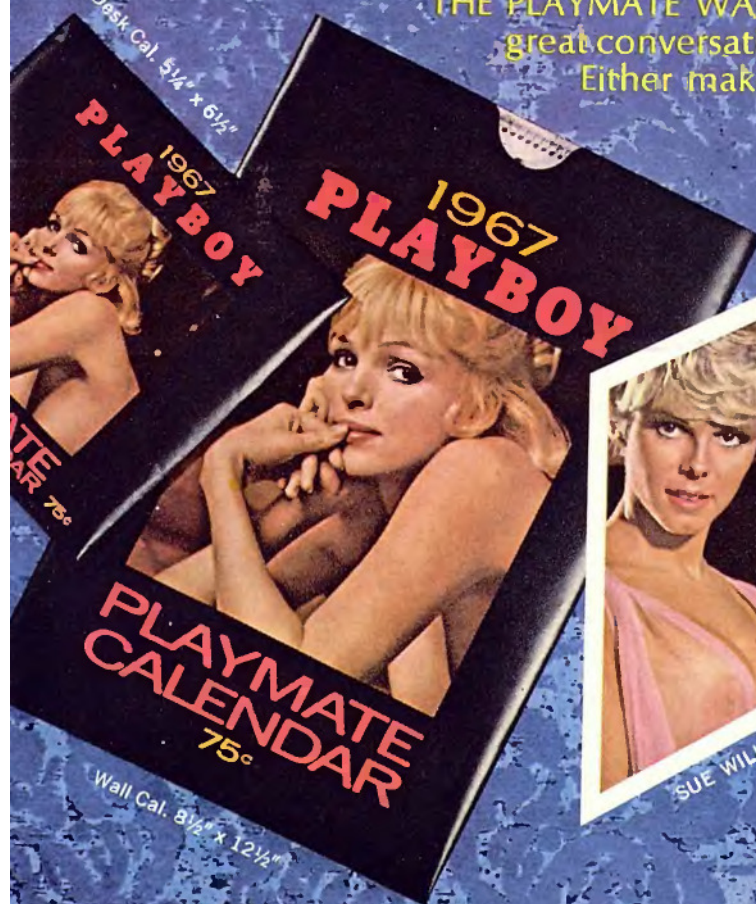
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bottom, professionally and emotionally. Well, of course, Lora and I got divorced. It's not a pretty story. I'm not proud of it.

PLAYBOY: Two years later you met May Britt in Hollywood, and three months after that you announced your engagement, precipitating a storm of protest and hate mail from whites and Negroes throughout the country. Did you expect that kind of reaction?

DAVIS: Well, I didn't think it would win me any popularity contests, but I didn't expect such a flood of venom. As long as I've lived with prejudice, I'm incredulous every time it hits me in the face—and this time it just floored me. Threats. Obscenities. Ravings. I've never seen anything as sick, as vitriolic as some of the letters I received. Things like: "Dear Nigger Bastard, I see Frank Sinatra is going to be the best man at your abortion. Well, it's good to know the kind of people supporting Kennedy before it's too late." When I played the Geary Theater in San Francisco that month, there were threats to bomb it, and letters, including one with a bullet drawn on it and the heart-warming message: "Guess when I'm going to shoot you during your show?" Man, how would you like to perform, wondering which burst of audience applause will help to cover the sound of a gunshot? When I played the Lotus Club in Washington, the Nazis were picketing me—carrying signs like "Go back to the Congo, you kosher coon." And a black dog wearing a swastika, with a sign on his back, "I'm black, too, Sammy, but I'm not a Jew." It makes you ashamed that a country like America has to be tainted with people like these. But when I walked on stage in the club, the audience in a body stood up, calling to me, "The hell with 'em, Sammy. We're with you." The world is 98 percent filled with *nice* people, see? It's only the other two percent who are idiots.

PLAYBOY: As you know, there was a widespread feeling among both whites and Negroes that you were marrying May in order to gain status in white society.

DAVIS: Yeah, I know. It's a sad commentary that so many people's minds would jump to that conclusion about me. Even if they think I'm low enough to do something like that, they should give me credit for not being stupid. If I had been thinking about improving my status in the white world, baby, the *last* thing I'd do is marry a white girl. Don't take no genius to figure that out. I stood to *lose* whatever status I had, not gain. I got a sneak preview of that right after we announced our engagement: Friends started dropping off rapidly, both hers and mine, and suddenly they were nowhere to be found—and we're not look-

ing for them. That's why I feel bound by hoops of steel to those who proved tried and true when the chips were down, who were risking a lot themselves, in the convictions they exhibited. You know? Like Frank—standing up with me, being my best man. Pat Kennedy, coming to my party, and Peter Lawford, then the President's brother-in-law, and others that I haven't mentioned. They *knew*, and they risked a lot to prove their friendship.

For the information of those who may not have been able to figure out yet why I *did* marry May—despite everything we knew we were letting ourselves in for—it was love, sweet love, baby. How corny can you get, right? Well, I didn't care whether she was white, black, blue, green or polka dot—I *loved* her. And, miracle of miracles, she *loved* me. It was as simple as that. Well, maybe not quite that simple, because I kept asking myself *why* I loved her; I had to know, because it had to be for the right reasons. Well, I mulled it over a lot, and finally I realized it was because May, as my wife, in just being the kind of human being she is, would help me to make a better human being of myself; and that's just the way it's turned out. I'm not a new man or anything, but gradually, and in some ways rapidly, I'm getting to be a better person. She understands my drives, my needs, my frustrations, and she bends to them. She has been patient enough to let me develop in my own time and in my own way. And our love has been deepened and broadened by the things that we've had to face and to fight together—and I don't mean just the special problems of an interracial marriage.

PLAYBOY: How have you faced the problem of adjusting your marriage to the demands of your work schedule? In the two weeks we've been following you around, you haven't had time even for a visit with your wife and children—except on the phone—let alone for a night at home. Certainly that's not a satisfactory arrangement.

DAVIS: Of course not. Even though May joins me on the road during the longer engagements, we're not together nearly enough, and I don't spend as much time at home as I wish I could. But at this point I've got no choice—and this is another area of her understanding. After the debts I piled up before my marriage, this is the first year I've been on my own financially. She understands that I need about two more years of this kind of working before I can *afford* to stay home more.

PLAYBOY: You've already collapsed once because of the pace. How much longer do you think you can keep it up?

DAVIS: God willing, as long as I have to. I was told two years ago in this very room that I'd never sing again, that

there were nodes at the bottom of my throat, and three specialists were going to strip my vocal cords, they were in such terrible shape from overwork. But I stuck by my guns, and I'm still singing today. So I think I'll be able to hold out long enough to get where I want to go professionally.

PLAYBOY: Where *do* you want to go?

DAVIS: I'd like to work my way up to the class of the Duke, or Durante; they're so well established it doesn't matter whether they've got a show on or a movie running. They're liked, they're accepted, they're respected. But when you've devoted as many years to show business as I have, you know that it could all evaporate overnight, no matter how big you are. Things are really swinging for me now, but I can't help thinking that I might wake up some morning and find myself out of vogue, kaput, the way Frank did when the bobby-sox craze died out. He made a comeback; but I might not be so lucky.

You know what else haunts me? The thought of dying before I finish what I have to do. Like a few weeks ago: I'm in a plane, and Murphy is sitting next to me, and things have been going tremendously, and suddenly this cold feeling comes over me and I say to Murphy, "I'm going to die, because things are going too well. I'm going to die and I'll never finish it." If I can legitimately make the mark that I want to make as a human being and a performer, I'll be willing to go then. But I'm still hungry. I need more time. I need at least another good ten years in the business to try and create what I want to create.

PLAYBOY: And what's that?

DAVIS: I want *two* kinds of success: One, I want to build—for myself and my family—an organization of enterprises and investments such as has made millionaires of some of my close friends. Like Frank. And to make all my own decisions. Frank don't let *nobody* tell him what to do. The other kind of success I want is as a human being. That don't have nothing to do with making money. Some friends I've got—visit their house, they ain't got this, ain't got that, have to borrow dishes, all that jazz, but I got to envy how successful they are as human beings. Before I die, I want to be able to know that I gave my full share of the blood, sweat and tears that millions of both white and black people have got to give to win freedom for their kids and mine. Whenever death comes, I'll consider my life's been full and fruitful if I can get these things accomplished.

PLAYBOY: One more question, Sammy: If you could choose an epitaph for yourself, how would it read?

DAVIS: That's easy: "It's been a gas."



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AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE

Part I of a new novel
By LEN DEIGHTON

THE BIRDS FLEW AROUND for nothing but the hell of it. It was that sort of spring day: a trailer for the coming summer. Some birds flew in neat, disciplined formations, some in ragged mobs, and higher, much higher, flew the loner who didn't like corporate decisions.

I turned away from the window. My visitor from the Embassy was still complaining.

"Paris lives in the past," said the courier. "Manet is at the opera and Degas at the ballet. Escoffier cooks while Eiffel builds," he said scornfully. "Lyrics by Dumas, music by Offenbach. Oo-là-là, our Parez is gay, monsieur, and our private rooms discreet, our coaches call at three, monsieur, and Schlieffen has no plans."

"They're not all like that," I said. Some birds hovered near the window deciding whether to eat the seed I'd scattered on the window sill.

"All the ones I meet are," said the Embassy courier. He stopped looking across the humpy-backed rooftops, and as he turned away from the window he noticed a patch of white plaster on his sleeve. He brushed it petulantly, as though Paris was trying to get at him. He pulled at his waistcoat—a natty affair with wide lapels—and then picked at the seat of the chair before sitting down. Now that he'd moved away from the window, the birds returned and began fighting over the seed I had put there.

I pushed the coffee pot to him. "Real coffee," he said. "The French seem to drink only instant coffee nowadays."

Thus reassured of my decorum, he unlocked the briefcase that rested upon his knees. It was a large black case and contained reams of reports. One of them he passed across to me. "Read it while I'm here. I can't leave it."

"It's secret?"

"No, our document copier has gone wrong and it's the only one I have."

I read it. It was a "stage report" of no importance. I passed it back. "It's a lot of rubbish," I said. "I'm sorry you have to come all the way over here with this sort of junk."

He shrugged. "It gets me out of the office. Anyway, it wouldn't do to have people like you in and out of the Embassy all the time." He was new, this courier. They all started like him. Tough, beady-eyed young men anxious to prove how efficient they can be. Anxious, too, to demonstrate that Paris could have no attraction for them. A clock chimed two p.m. and that disturbed the birds.

"Romantic," he said. I don't know what's romantic about Paris except couples kissing on the street because the city's so overcrowded that they have nowhere else to go. He finished his coffee. "It's terribly good coffee," he said. "Dining out tonight?"

"Yes," I said.

"With your artist friend Byrd?"

I gave him the sort of glance that Englishmen reserve for other Englishmen. He twitched with embarrassment. "Look here," he said, "don't think for a moment . . . I mean . . . we don't have you . . . that is . . ."

"Don't start handing out indemnities," I said. "Of course I am under surveillance."

"I remembered your saying that you always had dinner with Byrd the artist on Mondays. I noticed the Skira art book set aside on the table. I guessed you were returning it to him."

"All good stuff," I said. "You should be doing my job."

He smiled and shook his head. "How I'd hate that," he said. "Dealing with the French all day; it's bad enough having to mix with them in the evening."

"The French are all right," I said.

"Did you keep the envelopes? I've brought the iodine in pot iodide." I gave him all the envelopes that had come

the englishman had to find out whether atomic secrets were the stakes in those scandalous games being played at the notorious clinic on the avenue foch

through the post during the previous week and he took his little bottle and painted the flaps carefully.

"Resealed with starch paste. Every damn letter. Someone here, must be. The landlady. Every damned letter. That's too thorough to be just nosiness. *Prenez garde.*" He put the envelopes, which had brown stains from the chemical reaction, into his case. "Don't want to leave them around."

"No," I said. I yawned.

"I don't know what you do all day," he said. "Whatever do you find to do?"

"I do nothing except make coffee for people who wonder what I do all day."

"Yes, well, thanks for lunch. The old bitch does a good lunch, even if she does steam your mail open." He poured both of us more coffee. "There's a new job for you." He added the right amount of sugar, handed it to me and looked up. "A man named Datt, who comes here to Le Petit Légionnaire. The one that was sitting opposite us at lunch today." There was a silence. I said:

"What do you want to know about him?"

"Nothing," said the courier. "We don't want to know anything about him, we want to give him a caseful of data."

"Write his address on it and take it to the post office."

He gave a pained little grimace. "It's got to sound right when he gets it."

"What is it?"

"It's a history of nuclear fallout, starting from New Mexico right up to the last test. There are reports from the Hiroshima hospital for bomb victims and various stuff about its effect upon cells and plant life. It's too complex for me, but you can read it through if your mind works that way."

"What's the catch?"

"No catch."

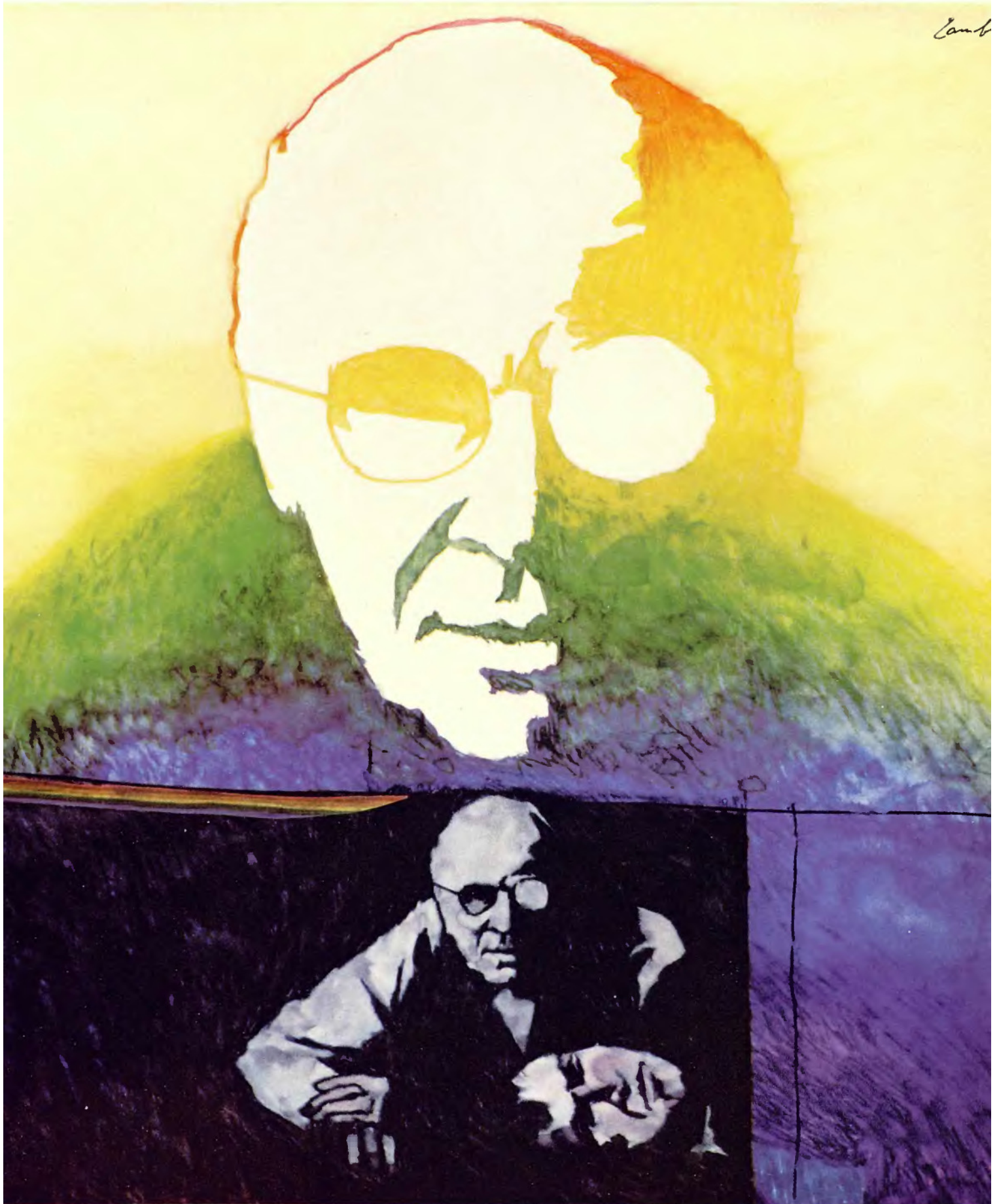
"What I need to know is how difficult it is to detect the phony parts. One minute in the hands of an expert? Three months in the hands of a committee? I need to know how long the fuse is, if I'm the one that's planting the bomb."

"There is no cause to believe it's other than genuine." He pressed the lock on the case as though to test his claim.

"Well, that's nice," I said. "Who does Datt send it to?"

Drugged and frightened, he tried to focus his vision on Datt, who loomed over him grotesquely distorted to gigantic proportions.

Canb



His well-aimed kick to the instep had taken Albert by surprise; before Albert could recover, he felled him with a flat hand to the nose.



"Not my part of the script, old boy. I'm just the errandboy, you know. I give the case to you, you give it to Datt, making sure he doesn't know where it came from. Pretend you are working for CIA, if you like. You are a clean new boy, it should be straightforward."

He drummed his fingers to indicate that he must leave.

"What am I expected to do with your bundle of papers—leave it on his place one lunchtime?"

"Don't fret, that's being taken care of. Datt will know that you have the documents, he'll contact you and ask for them. Your job is just to let him have them . . . reluctantly."

"Was I planted in this place six months ago just to do this job?"

He shrugged and put the leather case on the table.

"Is it that important?" I asked. He walked to the door without replying. He opened the door suddenly and seemed disappointed that there was no one crouching outside.

"Terribly good coffee," he said. "But then, it always is." From downstairs I could hear the pop music on the radio. It stopped. There was a fanfare and a jingle advertising shampoo.

"This is your floating favorite, Radio Janine," said the announcer. It was a wonderful day to be working on one of the pirate radio ships: the sun warm, and three miles of calm blue sea that entitled you to duty-free cigarettes and

whiskey. I added it to the long list of jobs that were better than mine. I heard the lower door slam as the courier left. Then I washed up the coffee cups, gave Joe some fresh water and cuttlefish bone for his beak, picked up the documents and went downstairs for a drink.

. . .

Le Petit Légionnaire ("*cuisine fait par le patron*") was a plastic-trimmed barn glittering with mirrors, bottles and pin tables. The regular lunchtime customers were local businessmen, clerks from a nearby hotel, two German girls who worked for a translation agency, a couple of musicians who slept late every day, two artists and the man named Datt, to whom I was to offer the nuclear-fall-out findings. The food was good. It was cooked by my landlord, who was known throughout the neighborhood as *la voix*—a disembodied voice that bellowed up the lift shaft without the aid of a loud-speaker system. *La voix*—so the stories went—once had his own restaurant in Boul' Mich that during the War was a meeting place for members of the *Front National*.^{*} He almost got a certificate signed by General Eisenhower, but when his political past became clearer to the Americans, he got his restaurant declared out of bounds and searched by the MPs every week for a year instead.

La voix did not like orders for *steck bien cuit, charcuterie* as a main dish or

^{*}Politically mixed but Communist-dominated underground anti-Nazi organization.

half portions of anything at all. Regular customers got larger meals. Regular customers also got cloth napkins but were expected to make them last all the week. But now lunch was over. From the back of the café I could hear the shrill voice of my landlady and the soft voice of Monsieur Datt, who was saying, "You might be making a mistake, you'll pay one hundred and ten thousand francs in Avenue Henri Martin and never see it come back."

"I'll take a chance on that," said my landlord. "Have a little more cognac."

M. Datt spoke again. It was a low, careful voice that measured each word carefully. "Be content, my friend. Don't search for the sudden flashy gain that will cripple your neighbor. Enjoy the smaller rewards that build imperceptibly toward success."

I stopped eavesdropping and moved on past the bar to my usual table outside. The light haze that so often prefaces a very hot Paris day had disappeared. Now it was a scorcher. The sky was the color of well-washed *bleu de travail*. Across it were tiny wisps of cirrus. The heat bit deep into the concrete of the city, and outside the grocers' fruit and vegetables were piled beautifully in their wooden racks, adding their aroma to the scent of a summery day. The waiter with the withered hand sank a secret cold lager, and old men sat outside on the *terrasse* warming their cold bones. Dogs cocked their legs jauntily and young girls wore loose cotton dresses and very little make-up.

A young man propped his *moto* carefully against the wall of the public baths across the road. He reached an aerosol can of red paint from the pannier, shook it and wrote "*lisez l'Humanite nouvelle*" across the wall with a gentle hiss of compressed air. He glanced over his shoulder, then added a large hammer and sickle. He went back to his *moto* and sat astride it surveying the sign. A thick red dribble ran down from the capital H. He went back to the wall and dabbed at the excess paint with a piece of rag. He looked around, but no one shouted to him, so he carefully added the accent to the *e* before wrapping the can in the rag and stowing it away. He kicked the starter, there was a puff of smoke and the sudden burp of the motor as he roared away toward the Boulevard.

I sat down and waved to old Jean for my usual Suze. The pin tables glittered with pop-art-style illuminations and click-clicked and buzzed as the perfect metal spheres touched the contacts and made the numbers spin. The mirrored interior lied about the dimensions of the café and portrayed the sunlit street deep in its dark interior. I opened the case of

He couldn't have hesitated ten seconds before going for Datt—but that was long enough for the woman wielding the heavy candlestick.

documents, smoked, read, drank and watched the life of the *quartier*. I read 93 pages and almost understood by the time the rush-hour traffic began to thicken. I hid the documents in my room. It was time to visit Byrd.

• • •

I lived in the 17th *arrondissement*. The modernization project that had swept up the Avenue de Neuilly and was extending the smart side of Paris to the west had bypassed the dingy Quartier des Ternes. I walked as far as the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The Arc was astraddle the Etoile and the traffic was desperate to get there. Thousands of red lights twinkled like bloodshot stars in the warm mist of exhaust fumes. It was a fine Paris evening. Gauloise and garlic sat lightly on the air, and the cars and people were moving with the subdued hysteria the French call *élan*.

I remembered my conversation with the man from the British Embassy. He seemed upset today. I thought complacently. I didn't mind upsetting him. Didn't mind upsetting all of them, come to that. *No cause to believe it's anything other than genuine*. I snorted loudly enough to attract attention. What a fool London must think I am. And that stuff about Byrd. How did they know I'd be dining with him tonight? Byrd, I thought, art books from Skira, what a lot of cock. I hardly knew Byrd, even though he was English and did lunch in Le Petit Légionnaire. Last Monday I had dined with him, but I'd told no one that I was dining with him again tonight. I'm a professional. I wouldn't tell my mother where I keep the fuse wire.

• • •

The light was just beginning to go as I walked through the street market to Byrd's place. The building was gray and peeling, but so were all the others in the street. So, in fact, were almost all the others in Paris. I pressed the latch. Inside the dark entrance a 25-watt bulb threw a glimmer of light across several dozen tiny hutches with mail slots. Some of the hutches were marked with grimy business cards, others had names scrawled across them in ballpoint writing. Down the hall there were thick ropes of wiring connected to 20 or more wooden boxes. Tracing a wiring fault would have proved a remarkable problem. Through a door at the far end there was a courtyard. It was cobbled, gray and shiny with water that dripped from somewhere overhead. It was a desolate yard of a type that I had always associated with the British prison system. The concierge was standing in the courtyard as though daring me to complain about it. If mutiny came, then that courtyard would be its starting place. At



the top of a narrow creaking staircase was Byrd's studio. It was chaos. Not the sort of chaos that results from an explosion but the kind that takes years to achieve. Spend five years hiding things, losing things and propping broken things up, then give it two years for the dust to settle thickly and you've got Byrd's studio. The only really clean thing was the gigantic window through which a sunset warmed the whole place with rosy light. There were books everywhere, and bowls of hardened plaster, buckets of dirty water, easels carrying large half-completed canvases. On the battered sofa were the two posh English Sunday papers still pristine and unread. A huge enamel-topped table that Byrd used as a palette was sticky with patches of color, and across one wall was a 15-foot-high hard-board construction upon which Byrd was painting a mural. I walked straight in—the door was always open.

"You're dead," called Byrd loudly. He was high on a ladder working on a figure near the top of the 15-foot-high painting.

"I keep forgetting I'm dead," said the model. She was nude and stretched awkwardly across a box.

"Just keep your right foot still," Byrd called to her. "You can move your arms."

The nude girl stretched her arms with a grateful moan of pleasure.

"Is that OK?" she asked.

"You've moved the knee a little, it's tricky . . . Oh, well, perhaps we'll call

that a day." He stopped painting. "Get dressed, Annie."

She was a tall girl of about 25. Dark, good-looking, but not beautiful. "Can I shower?" she asked.

"The water's not too warm, I'm afraid," said Byrd, "but try it, it may have improved."

The girl pulled a threadbare man's dressing gown around her shoulders and slid her feet into a pair of silk slippers. Byrd climbed very slowly down the ladder on which he was perched. There was a smell of linseed oil and turpentine. He rubbed at the handful of brushes with a rag. The large painting was nearly completed. It was difficult to put a name to the style: Kokoschka or Soutine came nearest to it, but this was more polished, though less alive, than either. Byrd tapped the scaffolding against which the ladder was propped.

"I built that. Not bad, eh? Couldn't get one like it anywhere in Paris. Are you a do-it-yourself man?"

"I'm a let-someone-else-do-it man."

"Really," said Byrd, and nodded gravely. "Eight o'clock already, is it?"

"Nearly half past," I said.

"I need a pipe of tobacco." He threw the brushes into a floral-patterned chamber pot, in which stood another hundred. "Sherry?" He untied the strings that prevented his trouser bottoms' smudging the huge painting and looked back toward the mural, hardly able to drag himself away from it. "The light started to go an hour back. I'll have to repaint that 129

section tomorrow." He took the glass from an oil lamp, lit the wick carefully and adjusted the flame. "A fine light these oil lamps give. A fine silky light." He poured two glasses of dry sherry, removed a huge Shetland sweater and eased himself into a battered chair. In the neck of his check-patterned shirt he arranged a silk scarf, then began to sift through his tobacco pouch as though he'd lost something in there.

It was hard to guess Byrd's age, except that he was in the middle 50s. He had plenty of hair and it was showing no sign of gray. His skin was fair and so tight across his face that you could see the muscles that ran from cheekbone to jaw. His ears were tiny and set high, his eyes were bright, active and black, and he stared at you when he spoke to prove how earnest he was. Had I not known that he was a regular naval officer until taking up painting eight years ago, I would have guessed him to be a mechanic who had bought his own garage. When he had carefully primed his pipe, he lit it with slow care. It wasn't until then that he spoke again.

"Go to England at all?"

"Not often," I said.

"Nor me. I need more baccy; next time you go, you might bear that in mind."

"Yes," I said.

"This brand." He held a packet for me to see. "Don't seem to have it here in France. Only stuff I like."

He had a stiff, quarter-deck manner that kept his elbows at his waist and his chin in his neck. He used words like "roadster" that revealed how long it was since he had lived in England.

"I'm going to ask you to leave early tonight," he said. "Heavy day tomorrow." He called to the model: "Early start tomorrow, Annie."

"Very well," she called back.

"We'll call dinner off if you like," I offered.

"No need to do that. Looking forward to it, to tell the truth." Byrd scratched the side of his nose.

"Do you know Monsieur Datt?" I asked. "He lunches at the Petit Légionnaire. Big-built man with white hair."

"No," he said. He sniffed. He knew every nuance of the sniff. This one was light in weight and almost inaudible. I dropped the subject of the man from the Avenue Foch.

Byrd had asked another painter to join us for dinner. He arrived about 9:30. Jean-Paul Pascal was a handsome, muscular young man with a narrow pelvis, who easily adapted himself to the cowboy look that the French admire. His tall, rangy figure contrasted sharply with the stocky, blunt rigidity of Byrd. His skin was tanned, his teeth perfect. He was expensively dressed in a light-blue suit and a tie with designs embroidered on it. He removed his dark glasses

and put them in his pocket.

"An English friend of Monsieur Byrd," Jean-Paul repeated as he took my hand and shook it. "Enchanted." His handshake was gentle and diffident, as though he was ashamed to look so much like a film star.

"Jean-Paul speaks no English," said Byrd.

"It is too complicated," said Jean-Paul. "I speak a little, but I do not understand what you say in reply."

"Precisely," said Byrd. "That's the whole idea of English. Foreigners can communicate information to us, but Englishmen can still talk together without an outsider being able to comprehend." His face was stern, then he smiled primly. "Jean-Paul's a good fellow just the same: a painter." He turned to him. "Busy day, Jean?"

"Busy, but I didn't get much done."

"Must keep at it, my boy. You'll never be a great painter unless you learn to apply yourself."

"Oh, but one must find oneself. Proceed at one's own speed," said Jean-Paul.

"Your speed is too slow," Byrd pronounced, and handed Jean-Paul a glass of sherry without having asked him what he wanted.

Jean turned to me, anxious to explain his apparent laziness. "It is difficult to begin a painting—it's a statement—once the mark is made, one has to relate all later brush strokes to it."

"Nonsense," said Byrd. "Simplest thing in the world to begin, tricky though pleasurable to proceed with, but difficult—damned difficult—to end."

"Like a love affair," I said. Jean laughed. Byrd flushed and scratched the side of his nose.

"Ah. Work and women don't mix. Womanizing and loose living is attractive at the time, but middle age finds women left sans beauty, and men sans skills; result—misery. Ask your friend Monsieur Datt about that."

"Are you a friend of Datt?" Jean-Paul asked.

"I hardly know him," I said. "I was asking Byrd about him."

"Don't ask too many questions," said Jean. "He is a man of great influence; Count of Périgord, it is said, an ancient family, a powerful man. A dangerous man. He is a doctor and a psychiatrist. They say he uses LSD a great deal. His clinic is as expensive as any in Paris, but he gives the most scandalous parties there, too."

"What's that?" said Byrd. "Explain."

"One hears stories," said Jean. He smiled in embarrassment and wanted to say no more, but Byrd made an impatient movement with his hand, so he continued. "Stories of gambling parties, of highly placed men who have got into financial trouble and found themselves . . ." he paused . . . in the bath."

"Does that mean dead?"

"It means 'in trouble,' idiom," said Byrd to me in English.

"One or two important men took their own lives," said Jean. "Some said they were in debt."

"Damned fools," said Byrd. "That's the sort of fellows in charge of things today, no stamina, no fiber; and that fellow Datt is a party to it, eh? Just as I thought. Oh, well, chaps won't be told today. Experience better bought than taught, they say. One more sherry and we'll go to dinner. What say to La Coupole? It's one of the few places still open where we don't have to reserve."

Annie the model reappeared in a simple green shirtwaist dress. She kissed Jean-Paul in a familiar way and said good evening to each of us.

"Early in the morning," Byrd told her. She nodded and smiled.

"An attractive girl," Jean-Paul said.

"Yes," I said.

"Poor child," said Byrd. "It's a hard town for a young girl without money."

I'd noticed her expensive crocodile handbag and Charles Jourdan shoes, but I didn't comment.

"Want to go to an art show opening Friday? Free champagne." Jean-Paul produced half a dozen gold-printed invitations, gave one to me and put one on Byrd's easel.

"Yes, we'll go to that," said Byrd; he was pleased to be organizing us. "Are you in your fine motor, Jean?" Byrd asked.

Jean nodded.

Jean's car was a white Mercedes convertible. We drove down the Champs with the roof down. We wine and dined well and Jean-Paul plagued us with questions like, Do the Americans drink Coca-Cola because it's good for their livers?

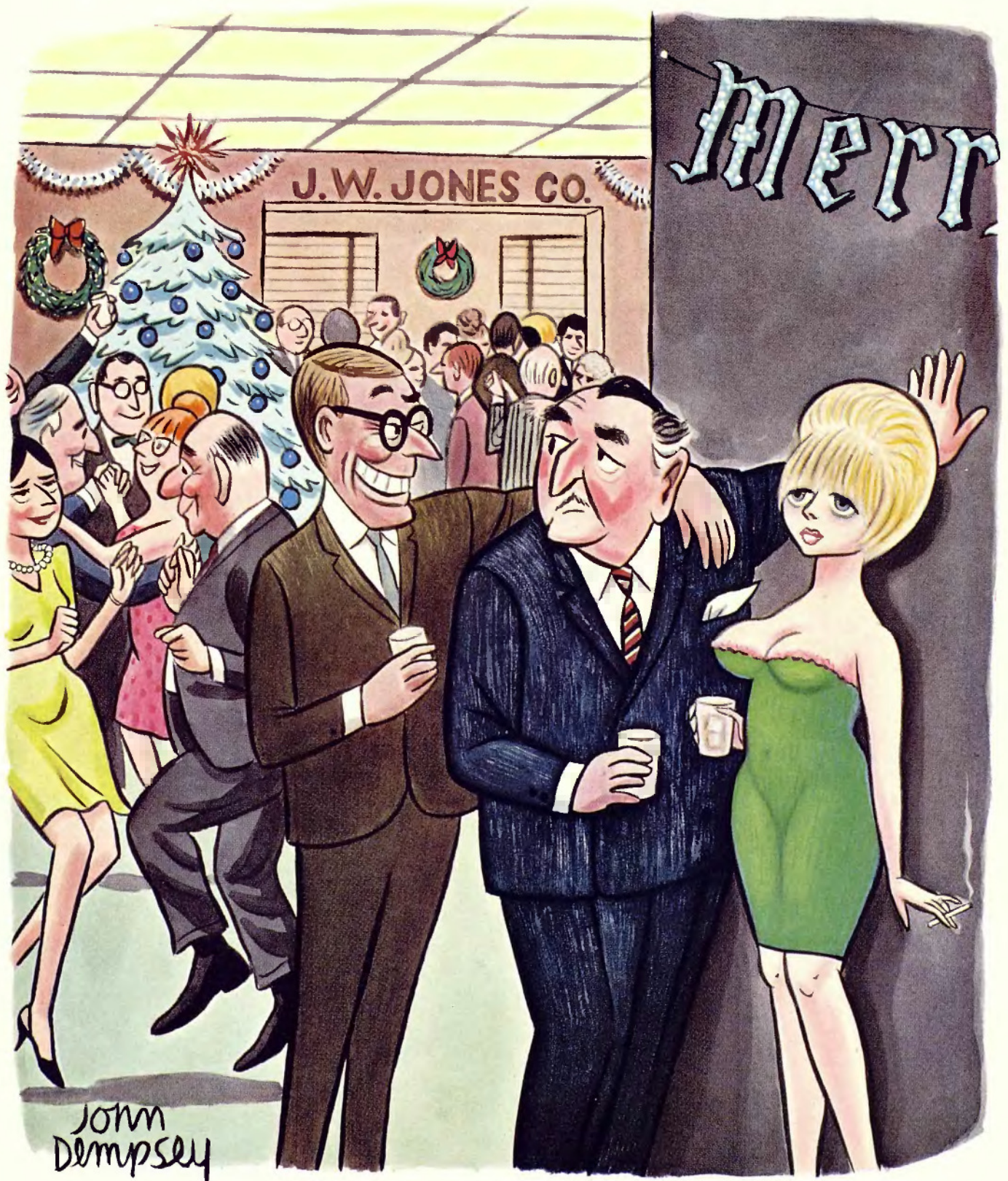
It was nearly one A.M. when Jean dropped Byrd at the studio. He insisted upon driving me back to my room over Le Petit Légionnaire. "I am especially glad you came tonight," he said. "Byrd thinks that he is the only serious painter in Paris, but there are many of us who work equally hard, in our own way."

"Being in the navy," I said, "is probably not the best of training for a painter."

"There is no training for a painter. No more than there is training for life. A man makes as profound a statement as he is able. Byrd is a sincere man with a thirst for knowledge of painting and an aptitude for its skills. Already his work is attracting serious interest here in Paris, and a reputation in Paris will carry you anywhere in the world."

I sat there for a moment nodding, then I opened the door of the Mercedes and got out. "Thanks for the ride."

Jean-Paul leaned across the seat, offered me his card and shook my hand. "Phone me," he said, and—without letting go of my hand—added, "If you want to go to the house in the Avenue Foch, I



"Sexy little broad, my wife—eh, J. W.?"

can arrange that, too. I'm not sure I can recommend it, but if you have money to lose, I'll introduce you. I am a close friend of the Count; last week I took the Prince of Besacoron there—he is another very good friend of mine."

"Thanks," I said, taking the card. He stabbed the accelerator and the motor growled. He winked and said, "But no recriminations afterward."

"No," I agreed. The Mercedes slid forward.

I watched the white car turn onto the Avenue with enough momentum to make the tires howl. Le Petit Légionnaire was closed. I let myself in by the side entrance. Datt and my landlord were still sitting at the same table as they had been that afternoon. They were still playing Monopoly. Datt was reading from his Community Chest card, "*Allez en prison. Avancez tout droit en prison. Ne passez pas par la case 'Départ.' Ne recevez pas Frs. 20.000.*" My landlord laughed, so did M. Datt.

"What will your patients say?" said my landlord.

"They are very understanding," said Datt; he seemed to take the whole game seriously. Perhaps he got more out of it that way.

I tiptoed upstairs. I could see right across Paris. Through the dark city the great red neon arteries of the tourist industry flowed from Pigalle through Montmartre to Boul' Mich, Paris' great self-inflicted wound.

Joe chirped. I read Jean's card. "Jean-Paul Pascal, artist painter." And good friend to princes," I said. Joe nodded.

. . .

Two nights later I was invited to join the Monopoly game. I bought hotels in Rue Lecourbe and paid rent at the Gare du Nord. Old Datt pedantically handled the toy money and told us why we went broke.

When only Datt remained solvent, he pushed back his chair and nodded sagely as he replaced the pieces of wood and paper in the box. If you were buying old men, then Datt would have come in a box marked WHITE, LARGE AND BALD. Behind his tinted spectacles his eyes were moist, and his lips soft and dark like a girl's, or perhaps they only seemed dark against the clear white skin of his face. His head was a shiny dome and his white hair soft and wispy, like mist around a mountaintop. He didn't smile much, but he was a genial man, although a little fussy in his mannerisms, as people of either sex become when they live alone.

Madame Tastevin had, upon her insolvency, departed to the kitchen to prepare supper.

I offered my cigarettes to Datt and to my landlord. Tastevin took one, but Datt declined with a theatrical gesture.

"There seems no sense in it," he proclaimed, and again did that movement of the hand that looked like he was blessing a multitude at Benares. His voice was an upper-class voice, not because of his vocabulary or because he got his conjugations right but because he sang his words in the style of the Comédie Française, stressing a word musically and then dropping the rest of the sentence like a half-smoked Gauloise. "No sense in it," he repeated.

"Pleasure," said Tastevin, puffing away. "Not sense." His voice was like a rusty lawn mower.

"The pursuit of pleasure," said Datt, "is a pitfall-studded route." He removed the rimless spectacles and looked up at me, blinking.

"You speak from experience?" I asked.

"I've done everything," said Datt. "Some things twice. I've lived in eight different countries in four continents. I've been a beggar and I've been a thief. I've been happy and sad, rich and poor, master and manservant."

"And the secret of happiness," mocked Tastevin, "is to refrain from smoking?"

"The secret of happiness," Datt corrected, "is to refrain from wishing to."

"If that's the way you feel," said Tastevin, "why do you come to my restaurant almost every day?"

At that moment Madame Tastevin came in with a tray holding a coffee jug and plates of cold chicken and terrine of hare.

"There's your reason for not smoking," said Datt. "I would never let tobacco mar the taste of the food here." Madame Tastevin purred with delight. "I sometimes think my life is too perfect. I enjoy my work and never wish to do less of it, and I eat your wonderful food. What a perfect life."

"That's self-indulgent," said Tastevin. "Perhaps it is—so what? Isn't your life self-indulgent? You could make far more money working in one of the three-star restaurants, but you spend your life running this small one—one might almost say for your friends."

"I suppose that's true," said Tastevin. "I enjoy cooking, and my customers appreciate my work, I think."

"Quite so. You are a sensible man. It's madness to go every day to work at something you do not enjoy."

"But suppose," asked Madame Tastevin, "that such a job brought us a lot of money that would enable him to retire and then do as he wishes?"

"Madame," said Datt. His voice took on that portentous, melodious quality that narrators on arty French films employ. "Madame Tastevin," he said again, "there is a cave in Kashmir—Amarnath cave—the most sacred spot on earth to a worshiper of the Hindu god Siva. The pilgrims who journey there are old; sometimes sick, too. Many of them die on the high passes, their tiny tents swept

away by the sudden rainstorms. Their relatives do not weep. To them this does not matter; even the arrival—which must always be on a night of full moon—is not more vital than the journey. Many know they will never arrive. It is the journey that is holy, and so it is to existentialists: Life is more important than death. Whatever they do, men are too anxious to get to the end. The sex act, eating a fine meal, playing golf, there is a temptation to rush, gobble or run. That is foolish, for one should move at a relaxed pace through life doing the work one enjoys instead of chasing ambition helter-skelter, pursuing one's ultimate death."

Tastevin nodded sagely and I stopped gobbling the cold chicken. Datt tucked a napkin in his collar and savored a little terrine, pursing his lips and remarking on the salt content. When he had finished, he turned to me. "You have a telephone, I believe," he said, and without waiting for my reply was already on his feet and moving toward the door.

"By all means, use it," I told him, and by a burst of speed was able to get upstairs before him. Joey blinked in the sudden electric light. Datt dialed a number and said, "Hello, I am at the Petit Légionnaire and I am ready for the car in about five minutes." He hung up. Datt came over to where I was standing with Joey. "It's my belief," said Datt, "that you are making inquiries about me."

I didn't answer.

"It would be a fruitless task."

"Why?"

"Because no matter what you discover, it will not harm me."

"The art of Zen in clandestine behavior?"

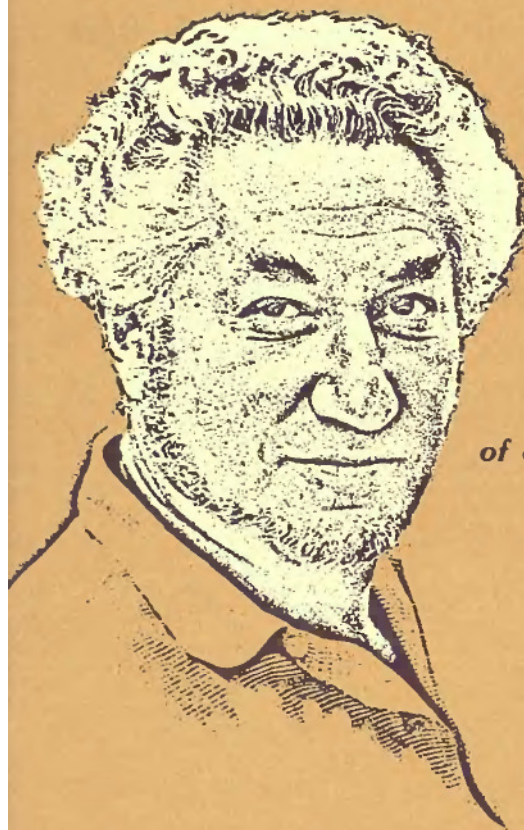
Datt smiled. "The art of Zen in having influential friends," he said.

I didn't answer him. I pushed open the shutters and there was Paris. Warm streets, a policeman, two lovers, four cats, 50 dented *deux-chevaux* cars and a pavement full of garbage bins. The life of Paris centers on its streets; its inhabitants sit at the windows gazing down upon people as they buy, sell, thief, drive, fight, eat, chat, posture, cheat or merely stand looking, upon the streets of Paris. Its violence, too, centers on the streets, and outside the public baths the previous night M. Picard, who owned the laundry, was robbed and knifed. He died twitching his own blood into ugly splashes that could still be seen upon the torn election posters flapping from the ancient shutters.

A black Daimler came down the road and stopped with a tiny squeak.

"Thank you for the use of your telephone," said Datt. At the door he turned. "Next week I should like to talk with you again," he said. "You must tell me what you are curious about."

(continued on page 144)



DIALOG IN BLACK AND WHITE

*two leading american
authors, both deeply
committed to the cause
of civil rights, strive for consensus
in their diverse approaches
to the problem*

By
JAMES BALDWIN
and
BUDD SCHULBERG



This dialog between James Baldwin and Budd Schulberg began spontaneously. They have been friends for years—a relationship that has included fervent agreement and fierce disagreement. There had been one evening long ago when they had argued into the early-morning hours about the motives of Bobby Kennedy in backing the efforts of James Meredith to break through the color barrier at Ole Miss. Baldwin suspected that Kennedy's was a grandstand play and that he did not care profoundly about redressing the wrongs that have been done to Negroes over the centuries. Schulberg, who knew the Senator personally, argued that Kennedy was much more involved than many people seemed to realize, not merely in the individual issue of a James Meredith but in the national deprivation of the Negro.

In subsequent meetings, from New York to Chicago to Hollywood, this impassioned and friendly American dialog

continued. At the 1964 Democratic Convention in Atlantic City (which Schulberg reported for *PLAYBOY*), he had said to Dick Gregory, "I agree with what you say about the setup of the black ghetto in Philadelphia"; to which Gregory had snapped, "We don't need you white liberals to agree with us." Schulberg related this exchange to his friend James Baldwin, wondering if this were a counter-racism the more militant Negro spokesmen were beginning to reflect.

It may have been at this point of the extended discourse that their dialog took a subtle but crucial turn. Had the Negro's sense of rejection and alienation, a hundred years of galling frustration since the so-called Emancipation, pushed this bottom tenth into irreconcilable hatred of "Whitey"? Schulberg asked Baldwin, "What is the real goal of the Negro revolution? Is it to become part of the American body politic, something not yet achieved despite all

the good old laws and the good new laws? If it is, then Dick Gregory is wrong; you need all the genuine white allies you can find. I mean me, Saul Alinsky, Nat Hentoff, Walter Reuther, Bobby Kennedy, the white kids who die with the black kids in Mississippi; you need anyone who actively despises the color line, trying to save our country from what you call 'the racial nightmare.'

"On the other hand," Schulberg conceded, "there has begun to run through the attitude of some Negro leaders and intellectuals a feeling that it is too late for American whites—indeed, for the entire Caucasian Western civilization—that we had our chance and blew it, in Vietnam and Algeria, Harlem and Watts. Elijah Muhammad sees only a few short years until the new Armageddon in which the nonwhite races of the world—from the black ghettos to Red China—will regain their rightful place as domi-

nators of the world. I can understand the appeal of this idea to the Negro who has suffered 400 years of slavery and humiliation. But it seems to me that you, as a celebrated Negro spokesman, have not quite decided—which side are you on, Elijah Muhammad's side or what you call my sloppy liberal-interracial side?"

To which Baldwin responded, "Baby, don't lay that on me. It's not for me to decide, it's for you to decide. I don't mean you, personally, I mean you and all my well-meaning white friends. From where you sit, maybe you think we're making encouraging progress. But from where I sit, and from where my brothers are huddling tonight in their black ghettos from Boston to San Diego, we can't wait for laws that take so long to pass and then so much longer—it seems forever—to enforce. We're ready now. We've been ready for generations. And if white America isn't ready with us, then Elijah has a point—history will swallow you up as it has swallowed other arrogant civilizations that seemed invincible but that carried along in them some cancer, some fatal flaw."

It was against this background—against the fire-streaked skies of Los Angeles, the smoldering slums of Chicago and Cleveland and New York, the imminent explosion in the nation's capital that L. B. J. calls a ticking clock, against this storm-darkened sky—that Schulberg and Baldwin continued to talk. What follows is in no way a formal debate but what might be called a recorded eavesdropping, a taped but thoroughly informal conversation between two contemporary American authors who have managed to remain close friends in the heat of conversational battle, on dangerous ground.

BALDWIN: It's the nature of the human race, isn't it, to categorize, to label? Using both of us as abstractions, you and me, Budd Schulberg and Jimmy Baldwin, one crucial difference between us is that you, Budd Schulberg, are one kind of abstraction, or legend, in the eyes and ears of people who don't know Budd Schulberg. And I'm another kind of abstraction, or menace, in the eyes and ears of the people who don't know me.

SCHULBERG: But, Jimmy, when you talk about abstract difference—I feel no difference, no abstract sense of superiority or inferiority between you, James Baldwin, and me, Budd Schulberg—

BALDWIN: As a matter of fact, there are a great many differences between you and me. I'm James Baldwin. That's a very essential difference.

SCHULBERG: I mean I feel no subjective superiority because my skin happens to be fair and yours dark. I know that doesn't make me smarter or more talented and I don't believe it should give me any special privileges. It does but it shouldn't, and I think I have a right to

resent it as much as you do. There is, of course, that practical difference between us. You go out on the street, as you reminded me on Central Park West, and you can't get a cab. And you—not Jimmy Baldwin, but speaking for Negroes generally—can't get a job, or as good a job. **BALDWIN:** Well, as far as that goes, sometimes neither can you.

SCHULBERG: If you're thinking of me not as a WASP but as a member of another minority, that's perfectly true. It's forgotten in the light of all that talk about Jewish success in America, just how many big American companies still have anti-Jewish policies, how many hotels, resorts, real-estate developments discriminate against Jews. That's why I think it's tragic when Negroes and Jews start to stereotype each other. I agree with a lot of what you say, Jimmy. But what happens with racial suffering as it happened to the Jews and is happening to the Negroes is that they fight back with their own counterprejudice.

BALDWIN: Let me put a parenthesis here—a dangerous parenthesis, but one that may serve to illuminate something of the American Negro's resentment. And it's this: I was here first. I mean, historically.

SCHULBERG: Who?

BALDWIN: The Negro.

SCHULBERG: On what basis—

BALDWIN: I, the Negro, arrived before the Jew.

SCHULBERG: What are you talking about, Jimmy? I've read a lot about the Muslims—I'm not talking about the black nationalists or the followers of Malcolm X now—and I think that's Muhammad's pseudo history. I don't dig anybody's racism—white, black or yellow. That "I was here first" is Muslim bullshit.

BALDWIN: Now we're getting down to it.

SCHULBERG: I don't know what that means—you came first. It is the most absurd—

BALDWIN: Obviously, you know that. I don't mean that we came first on earth.

SCHULBERG: But it sounds so close to the Muslim oversimplification, what Elijah Muhammad said about the black man being the original man and the white man a pale, mongrel, "white-devil" bad imitation. It's just the blond-Aryan-supremacy myth in reverse; it has no real, no scientific basis. It's the crude theory of the white racist turned inside out. If you really want to go back to the origin of man, we'd have to go into all—but that's not what we're talking about. We're talking about today.

BALDWIN: Precisely. Let's take me, Jimmy Baldwin. Historically speaking, I've been here for 400 years. Let's say that you just got off the boat on Friday and you can't speak English yet; but on the following Tuesday I'm working for you.

SCHULBERG: Jimmy, nobody could speak English! The Jews, the Italians, the Germans, the Poles—who could speak



English when they arrived here except the first settlers who came from England? None of these people could speak English, but they brought with them their share of European culture and education that enabled them to pull themselves out of the ghetto—although it didn't happen overnight. First-generation Jews, Italians, Irish lived in slums, worked in sweatshops, they suffered; and if they painfully pulled themselves up, it is culturally explainable.

But the Negro was brought here forcibly in chains—the cultures of his homeland were crushed, wiped out. The slave was no longer allowed to identify with his past; he sang *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*—he was a motherless child in a cruel new world. But the Jews had thousands of years of written cul-



ture and recorded oppression to relate to—it could not be stamped out, unless you gassed them by the millions, as Hitler did. You can't take the Negro "nightmare" and the fact that the Jewish culture was more intact, and then try to compare one kind of persecution with the other. I feel we're drifting into what could become a careless attack on the Jews. That's what some of the Muslims do. The positive things that Elijah Muhammad does for the dignity of his disciples, and what other black nationalist groups do for their followers—I can understand the appeal; I can understand why that attracts you. But at the same time you can't swallow the "all white men are white devils" theory, not quite.

BALDWIN: I'm not aware that I've ever been even vaguely tempted by the

"white-devil" theory. I would certainly never teach it or allow it to be taught to any child of mine, or to anyone I cared about. But I'm trying to get to something else—

SCHULBERG: I think if there is any value in this conversation, this dialog, in which we agree, I think, on immediate issues, it's to root out our differences. Are you, Jimmy Baldwin, disagreeing with me? Or are you the Negro saying goodbye, even to your white liberal or—since that has become a worn-out adjective—your white allies? It's an odd question—

BALDWIN: It's a very curious gamble.

SCHULBERG: —because there is so much that we agree on and yet there is this rankling difference. I am willing to say to you, to every citizen of this country—

BALDWIN: I am not a citizen of this country. Or I am not so considered by the people of this country.

SCHULBERG: Then we have to make them consider you a citizen, Jimmy. We have to make you one.

BALDWIN: But, baby—

SCHULBERG: I mean, either you go the Negro separatist route, like the Muslims, or you go the full-citizenship route. The former is more dramatic. It's an emotional answer to galling frustration. I really get the Elijah Muhammad message: The "full citizenship" thing is maddeningly slow, yes, and suspect—years and years overdue and still so damned far from genuine acceptance, the kind of acceptance where race prejudice is an archaic problem, like capital punishment for ten-year-old pickpockets. Not that we all have to be the same color; but that we finally accept each other's humanity—what's *inside* of us, not the superficial coloring of the epidermis. I'm ready for that *now*. I don't see any other way. But all this talk about the past—"I was here first"—frankly, Jimmy, I don't see how that helps to—

BALDWIN: Budd, what I am trying to get at when I talk about the past is not meant principally to refer to the past, but to the present. When I said, "I was here first," I wasn't trying to pass myself off as some kind of aristocrat. I was trying to suggest the depth and tenacity of the *anti-human* attitudes which have ruled in this country for so long and which have effectively prevented the Negro, for the most part, from acquiring or from using those modern skills which you say Europeans brought here with them. It's these attitudes which have created so dangerous a depth of Negro bitterness, resentment and despair. My image of you getting off a boat on Friday and my working for you on Tuesday wasn't pulled out of the air. A Negro in this country is endlessly confronted with the spectacle of somebody getting off a boat, from Hungary, from France, from England or Switzerland, from Germany,

from anywhere in Europe, who can't speak English when he arrives, who has certainly not, this time, brought from Europe skills more modern than those which should be at the disposal of the Negro here; and, yes, on Friday, he *does* get off a boat and on Tuesday, you, the Negro, are working for him and he tells you what to do. It takes him that long to become an American. Only that long. You, the Negro, have been here for 400 years and you haven't made it yet—you're still expected to "wait"—but he's made it in a matter of hours. And he treats you like all other Americans do.

What more can any society do to make vivid how profoundly you are despised? And how is one supposed to react to this? I must say that I think the Negro patience or resilience or whatever—I don't know what the word would be—has been incredible, is a fantastic achievement. But, of course, there are Negroes who feel that this patience has been abject, is ignoble, and, frankly, I'm unwilling to dismiss their point of view. It's a point of view which would simply be taken for granted if we were talking about white men. Which throws a very curious light on that Judaeo-Christian ethic we have argued about from time to time. I'm forced to realize, after all, that the creators, the heirs, of this ethic have, very deliberately, with a ruthless single-mindedness, attempted to reduce me to something less than a man. And where you get confused, Budd, I think, and talk about my throwing in the towel with Elijah—although you know very well that that could never happen—is that, of course, out of motives of self-respect and self-preservation, I'm bound to question an ethic, or a way of life, or a system of reality which has nearly destroyed me and which obviously intends to destroy my children. How long am I expected passively to acquiesce in the mouthing of an ethic in which no one—at least no society, and certainly not this one—believes? One begins to feel despairing, one begins to feel foolish; and one begins to dig beneath the bequeathed realities in the hope of arriving at a new coherence and a new strength, in the hope, in fact, of being released from an incipient schizophrenia. But at that moment, the moment one begins to pull away in order to see, one is accused of thinking "black." But I don't really know what thinking "black" means—except that it seems to pose a threat to people who think, I suppose, "white."

SCHULBERG: OK. You put it well. I agree with you that the Negro has been fantastically patient, resilient. I know it's heresy to what they call the "white power structure," but in Watts, from my firsthand experience, the young people are mentally healthier, have more pride, a stronger sense of identity since the revolt. Mayor Yorty and even the McCone

Report called it "a riot of criminals and hoodlums," and refused to dignify it as rebellion. But the overwhelming majority in Watts called it The Revolt. It cost 31 Negro lives and 3 white lives—34 human lives: a terrible price; but they broke through a wall; apathy turned inside out became hostility.

I have members of my writing group, talented writers, who are antiwhite. I think I understand them. As long as we have the Birchers and the Reagans and the Murphys who "think white" with a vengeance, some of my young poets in Malcolm X sweatshirts will draw their energy and inspiration from being anti-white. If I can understand that, maybe I am able to "think black," too. It all depends on what we mean by "thinking black." Maybe I don't think as black as Malcolm X, but I have a hunch I think a hell of a lot blacker than the Urban League or the brass of the NAACP. "Thinking black" sounds like an absolute, but it's a relative term—there are so many shades of black, so many shades of white. I agree I shouldn't try to put you in the same bag with Elijah, if you won't put me in another kind of bag—the ofay bag. Only the truth can set us both free, not oversimplifications like black *this* and white *that*. As a writer, you would have a hard time describing that—

BALDWIN: Well, perhaps. Of course, I'm a writer. But I must say this: This is the first time I've ever tried to talk about Jews at all; because I really *did* grow up in the Old Testament, because my father was a preacher. But when I was very young, in high school, my best friend was a Jew. And this was very strange. Because all Jews were in the Bible. And I had never seen a Jew my age, and I had been taught to hate them by my father, who considered himself a Jew. Now this is probably very interesting: who considered himself a Jew in terms of the children of Israel coming out of Egypt. We have that song, you know, *I Wish I Had Died in Egypt Land*. That's all Old Testament.

SCHULBERG: So, you see, we're very close.

BALDWIN: That's why I'm here today, because we can talk together. But as a writer, I didn't dare try to create a Jew. I didn't dare. I never have; because I was at once too close and too far. I did not know what it meant—what it meant to the Jew to be a Jew. And since so much of my life had been involved with Jews, and so much of my life had been saved by people technically called Jewish, whom I loved very much, I didn't dare

malign, by my own inadequacy, a people who meant so much to me.

There is an irreducible fact, I think, which contributes to the Negro resentment of the Jew. I don't think it's rational—it's rooted, perhaps, in the expectations one victim has of another victim, and maybe it has something to do with the Old Testament and old songs; but, you know, whatever Jews came here, came

pogroms and came here, to another country, and made no effort at all to understand that what had been happening to the Jew in Russia is happening to the Negro here; and that, furthermore, the Negro has no place to go.

SCHULBERG: I don't think that's true—that the Jews don't understand. I think a hell of a lot of them—a hell of a lot of us—do understand.

BALDWIN: Where can the Negro go? The Russian Jew came here. An American Negro cannot go back to Africa. He's an American. Not according to the Americans, perhaps, but according to him, and according to me!

SCHULBERG: According to me, too.

I'm an American, and I say—

BALDWIN: But you are not.

Neither of us is. We're both very American, but we do seem to be, as far as most of the country is concerned, marginal Americans, suspect, perhaps expendable—

SCHULBERG: Jimmy, look—you ask where can a Negro go—I feel there is a significant difference between the Jew caught in the Polish and Russian and German pogroms, who escaped to America, and the Negroes caught in the pogroms in the South or trapped in the black ghettos in the North. You might call those big-city riots in the North pogroms in reverse. The Jews of Europe had total state power against them; not just a hostile population, stupid peasants, narrow-minded burghers, but the full power of the national government of those countries against them. The Negroes here in the middle Sixties, no matter how wronged, no matter how desperate their lives are now, how bleak their future may be—still have a lot of Federal power on their side. They have civil rights laws and voting laws. Yes, we have white state juries automatically acquitting white murderers of Negro freedom fighters. But we also have Federal courts finding white Southern officials guilty of contempt for not protecting civil rights marchers. You may laugh, but we even have Lyndon Johnson singing *We Shall Overcome* on national television. Of course the Negroes are still far, shamefully far, from "Freedom Now." But they are not as alone as the Jews were in Russia and Poland and Germany. I mean, the czar and Marshal Pilsudski and Hitler never sang the *Kol Nidre*, at least in public. Here the Negroes have allies—if they want them. I know how hard it is for the hostile Negro in Watts to realize that, and maybe there aren't enough allies to satisfy alienated Negroes in the neglected (continued on page 282)



here to get away from something. You know—in the main, not entirely; and in the spirit, perhaps, not at all. On the contrary, I suppose the journey here was an attempt to hold onto, to keep alive the Jewish heritage. But here they came, and in the main they prospered and did not appear to have any difficulty in adopting the racial mores of the country. And I suspect that the Negro resents this from the Jew far more than he resents it from anybody else. And, of course, I think it's likely that anyone whose history has been destroyed envies and resents those whose history remains intact. And the Jew is the only American, in any meaningful sense, to have brought his history across the ocean. Everybody else really left their history behind them, happy, I think, to be rid of it; though perhaps they have begun to miss it now. Anyway, I think that part of the resentment, or let us simply say the tension, comes from the fact that the Jew managed to survive the European



*"You've got to hand it to Brookworth and Finch when
it comes to holiday sales gimmicks!"*

ACCIDENTALLY GOOD

*there
was nothing
the scoundrel had
not done;
he had even
been virtuous—
once*

fiction **By ROBERT RUARK** TOMMY Thomson
was tall and broad, white over the temples, always tanned, with real white natural uncapped teeth and an undyed mustache. He was a Scot, and he had been married five times. He was a yachtsman, when he had a yacht, and sometimes he drove a Daimler, sometimes a Bentley. Occasionally he walked, depending on what cash his marital status merited. This depended on the wealth of his women.

Tommy was a bum. But Tommy was a bum who remembered my last name. And this was important to me. I used to see him now and then, in bars along the Riviera, in the Middle East, Majorca, particularly at the Marfil in Barcelona—all of the places where I could dispose of my line of bathtubs, toilets and other appliances. And Tommy never forgot my name. I liked him for that. And I liked him because he always called me "Joseph" instead of just "Joe."

The Marfil was run by a gentleman named Miguel, with an assistant named Pepe, and it was located, aptly enough, at the end of an alley called the *Pasaje de la concepción*. The Marfil served a free lunch if you wanted it, mainly octopus, and often you would see a billion dollars' worth of bankers there quarreling over five cents with the dice cup. Every time I went to Barcelona, I visited the Marfil, looking for a sale—and hoping to run into Tommy.

I dropped in not too long ago and there was Miguel and there was Pepe and Tony and Pepita and Paco and all the rest of them—but no Tommy Thomson.

"¿Qué pasa?" I said to Miguel. "Where is Don Tomás?"

"What are you drinking?" asked Miguel. His face was very sad.

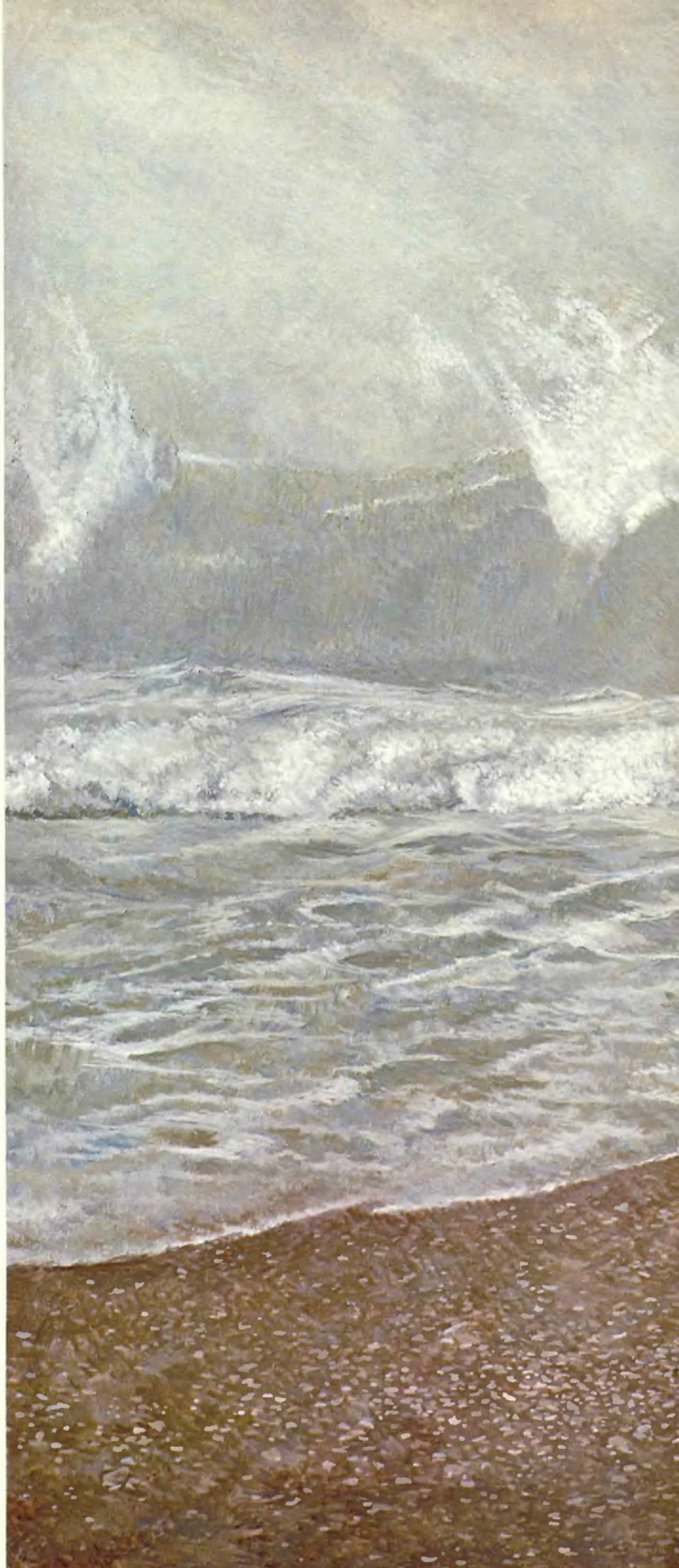
"The usual. Double whiskey. What has passed with Don Tomás?"

"This is in honor of the house," Miguel said, pouring a triple. "Ay, what a tragedy." He handed me my drink and then poured himself a stronger one. He raised his glass.

"A Don Tomás," he said. "Pobre. He finally became a decent man. Decency killed him."

"A story goes with this?"

"Sí, señor. A tragic story. When we clean the house we will go to another place and I shall relate. At this moment it is too noisy to relate a proper tragedy. Poor Don





Tomás. He should have remained a *sinver güenza*, a bum."

Miguel never closed his place until 11 P.M. So this gave me time to sit for a while there at the bar and think about Tommy.

. . .

Tommy was a cross between Errol Flynn and Freddie McEvoy, combining the best and worst qualities of each, looking like both and living like a corporation embracing both. It is doubtful if his name actually was Tommy Thomson, but he was an authentic Scot. I met him in Tangier a great many years ago, when Tangier was as wicked as its reputation. At that time he was a smuggler. He smuggled anything you could smuggle, from cigarettes to whiskey to kief and, I suspect, women. He smuggled by way of Gibraltar and Majorca to mainland Spain, mostly. He had his own schooner—a boat as long as Flynn's Sirocco—and his associates were two ex-Nazis on the lam, one half-bred English gentleman, an itinerant Turk, a snub-nosed Irish refugee, an Australian faggot and two Lesbians, only one of whom was French. His company also included a couple of Arabs with their hands in the Customs, a purely formal function that only served to facilitate movement of contraband from a duty-free city to other lands in which whiskey and cigarettes commanded premium prices.

Tommy was a gambler, and one night I saw him win a 14-year-old Arab girl in a poker game. Her name was Leila Nakhla, and she was very pretty, if slightly pocked from either an old family inheritance or a recently acquired malaise. (Tommy lost her a few weeks later to a former British chorus boy who called himself Count Something-or-other. A king full beat Tommy's queen full, but he made up the deficit with an arrangement of hashish candy.)

I saw Tommy in Monte Carlo, in the casino, well before the Greeks bought it, and he was with a very pretty French girl. I offered a small hello—a very small hello, because I never did know when Tommy was operating big and I never wanted to become an irritant when he was operating big. For all I knew, Tommy was about to marry into the shipping business—or open his own casino with an anticipated largess.

"Joseph!" Tommy gave me the big warm hand. "Come meet my girlfriend. This is *Mademoiselle*—what was the name again, *ma chérie*?"

"Gisèle," *ma chérie* said, and Tommy shrugged.

"Gisèle and I just met. And I have stopped gambling. I took a pretty good clobber at the tables in the last month. Then I met Gisèle and I am now taking her to dinner. Purely friendship. And no

gambling. All I have is seventy pounds, because what I had left after the clobbering I sent back to England, where soon I shall join it."

"A stupid question, perhaps," I said. "But if you're not gambling, what are you doing here in the casino?"

Again Tommy shrugged.

"You know how it is. Sentimental gesture. Twenty quid buys dinner and gets me out of town. So with my remaining fifty I shall have the one final throw. This is kind of a self-cure. I'm going to miss the clicking sound when the croupier says, '*Rien ne va plus*,' and that dirty little ball falls into a slot. But I am going straight. I might even go to work. This is what you might call a farewell to arms. For last luck, the lass gets half."

He turned to the girl.

"Gisèle. *Quel âge avez-vous*?"

"I am twenty-four," the girl said. She was not such a one as you would expect to find out on the night with Tommy Thomson, unless he was about to leave town with no future in the arrangement. This was a goodbye girl if I ever saw one.

"Well," Tommy said, "do me a favor, Joseph. Hold my twenty pounds, and we shall give it one last raffle on Gisèle's age with the fifty. If twenty-four comes up, we will have roughly two thousand pounds as a souvenir of this lovely principality where the Rolls-Royce bears license RXX 1. A kiss for luck, *chérie*. *Garçon!* A drink for my friends!"

Tommy walked over to the roulette board and looked at it as though he were about to shoot his dog, his horse and his mother.

"Don't molest yourself with chips," he said to the banker. "Just put the fifty pounds on number twenty-four. For luck. It is the age of the lady."

"*C'est très romantique*," the croupier said, before he spun the wheel. "Betting fifty pounds on a lady's age." The ball bobbed, then came to rest. *Rouge. Numéro 28.*

Another shrug from Tommy.

"This just isn't my year," he said. "Let's have a spot of haggis before I chase the plane."

I looked at *chérie*. She was crying, the mascara was dripping. Fifty pounds is only fifty pounds, and I figured she well might better this score in two nights of honest toil. Women are very unattractive when they cry in public.

Tommy looked at her as if she were some species of bug.

"I lost five thousand quid this week," he said. "What's to cry over about a lousy fifty when I've quit gambling anyhow?"

"But I lied, I lied, I lied! My age is actually *twenty-eight*! And I told you I was only *twenty-four*!"

Tommy looked at me and shrugged for the fourth time.

"Sweetie," he said, "you just blew half of two thousand pounds, according to the odds on the number." Then, to me: "Give me the twenty back."

I gave him the money. He peeled off two fives. Then he turned to the girl: "*Ma chérie*. This will get you home. But for God's sake, remember that a gambler is not interested in anything but vital statistics."

He turned to me. "You travel a lot, Joseph. What is your recommendation for the best hamburger joint in Prince Rainier's province?"

. . .

I will not bore you with Tommy's marriage to the heiress who had the house in the Casbah because the dope was easier to come by there, but he sold the wedding-present polo ponies for a fair price. We will not hash over the aging movie actress who was more broke than Tommy thought when he made an honest woman of her. Skip the widow who planted the house detective in the bar to make friends with Tommy when Tommy was taking a sabbatical from the widow. We may even forget the tape recorder on this one.

This is, after all, as Miguel was saying later in some joint in the *barrio chino*, a love story.

"*Sabe, señor*, nobility is like a suit. A suit off the rack. Some people it fits, some it does not. Nobility did not fit Don Tomás. You remember the last wedding?"

"I remember it."

Of course I remembered the wedding. How could I forget it? Only one other man in history, this Freddie McEvoy, ever knocked his bride stiff at the altar. It made all the brighter British papers and even got some space on the AP wire. Freddie's beloved, Claude, who was being protected by a rich Frenchman, gave back all her jewels, bonds, stocks, shares and a piece of a racing stable to prove to her keeper that she was marrying Freddie for love. This disenchanted Freddie, and he cooled his bride with a short right before they left the church. When Freddie carried Claude over the threshold, it was not sentimental. She still hadn't regained consciousness.

"*Mas o menos*, the same applied to our poor friend." Miguel took another bite out of his *Fundador*. "You knew he played a very good piano?"

"This I did not know. But I played some poker with him and he played a very good cinch bet."

"Do not joke about a departed friend. Don Tomás fell in love with the mistress of a rich Filipino. He expected a decent settlement when she left the Filipino. The woman—I believe her name was

(continued on page 146)

SO PRETTY AND SO GREEN

once, within the fastness of his primitive soul, there had lived an awareness of arboreal beauty, but that was gone now and all that remained was pure beast



fiction **By MacKINLAY KANTOR**

HE STEPPED THROUGH SHADOWS under the Sabal palms about ten o'clock at night and he found Auntie Gopher's grim little cottage.

The house stood well back from the street beyond a billboard, the way Bruce had heard men in the Gator Bar describe it. He was not too familiar with this section of Coquina Beach. He hated prowling around in strange darkneses, because some enemy might shoot him in the back.

"And that's cockeyed, too," he told himself. "Purely cockeyed. Because I got me no enemies here in town—only out there in the glades where I been aworking."

He knocked at Auntie Gopher's door with his enormous fist, and it made the whole house tremble. Auntie Gopher got up out of bed and put on a soiled pink-and-orange flowered housecoat, and came shuffling to the door. *(continued on page 288)*

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

*missives and missiles
for the jolly season*

To a grounded St. Nick



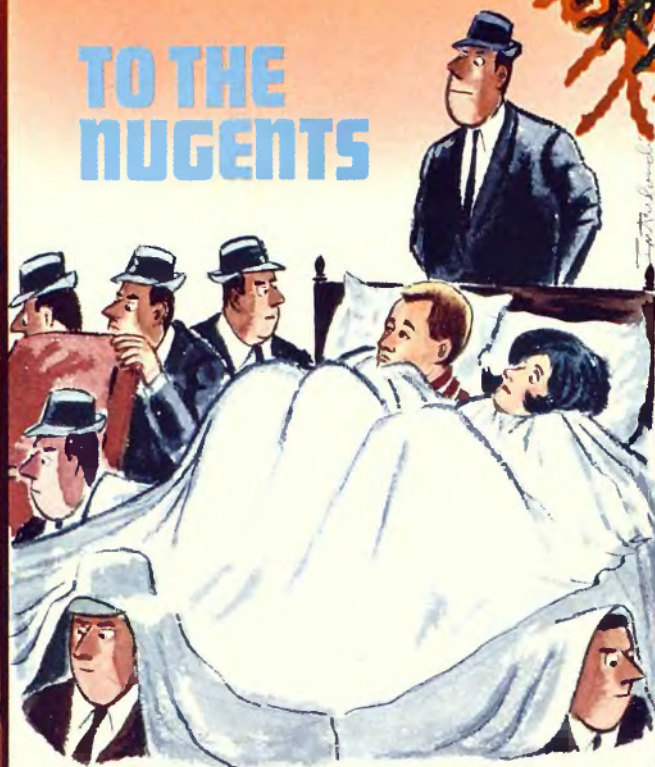
Sorry, Santa, it's bad news; tots and grownups weep.
Close up shop and tell the elves to let the reindeer sleep.
All of Congress is concerned; stay at home, they plead...
'Cause Nader says your trusted sleigh's unsafe at any speed!

TO A DISCOTHEQUE DOLLY

We swing at Arthur every night,
My disco-daft Lolita,
Then Shepheard's, where the beat is right,
And after that at Cheetah.
A go-ga girl you are, by gad;
You dance from dusk to dawn.
But when I've got you in my pad,
How come the go-ga's gone?



TO THE NUGENTS



Lady B's with L.B.J., Lynda's not a guest;
And so there are no Johnson Birds in Pat and Luci's nest.
But wedded bliss just meant for two can still get crowded when
The pitter-pat of little feet means Secret Service men!

TO MAN'S BEST FRIEND



With foreboding, worried nations
View exploding populations.
So our wassail cups we fill
And jubilantly toast—The Pill.

TO A COMELY CARNABY STREETER



Oh, microskirted miss, there's reason
We wish a frost-free Christmas season;
For lest December's warm and fair,
You'll freeze your London derriere.

verse BY JUDITH WAX

EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE

(continued from page 132)

"Any time," I agreed. "Tomorrow, if you wish."

Datt shook his head. "Next week will be soon enough."

"As you wish."

"Yes," said Datt. He walked out without saying good night.

After Datt left, Joey took a brief swing. I checked that the documents were still in their hiding place. Perhaps I should have given them to Datt a few minutes before, but I looked forward to seeing him again next week. "It seems to me, Joe," I said, "that we are the only people in town who don't have powerful friends." I put the cover on him before he could answer.

. . .

Faubourg St. Honoré, 7:30 P.M. Friday. The tiny art gallery was bursting at the seams. Champagne, free champagne, was spilling over high suede boots and broken sandals. I had spent 25 minutes prizing triangular pieces of smoked salmon away from circular pieces of toast, which is not a rewarding experience for a fully grown human male. Byrd was talking to Jean-Paul and rapping at one of the abstract panels. I edged toward them, but a young woman with green eye shadow grabbed my arm. "Where's the artist?" she asked. "Someone's interested in *Creature Who Fears the Machine*, and I don't know if it's one hundred thousand francs or fifty." I turned to her, but she had grabbed someone else already. Most of my champagne was lost by the time I got to Byrd and Jean-Paul.

"There's some terrible people here," said Jean-Paul.

"As long as they don't start playing that dashed rock-'n'-roll music again," said Byrd.

"Were they doing that?" I asked.

Byrd nodded. "Can't stand it. Sorry and all that, but can't stand it."

The woman with green eye shadow waved across a sea of shoulders, then cupped her mouth and yelled to me. "They have broken one of the gold chairs," she said. "Does it matter?"

I couldn't stand her being so worried. "Don't worry," I called. She nodded and smiled in relief.

"What's going on?" said Jean-Paul. "Do you own this gallery?"

"Give me time," I said, "and maybe I'll give you a one-man show."

Jean-Paul smiled to show that he knew it was a joke, but Byrd looked up suddenly. "Look here, Jean-Paul," he said severely, "a one-man show would be fatal for you right now. You are in no way prepared. You need time, my boy, time. Walk before you run." Byrd turned to me. "Walk before you run, that's right, isn't it?"

"No," I said. "Any mother will tell you that most kids can run before they

can walk; it's walking that's difficult."

Jean-Paul winked at me and said, "I must decline, but thank you anyway."

Byrd said, "He's not ready. You gallery chappies will just have to wait. Don't rush these young artists. It's not fair. Not fair to them."

I was just going to straighten things out when a short, thickset Frenchman with a *légion d'honneur* in his button-hole came up and began to talk to Byrd.

"Let me introduce you," said Byrd. He wouldn't tolerate informality. "This is Chief Inspector Loiseau. Policeman. I went through a lot of the War with his brother."

We shook hands, and then Loiseau shook hands with Jean-Paul, although neither of them showed a great deal of enthusiasm for the ritual.

The French, more particularly the men, have developed a characteristic mouth that enables them to deal with their language. The English use their pointed and dexterous tongues, and their mouths become pinched and close. The French use their lips, and a Frenchman's mouth becomes loose and his lips jut forward. The cheeks sink a little to help this, and a French face takes on a lean look, back-sloping like an old-fashioned coal scuttle. Loiseau had just such a face.

"What's a policeman doing at an art show?" asked Byrd.

"We policemen are not uncultured oafs," said Loiseau with a smile. "In our off-duty hours we have even been known to drink alcohol."

"You are never off duty," said Byrd. "What is it? Expecting someone to make off with the champagne buckets?" Loiseau smiled slyly. A waiter nearly passed us with a tray of champagne.

"One might ask what you are doing here?" said Loiseau to Byrd. "I wouldn't think this was your sort of art." He tapped one of the large panels. It was a highly finished nude, contorted in pose, the skin shiny as though made from polished plastic. In the background there were strange pieces of surrealism, most of them with obvious Freudian connotations.

"The snake and the egg are well drawn," said Byrd. "The girl's a damn poor show, though."

"The foot is out of drawing," said Jean-Paul. "It's not well observed."

"A girl that could do that would have to be a cripple," said Byrd.

Still more people crowded into the room and we were being pushed closer and closer to the wall.

Loiseau smiled. "But a *poule* that could get into that position would earn a fortune on the Rue Godot de Mauroy," said the Chief Inspector.

Loiseau spoke just like any police officer. You can easily recognize them by

their speech, to which a lifetime of giving evidence imparts a special clarity. The facts are arranged before the conclusions, just like a written report, and certain important words—bus-route numbers and road names—are given emphasis so that even young constables can remember them.

Byrd turned back to Jean-Paul: He was anxious to discuss the painting. "You've got to hand it to him, though, the *trompe-l'œil* technique is superb, the tiny brushwork. Look at the way the Coca-Cola bottle is done."

"He's copied that from a photo," said Jean-Paul. Byrd bent down for a close look.

"Damn me! The rotten little swine!" said Byrd. "It is a bloody photo. It's stuck on. Look at that!" He picked at the corner of the bottle and then appealed to the people around him. "Look at that, it's been cut from a colored advert." He applied himself to other parts of the painting. "The typewriter, too, and the girl . . ."

"Stop picking at that nipple," said the woman with green eye shadow. "If you touch the paintings once more you'll be asked to leave." She turned to me. "How can you stand there and let them do it? If the artist saw them, he'd go mad."

"Gone mad already," said Byrd curtly. "Thinking chaps are going to pay money for bits cut out of picture books."

"It's quite legitimate," said Jean-Paul. "It's an *objet trouvé* . . ."

"Rot," said Byrd. "An *objet trouvé* is a piece of driftwood or a fine stone—it's something in which an artist has found and seen otherwise unnoticed beauty. How can an advert be found? How can you find an advert—the damned things are pushed under your noses every way you look, more's the pity."

"But the artist must have freedom to—"

"Artist?" snorted Byrd. "Damned fraud. Damned rotten little swine."

A man in evening dress with three ballpoint pens in his breast pocket turned round. "I haven't noticed you decline any champagne," he said to Byrd. He used the intimate *tu*. Although it was a common form of address among the arty set, his use of it to Byrd was offensive.

"What I had," interrupted Jean-Paul—he paused before delivering the insult—"was sauterne with Alka-Seltzer."

The man in the dinner suit leaned across to grab at him, but Chief Inspector Loiseau interposed himself and got a slight blow on the arm.

"A thousand apologies, Chief Inspector," said the man in the dinner suit.

"Nothing," said Loiseau. "I should have looked where I was going."

Jean-Paul was pushing Byrd toward the door, but they were moving very slowly. The man in the dinner suit

(continued on page 328)

MY FAVORITE SLEUTHS



**a highly personal
dossier on
fiction's most
famous detectives**

article By KINGSLEY AMIS

"IT IS ONLY IN BOOKS that one finds the brilliant amateur detective X; real policemen are obstinate and hardheaded, are slow and literal-minded, are frequently mean and nearly always narrow: They have to be. They are part of the administrative machine, a tool of government control . . ."

So reflects Van der Valk, Nicolas Freeling's Amsterdam inspector, on his way to try to stop a beautiful female aristocrat and ex-ski champion from ambushing a Dutch businessman with a hunting rifle on a lonely road in southern France. With this latest adventure, *The King of the Rainy Country*, Van der Valk confirms his status as one of the most promising arrivals on the post-War crime-fiction scene. In his account of real policemen he is actually a little hard on himself. Obstinate and slow he may be, but these are only rude names for the Netherlander's inbred conscientiousness. As for literal-minded, he is given to reflecting self-accusingly that he is too much of a northerner, with his veins full of Ibsen, and is able without difficulty to work out the motivation of a suicide by pondering over the poem of Baudelaire's alluded to in the title. Besides all this, he is intelligent, thoughtful and good-natured—the last of these by no means a standard characteristic of fictional sleuths. (Even Sherlock Holmes has been known to come back at Watson with a quick impatient snarl or so when the chase is really on.) Van der Valk is an impressive man interestingly rendered. His only shortcoming as a hero, the only thing that robs him of the almost mythical and mystical glamor of a Holmes or a Nero Wolfe, is that he, unlike them, is very much a real policeman.

The point is even clearer with Simenon's celebrated Inspector

Maigret. In *My Friend Maigret*, the inspector takes along a Scotland Yard detective called Pyke to investigate a murder on a French island. Pyke—incidentally, an amusing and sympathetic portrayal—is supposed to be studying French police methods. At the end of the book it is suggested that Pyke, apart from having thrown down a good deal of the local wine, has been wasting his time, because there just are no such methods. None, that is, but the universal ones of interrogation of witnesses, suspects, neighbors and the like, thumbing through records and dossiers, consulting London, Ostend, Zurich and the like, and more interrogation. None of those brilliant intuitions, those miraculous leaps in the dark, those questions about what seem to be insanely irrelevant matters, that are so firmly in the middle of the great detective tradition inaugurated by Poe's Auguste Dupin. And Maigret himself, apart from taking an occasional applejack too many, has virtually no characteristics beyond those required to solve his cases. We know all too well that he will never in a million years start playing the violin or suddenly insist on cultivating orchids. That sort of thing is the prerogative of the unreal policeman, or rather the unreal nonpoliceman: Van der Valk's brilliant amateur detective X, who exists only in books. All the sleuths we remember and reverence and take into our private pantheon of heroes are figures not of realism but of fantasy, great talkers, great eccentrics, men who use inspiration instead of hard work, men to whom Venetian old masters mean more than police files and a good bottle of burgundy more than fingerprints. (Scope here for a scholarly footnote on the parallel with spy fiction: James Bond (continued on page 343)

Blanca or maybe Marisol—refused to accept a *duro* from the Filipino and she did not tell Don Tomás until they stood before the registrar, after they had pledged their troth. It can be said in favor of Don Tomás that he removed her glasses before he hit her in the chin, because Don Tomás was always *muy caballero*."

"Where does the piano come in—after the bruise?"

"Don Tomás went to work for a wage. He got a job playing a piano in"—Miguel moved his shoulders slightly—"you might call it a night club. *Here*. In Barcelona. And this girl, this Blanca or Marisol, sat by his side every night until four in the morning, lighting his cigarettes and bringing him a drink from time to time. If she disappeared, we chose to think that she was going to the ladies' room, and you know how long some ladies take to repair themselves when they go to the ladies' room. In any case, they prospered."

"You mean he was actually pimping for his wife?"

"I do not like the word *chulo*," Miguel said stiffly. "Until four in the morning is a long time to play the piano. A lady may well become weary of hearing *Malagueña* twenty times in the same evening. A man may become weary of seeing the lady constantly at his side while he plays *Malagueña* twenty times a night, six nights a week. Perhaps he welcomed a small vacation from her. And in Barcelona piano players do not make much money."

"So where does the love, the nobility, fit?" Getting a Spaniard to come to a point is as difficult as selling toilets in a town that has no steady supply of running water.

"Ah!" Miguel beamed. "It came suddenly, like the spring. History has a way of repeating itself. Don Tomás was always a lover of the sea. To love the sea means a boat. Once a former smuggler has a boat, he becomes a gambler and a smuggler again. Also, his fingers were weary of *Malagueña*, and his throat was dry from night-club cigarette smoke. From his wife's frugality, resulting from those frequent trips to the *damas*, Don Tomás was able to make a payment on a small yacht—only a forty-footer with one small auxiliary motor—and with only his wife, this Blanca or Marisol, for crew."

"But he knew some interesting people in several places, and a small investment can be made into a big investment if one practices personal economy and sobriety and holds the working overhead to a minimum. I must say that Blanca or Marisol was a strong and willing girl, and she crewed well. She could lift boxes of whiskey and cases of cigarettes and

smaller parcels of various other commodities as well as any man. With Don Tomás' assistance, she could even manage a case of rifles for the Algerians or Moroccans, and ammunition for the Turks."

"They prospered. Before long, Don Tomás traded in the little boat for a bigger boat, and expanded his operation to such things as machine guns, grenades and other vital necessities to the fight for freedom. The bigger boat was a one-hundred-footer, so now Don Tomás needed a crew. He found the crew in Tangier, where you can always find somebody who needs unsteady work for a good reason and whose name is always the name of somebody else."

"This crew was not of the old days, when people were actually trustworthy—former SS men, deserters from the Foreign Legion—really dependable people, if only because they had prices on their heads. Don Tomás' crew was four, including, I am told, a cross-eyed Syrian cook. This crew was the kind of crew that might tend to conspiracy if the end were worth the trouble."

"But what was *she* really like?"

Miguel kissed his fingers and blew the kiss away.

"Ah, Don José, she was like a breath of fresh air in a bar that has seen too many people. I do not know how to describe—perhaps you remember the early Dolores Del Rio? If you could combine the early Dolores Del Rio with the early Ingrid Bergman, and forget which color was her hair, that is what she was like. She could love a man and have a baby and plow a field and win a war. And she loved Don Tomás. You could see it in the eyes when she sat by his side and lit his cigarettes and brought him his drink."

"Dolores Del Rio is a Mexican brunette," I said. "And Ingrid Bergman is a blonde Swede. It's a hard combination. What did she *look* like?"

"She looked like a woman. Like the women of all ages and all natures and all countries. She was not so big as small, not so small as big."

"What color were her eyes?"

"Blue or green or brown or black. Depending."

"Background?"

Now it was Miguel's turn to shrug.

"I think the Japanese beat her husband to death in the old war. I think she told me she went for three years eating rosebuds and grass for the main meal, and I think there was something about a baby that died from hunger and a father that the Japs shot. *Quién sabe?* Always with women a different story, according to the mood. But she was *dama*—all lady. In any case, she had this Filipino protector before she left him for Don Tomás."

"And why did she leave this Filipino protector?"

"Spanish blood. There comes a time when you resent a Malay infusion in your protector. Don Tomás was of the Western world."

I know when I am licked. I let Miguel continue, but I was making up the end myself, half listening, looking at the pretty girls hustling the drinks, hearing the castanets click, watching the crowd, occasionally concentrating on a throb of guitars, or noticing how the flamenco singer's neck muscles swell on a high Arabic glottal note.

"They were leaving somewhere to come to somewhere, because they had to leave the other somewhere . . ." Miguel stopped and signaled a waiter. "And then there was this mutiny . . ."

I was able to construct the picture, knowing Tommy pretty well.

Tommy would know how to deal with a mutiny. So after he killed the four crewmen—possibly with one of the machine guns he was taking to Algeria—he and his wife were left to handle the big boat alone.

Almost immediately, as Miguel reconstructed it, the Mediterranean turned temperamental. The Med is an unpredictable bitch and it has no tide. Like most unpredictable bitches, it is subject to violent change when the wind comes out of nowhere and builds mountainous waves out of what was sun-dappled, breeze-dimpled water five minutes earlier.

There was much sheet on this big boat, and you need men to cope with big canvas. All Tommy had was his wife, and a wife is not enough to handle a boat when the only surviving sailor is up in the rigging with a knife trying to cut lines to subdue canvas gone suddenly mad in a sea that is even madder. Thus, it is not unlikely that evidently an enormous wind-piled wave took the yacht broadside and hurled Tommy off the mast and into the sea.

If there was one thing that Tommy did better than smuggling or gambling or drinking or wenching or marrying, it was swimming. He was a passionate skin-diver—that dated back to his treasure-hunting days, before people started using aqualungs—and from the position of the wreck, when the rescue boats went out in the calm, the boat hit a reef no more than a mile offshore. Tommy could have made it to the beach with one hand tied behind him. His instinct for survival had always been very strong. I am assuming he was already ashore when he thought of the wife he had hit in the chin because she had given up her money for love; the wife who sat by his side when he played the piano; the wife who had helped him sweat crates of liquor and machine guns and God knows what else into little coves in the dark of the moon; the wife who was alone on a beam-ends boat.

He surely made the shore; that is
(concluded on page 315)



*"Roll me over,
In the clover . . ."*

PLAYBOY ON THE TOWN IN

LONDON

**A SWINGER'S GUIDE
TO GOOD TIMES
IN THE LAND OF MOD**







IN THE 200 YEARS SINCE Dr. Johnson first noted that when a man is tired of London he is tired of life, this astonishing, swinging metropolis has amassed even greater evidence to affirm the erudite doctor's perception. To the foot-loose young bachelor on the move, London offers more of the best and less of the worst in virtually every pursuit and diversion known to civilized man. Understandably, contemporary London has been written about, photographed, filmed, televised, analyzed and almost inundated in a flood of phraseology such as *switched on*, *with it*, *fab*, *gear* and *super*. But great



Many of the sights of London are best sampled on foot. At the extreme left: Cozy couple strolls through Parliament Square, home of body politic, as coronation site, Westminster Abbey, rises regally behind. Center of spread: At Portobello Road, one of many London open-air markets, sartorial surprises range from old military to Mod. Left: The End Is At Hand at Hyde Park Corner, where speakers protest everything from telly tax to nuclear arms.



cities aren't summed up in a phrase; the enigma of London has challenged the descriptive powers of observers all the way back to the days of Caesar. Spenser, Pepys, Boswell, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, even Winston Churchill, have attempted, with varying success, to define London's uniqueness—but the protean city on the Thames persists in presenting as many faces as there are artists to limn them.

The personality of London today suggests urban schizophrenia that has somehow come to terms with itself. While its nocturnal turbulence sounds the upbeat staccato of a major city (text continued on page 160)



Above: Horse Guards, resplendent in gleaming breastplates and atop magnificent mounts, parade daily from Buckingham Palace through the Mall in a pageant that evokes the ageless glories of England in Briton and Bostonian alike. Left: Happy pair boards a London double-decker bus, the cheapest and friendliest way to see the city. Smoking is permitted on the upper level, conversation is abundant and fares begin at three-pence (3d.)—less than a nickel. 151



Piccadilly Circus is just that—a riotous circus of sound, light and movement just minutes from everything that's happening. Since 1893, the statue of Eros has pointed its bow eastward to Leicester Square, first-run movie center and alfresco arena for buskers, London's mendicant musicians. Five minutes to the northeast lies the heart of the theater district—Shaftesbury Avenue. To the north rages the phantasmagoric world of Soho: Strip shows, jazz, folk singers, Mod fashion run wild. To the west, the tailors of Savile Row, just off Bond and Regent Streets. To the south, the hushed greenswards of St. James's Park. And at the hub of it all, Piccadilly Circus.



Soho's strip salons begin their long day's grind before noon, and the girls leave absolutely nothing to the viewer's imagination. At Raymond's Revuebar (above), if pedestaled nudes prove too tame, English ecdysiasts whip up a leather-and-motorcycle tableau capable of fulfilling fetishist fantasies. Raymond's also lays bare a large collection of nudie comic films, with screenings held in its cocktail lounge. In addition to serving up delicious femalia, London has regained gastronomic glory. At the Cockney Pride (top) and the more intimate Hunting Lodge, Yorkshire pudding and roast beef prove that Britain's traditional comestibles are still regal victuals.



Above: Tavern tippling in Shakespeare's day left Britons groggy, and today the same atmosphere—and effect—is created at the Gore Hotel's bawdy Elizabethan Room. Against a backdrop of authentic period furnishings, waitresses respond to England's ancient art of the bottom pinch by turning the other cheek, and a table-wandering minstrel strums his way through the top pop tunes of the 17th Century. Mead, a time-honored ferment of mostly malt and honey, causes Elizabethan Room revelers to remark how sweet it is. **Below:** At the fashionable Colony Club, host George Raft (light suit) lends dice-rolling support to a hopeful distaff craps shooter.





Above: A covey of wildly plumaged night owls flies high at Sibylla's, one of the London discothèque set's newest haunts in a town making the most of a miniskirted bird-refuge boom that encompasses the likes of The Scotch, Dolly's, The In Place and The Playboy Club. Owned by Beatle George Harrison and several of his friends, Sibylla's opened this past summer with 800 members, each picked and vouched for by an owner. It's named after British debutante Sibylla Edmonstone. Below: Romantic twosome tête-à-têtes at historic Blackfriars Bridge—where the Thames' early-morning beauty dawns—after an all-night session in the Mod new world of Londontown.



AND THERE'S ALSO THE SWINGING SCENE INSIDE.....



Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, Bunny Geri hops into hutch. Keeping things hopping, below, Frank Sinatra spends day shooting scenes with Bunnies in London Club for his latest movie.



In the Playmate Bar, the imbibers invariably include London's swinging set—these microskirted birds and escorts will cap their evening at the Playboy Discothèque. Among the celebrities dining in the VIP Room, bottom left: international film stars Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress and James Garner.



.....THE LONDON PLAYBOY



"Twenty-one, a winner," says the Bunny dealer to a lucky keyholder. The Penthouse Casino, on the top floor of London Club, offers roulette and craps as well as blackjack—all played with Croupier Bunnies.



VIPs in the VIP Room: Ballet's brightest star, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Princess Lee Radziwill, sister of Jacqueline Kennedy. VIP Bunny Sandy, at right, adds charm to the Continental cuisine. Below, the traditional "Rien ne va plus!" signals end of betting in VIP Room's French roulette.

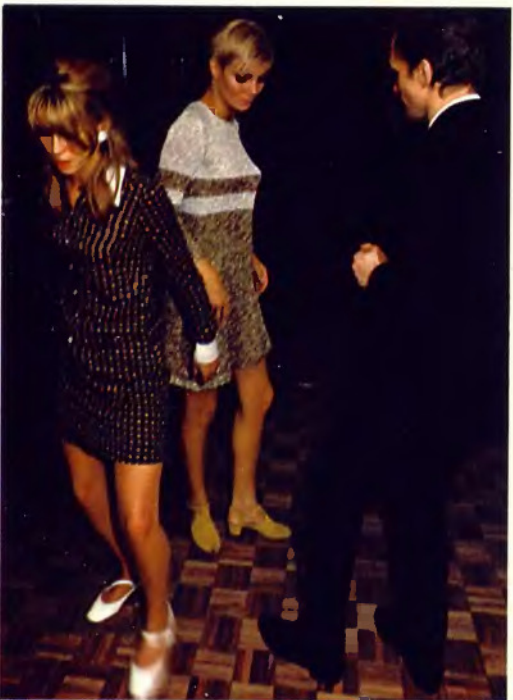


CLUB



Woody Allen, in London for filming of "Casino Royale," puts on an impromptu show in the Playroom for fellow keyholders. At right, Kenneth Tynan, critic and PLAYBOY contributor (see page 223), gives his between-acts drink order to superbly superstructured Bunny Sylvia. Below: Bunny's hand is a blur as she deals cards in Cartoon Corner casino. Comedian Allan Sherman confessed, on the Johnny Carson show, he found playing blackjack with a Bunny so disconcerting he didn't really care how the cards came out.





The Majority (top) rules in the Discotheque as disked doll dances with comic Jackie Curtiss; Julie Christie, Playmate Susan Denberg and Hugh Hefner dig the beat; and then everyone joins in. At right: The Scene, as seen from Hyde Park.



on the move, the diurnal mood of London's green and wooded parks bespeaks a contemplative serenity far from the maddening noise of traffic and the electronic distractions of the 20th Century. Besides being the third largest city in the world, the capital of England and the focal point of a battered-but-unbowed Commonwealth that still stretches from Sydney to Saskatoon, this cosmopolitan, sprawling city is a nation unto itself. Saxon ruins, Roman walls, Norman fortresses, Gothic armories, Elizabethan pubs, Tudor mansions, Renaissance cathedrals, Regency town houses, Georgian mews, Victorian office buildings, Danish-modern apartments and chrome-and-plastic luncheonettes combine to encapsulate London's 1900-year history in architectural microcosm.

London is a man's city, designed by men. Not surprisingly, London is also a city of startling and constant contrast. Stainless-steel skyscrapers cast their shadows across slate roofs that were old when they survived the Great Fire in 1666; a column of mounted cavalry, wearing the plumes and breastplates of the Life Guards, trots past a brace of miniskirted secretaries out for a lunchtime stroll; and a brewer's dray loaded with barrels of draught ale and manned by a Micawberesque carter straight out of Dickens waits for a light next to a gun-metal Aston Martin DB6, wherein a sleek blonde deb adjusts a nylon before roaring down the Mall to meet her date in Knightsbridge.

While the London of 1966 still preserves much of its archetypal pomp, less venerable elements have transformed the circumstance. Probably the single most important change since World War Two has been the breakdown of class prejudice, the results of which Edwardians would wince to contemplate. No longer does the workingman snap to mental attention at the nearby neighing of an upper-class accent; the bumbling forelock tugger who stood at the gates of the family estate while master rode off to hounds has long since gone the way of the Druids, along with master himself.

Happily, the London that has emerged from this slow shakedown of custom and precedent is a city full of bounce, bawdiness and birds—as the Londoner is apt to call the more youthfully eager members of the fair sex. In London there are more birds on the ground than in the trees: saucy-hipped, leggy creatures of infinite warmth, whether it be between dances on the *discothèque* floor or between drinks at your London digs. "She's not dead, she's English," was once the Procrustean punch line to half a dozen medieval saws describing the legendary immobility of the beleaguered

British bedmate; it no longer applies, in fact it ever did: Sexual dalliance in today's London demands not vivification but downright stamina. Like they say, London swings, and so do its birds.

The city's climate is a blend of misty mornings and the darkling damp, so pack warm clothes; but if you plan to fly, travel light—because you'd be foolish not to bring back some of those finely tailored London togs. Unless you expect to attend a masquerade party, avoid polka-dot bell-bottoms, Beatle hats and boots with Cuban heels. The cut of a good American suit is as much admired (and diligently emulated) by sartorial savants in London today as the extreme Mod wardrobe was a year ago. The way-out fashion look exploited by a handful of young British businessmen along Carnaby Street (you may have heard of that thoroughfare by now) is giving way to a fad that began a decade ago in the city's hipper art schools: a vintage-ish look, combining the best elements of early George Raft and Regency run amuck. Take a raincoat—and never scorn the umbrella. Apart from its more mundane function, a "brolly" often provides pleasant introductions: Many a lightly clad lass, snared by a sudden shower, has found sanctuary under a stranger's bumbershoot.

For American citizens, entry into Britain requires minimal paperwork—a valid passport and a round-trip ticket. You'll need the usual smallpox vaccination certificate to re-enter the U. S. If you go by sea and find you've forgotten your certificate, the ship's doctor will give you a free shot. In our view, ocean travel on a British vessel affords a welcome preview of the delights to follow. The tradition of amatory adventure on the high seas is no fiction, for within the compact but isolated limbo of an ocean voyage, shy girls become bold, icy types melt and teasers stop kidding. For the male as yet uninitiated in the joys of shipboard life, we recommend this route above all others. Many lines, incidentally, offer special round-trip rates combining sea and air—a leisurely, introductory get-there, and a prolongation of your sojourn to the last moment before you jet home in a matter of hours, picking up clock time as you wing westward. The crossing from New York to Southampton takes only five days on the bigger liners, a few more on the smaller (and often livelier) ones. Round-trip fares start around \$500 tourist and \$800 first-class. And Southampton is just under two hours' train ride from London's Waterloo Station.

If your itinerary is too tight for a lazy ocean voyage, jets make the crossing in just over six and a half hours. Twenty-one-day round-trip fares start at \$300 from New York, \$375 from Chicago and

\$590 from San Francisco. First-class is \$713, \$817 and \$1034, respectively. The route is served by all major carriers, including Alitalia, Pan Am, TWA, BOAC and Air India. We've flown all of them, and the service is negligibly variable and generally excellent, although the smaller carriers tend to pamper their passengers slightly more than the larger ones.

Weather permitting, your first glimpse of England from the air will be the farmland of Cornwall and Devonshire, a checkerboard of soft green pasture and deep brown crop soil that has been tilled in some areas for more than a millennium. London lies only 290 miles to the northeast. Soon after your jet has touched down, you'll be driven from the plane to Customs in a bus.

While you are clearing Customs, you will be asked whether you are carrying more than the permitted maximum of 400 cigarettes, one fifth of liquor and one bottle of wine (duty is payable on excess quantities). Once you have collected your luggage, you may either take the airlines bus to a city terminal or ride in by taxi. Or you may rent a car from any of the major agencies in the transatlantic arrivals building. (Remember that unless you specify otherwise, you'll probably get a floor shift, four-forward-and-one-back gearbox.) Rates begin as low as \$35 a week (unlimited mileage) on Mini-Minors and rise to \$126 a week unlimited for a Jaguar Mark X. Summer rates are higher, but discounts are generally offered on extended rentals. If you have reserved accommodations at one of London's more prestigious hotels, and should you not be driving yourself, you should make a quick check outside the Customs hall to see if the hotel has sent a uniformed chauffeur to meet you. He can be identified by the braided lettering on his cap—or by a discreet lapel insignia.

If you've picked up a rental car at the airport, you'll notice that London drivers seldom use the horn (they indicate a desire to pass by flashing their lights) and that cryptic hand signals supplement turn indicators and brake lights. The English drive on the "wrong" side, of course, but if you're coming in from the airport, the first ten miles are on divided expressways; you'll probably be accustomed to right-hand drive and left-hand lanes by the time you've reached the center of London.

There are 35,000 hotel rooms available in London, but many of them fall far short of American standards and are not recommended to those accustomed to running hot water, private bathrooms, central heating and dry walls. Conventions, trade exhibitions, reunions of one kind or another and the perpetual attraction

(continued on page 316)

THE BOMB AND i

article By BROOKS ATKINSON the dean of american theater critics recounts his valiant but vain attempts to establish some sort of rapport with our computerized society

IN A COMPUTERIZED CIVILIZATION no one communicates willingly. No one feels obligated to treat human beings with civility. The messages a householder receives are curt and cryptic: "F. O. \$2.31." "53657 \$14." "On Account \$366. Adjustments \$366. Total due \$0.00." "W/T (claimed \$1347.12) should have been \$1347.12."

I take these items at random from bills and invoices recently addressed to me by computers whose vocabulary is taciturn and whose manners are abrasive. In most cases, I can guess the origin of the message because I remember having had transactions with the plaintiffs during the past months. But I shall never know what W/T refers to or how the alleged claim of \$1347.12 differs from the corrected amount of \$1347.12, because the accountant took my check without bothering to answer my inquiry. He got what he wanted; he did not choose to admit me into his confidence, although I have no proof that he did not bilk me. For the world of the computer, to which the accountant

"Computers? Their vocabulary is taciturn, their manner abrasive."

adheres, is a private world that has its own jargon and methods and avoids contact with human beings until, at regular intervals, a statement of amount due drops out of the slot.

When the check arrives, the computer and the account emit no further intelligence. No receipted bill, as in the naïve days of a few years ago. No acknowledgment that you have discharged your part of the transaction. The world of the computer is boorish. Refined citizens used to take a superior and sardonic attitude toward the stereotyped business letter that began: "Your favor of 19th inst, received and contents noted. In reply would say, etc." The grammar was wretched, but the impulse was social. The person addressed was not held in low esteem.

This baffling estrangement between buyer and seller and this erosion of courtesy come at a time when sociologists dote on the word "communicate." They feel sure they are accomplishing something vital for democracy when they lure people into a "dialog." Everyone can become his own Plato or Santayana—two eminent authors of dialogs—if he can argue with someone over a long period of time without losing his temper. The theory is that if the United States and the Soviet Union, for instance, held a dialog long enough, their differences would vanish and everything would be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. (There is a fallacy here. The Soviet Union's capacity for creating and sustaining protracted boredom is invincible. You can't break Soviet citizens with words. They can break you.)

Despite a widespread faith in dialog as the great leveler and conciliator that makes friends and pulverizes enemies, the civilization of the computer has shattered the art of communication. A citizen is hard put to get a personal letter from a branch of the Government, a large business organization or, particularly, a department store.

I have had considerable experience in the area of noncommunication. Being a recent convert to the Federal Government's Social Security mythology, I am eager to establish a blameless record by concealing nothing and explaining everything. Government bureaucrats (concluded overleaf)



*"Plastic ones are OK, but nothing can replace
the real things, eh, Mr. Thompson?"*

are by nature sluggish, secretive and suspicious—the three Ss of the craft. They would be happy if the citizens would not disturb them.

Let me set down the details of my calamitous progress from receiving Social Security benefits every month to my present condition of receiving none—all in accordance with Pudder's Law: Anything that begins well ends badly. First, I must expound the Social Security law. If a retired citizen does not earn more than \$1500 a year, he is entitled to the full course of Social Security benefits, which means 12 payments a year. But here comes a perplexing "exception to the general rule" that destroys the logic of the law and, I should think, would blow up any computer that tried to cope with it: "Regardless of total earnings for a year, however, benefits will be payable for any month in which you neither earn wages of more than \$125 nor perform substantial services in self-employment." In other words, you can earn \$100,000 or even \$200,000 (probably you are a felon) in the month of January, but you are still entitled to monthly payments for the rest of the year if you are scrupulous about earning little or nothing. The \$1500 annual limit appears to apply only to citizens who are honest or handicapped in other respects as well.

Now come the details of my baffling experience for which I have sought counsel without success. Big Brother remains elusive. When I retired and went off the payroll of my employer, I had the comforting experience of receiving monthly Social Security payments and enjoyed the benign sensation of getting back in monthly installments some of the money my employer and I had obediently paid the Government since 1936. The glory of the New Deal was beginning to come true. But almost immediately, I ran into the "exception to the general rule." I made the mistake of earning \$3500 during the second month. To keep my account straight, I returned the next month's Social Security check, feeling rather smug about my honesty, and payments continued through the next two months. Then they stopped. I was dropped from the payroll because, according to a form letter, my expected earnings for the year "appeared to be \$4800." True enough; but under "exception to the general rule," I was still eligible for payments in months when I earned less than \$125, wasn't I?

Although my private financial affairs are not the subject of this article, I have to refer to them in order to explain my frustration in a computer civilization. Bewildered by what seemed to me a new procedure, I wrote to an amiable member of the Social Security Administration, who had invited me to consult him if I needed help. No answer. After a polite interval, I wrote to his assistant, who

had also offered personal counsel whenever I needed it. No answer.

About three months later, a third staff member in another county 100 miles upstate illustrated the first Law of Big Brother: If a direct question is asked, an indirect reply is mandatory. He said that my earnings were not the criterion for Social Security payments, but the number of hours I worked a month in self-employment were. "You should request payments in any month in which you are eligible," he said, shifting the burden of proof from him to me. For the Government was falling back to a previously prepared position in order to deprive me of the money I had been paying into the treasury for 29 years.

To avoid unnecessary tedium, I shall skip the next two stages in my attempts to inaugurate a dialog—one of them a telephone call from a fourth staff member; the next an office visit by me to a fifth staff member. Although nothing specific was said, I could see that I was steadily losing ground. Obeying instructions from the New York office, I set forth my claims for eligibility in the month of January. No answer. When I was in San Francisco five weeks later, I did receive a communication from the Albany branch of the Administration reporting that it had no record of my Social Security number. Why Albany? Now I am back to where I began in 1936.

I do not blame the bureaucrats in the Social Security Administration for having to write letters. For the laws that they administer are so irrational and self-defeating that only a sadist or an acrobat could apply them to the individual situations of the clients. Social Security does not like to say so bluntly, but now I realize that it has dropped me as too temperamental or too intricate. Probably it is paying other clients out of the money I paid to the Administration for 29 years. Adopting the manners of the computer, it remains impassive, like the menacing, noiseless world of Kafka.

(STOP PRESS BULLETIN. After considering my case in dignified silence for two and one half months, the Social Security Administration wrote me a letter. It said that it had overpaid me. It asked me to send the United States Government my check for \$407.80. In a computer civilization, the rules change every time a person intervenes.)

But this situation is not unique. The inability of the New York State Income Tax Bureau to communicate with the citizenry resulted in a painful experience for me recently. In December 1965, the Bureau broke a long though comforting silence by mailing me a check for \$822.96, representing, the Bureau said, a gross overpayment by me earlier in the year. Now, this was the happiest event in a lifetime of fidelity in the payment of income taxes. Although I did not understand the motive for the check, I did not

question it. The next month, the Bureau tersely billed me for \$542.93, which not only surprised me but hurt my feelings. According to Murphy's Law, if anything can go wrong, it will, and I believe it. When I paid the new assessment, I prayed to the director of the Bureau to explain in simple language suitable for a layman why the Bureau had quixotically given me \$822.96 one month and snatched back \$542.93 the next. No answer. My check was not acknowledged; the inquiry was not answered.

An accountant, employed by me in a state of crisis and shock, looked over my records a few months later and made a discovery that amounted to genius. In a temperate, impressive letter, he notified the Income Tax Bureau that it owed me an additional \$857.93: "Will you therefore," he asked in blameless English, "please issue a check to the taxpayer for the above amount at your earliest convenience."

But the Bureau did not issue a check to me for \$857.93 or communicate with me about it. It communicated with the accountant, sensing perhaps in his literary style the personality of a confederate. It invited him to a conference. When they all put their heads together and held a dialog behind closed doors, they all agreed: that I owed the state another \$510.77. This came under the jurisdiction of Finagle's Law: If anything goes wrong, anything you do only makes it worse. The accountant carried Finagle's Law to its logical conclusion. He charged me a professional fee of \$150 for conspiring with the state to seize \$510.77 more from my bank account. Although the state has ingested that sum in silence, it recently sent me a message that was unique and delightful: "Unpaid balance, \$90.11. Installment due, None." Although this conclusion does not seem logical, I welcome it. But there will be trouble later on. Being immensely complex, representing years of broad-scale conniving and hanky-panky, the income-tax laws of the state and the nation are more crackbrained than the Social Security laws. They have to be administered by sensory perception.

Norbert Wiener, the celebrated cyberneticist and godfather to computerism, said: "The brain is better for a writer than a computer." He made that remark in his capacity as a writer. But the writer's brain does not make it possible for him to understand the curt messages the computers send him. Nor does his brain assure him that the messages the computer sends are correct. Computers understand one another; they chatter away together like old friends. But they have jettisoned the courtesies of communication that were once taken for granted as an integral part of a civilization. Computers send messages to checkbooks. They eliminate people.

*with such a trap, such marksmanship—
and such stupidity—it took a madman's
dream to save the day for the marshal*

WHEN IT WAS REPORTED that a lead mine had been discovered in the Galorian foothills, I was tempted to warn potential speculators that the prospectors had probably discovered, splashed into the crevices in the quartz, a few of the many tons of ammunition we wasted there when Orlik "heroically subdued" the mountaineers, 35 years ago.

They made him a general after that, and later a marshal; and now we have an Orlik Square, with a bronze statue of him in the middle of it. At the time of the Mount Galoria operation, he was colonel in command of the 47th Battalion of Heavy Infantry, and I was adjutant. It has occurred to me that my opinion of Orlik may have been overcolored by the impatience and intolerance of youth. But time has not modified it. I have been young, and now I am old, and I have yet to encounter a more heart-breaking example of soulless ineptitude than is offered by Marshal Orlik.

As a soldier, he was a dolt. In another profession—the law, perhaps, or the Church—his kind of witlessness might have passed as juridical exactitude, or shone as canonical probity. I can even picture him in politics, as grand old man of some dying group of diehard reactionaries. In the army, in peacetime, he was a useful man in a training depot where recruits are drilled to perfection for full-dress parades. But in combat, Orlik the monocled martinet was a pestiferous nuisance.

Galoria provides a case in point.

I shall say what I have to say of the high command in another place. It is common (continued on page 302)

fiction By GERALD KERSH

THE TRUTH ABOUT ORLIK



Angels

but has not been able to prevail against one feminine creature, because to prevail against her meant to prevail against his own deep and unconquerable weakness. Who knows but that Hitler's secret lay in his own inner impregnability to the feminine? And yet, resisting women, he developed his own femininity, which is always weakness, whether it be found in woman or in man himself. ¶From what ether came the female, this creature so oddly like man and yet so utterly different? She is such stuff as his dreams are made on. Mohammed, dreaming of houris, created Moslem heaven, and in India Lord Krishna dreamed of willing milkmaids in a summer meadow. For that matter, Adam in the Garden dreamed of Eve, not knowing that when a woman is created even from his rib, she takes on her own being, forever separate from his and yet forever entangled with him in his human frame. Yet, incorrigible dreamer that he is, man dreams that somewhere, somehow, women are or can be angels. ¶And woman? Never did she make talk of angels! She knew from the beginning that



talk of angels! She knew from the beginning that such bird or beast did not exist—snakes, yes, but not angels. But she knew man, too, from the first moment that she met his eyes, and she understood that he must have his dreams or she could never persuade him to plod his way into the wilderness and drudge his daily life away for her and for the children who appeared in due time and with dread precision when the two made love. Let him have his angels, she thought, so long as he brings meat to the cave and wood for the fire.

Since he dreamed of angels, however, it was inevitable that man dreamed, too, of where they might be found. As unlike as angels were to this woman he had captured, so unlike was the celestial heaven he imagined as their dwelling place to this dark and smoky cave. He conjured thoughts of a bright and happy place, whose streets were paved with gold, whose rivers ran with wine, whose air was filled with music, and he peopled it with angels, winged and beautiful. He grew restless with such dreams.

"Let's find heaven together," he said to the woman one day.

She heard but she did not listen. The last baby was cutting teeth and the other children were hungry and the meat was burning. She could not put her mind on heaven.

"I'd hate it," she said firmly. "Besides, the cave would be nice enough if you would only roll a rock at the entrance to keep out the rain."

"I'll find heaven for myself, then," he said stubbornly.

She, of course, knew exactly what he was thinking, for she looked into the mirror of his eyes and saw herself. He looked at her and saw how stringy her hair was and how filthy her sheepskin, but he said nothing. Anything to get away from here was what he thought.

"You're dreaming of angels again," she accused him. "Well, I have no time to sit around twanging a harp, even if I want to, which I don't. Who'd look after the children? Stop thinking about angels and mermaids and the like! No such creature exists."

The man did not answer. He knew there were angels or he would not have dreamed there were. Or, if there were not, there should be, and therefore could be. As for mermaids, he had only heard of them, but he loitered often by the sea, dreaming of them. They were the angels of the sea.

The woman never dreamed. She did not know how or she had not the brains for it. For her the magical sea was only a place of wicked waves reaching to snatch her children away, or even on sunny days when the water was calm, only a place where she went to find oysters and crabs, in case the man did not feel like working that day. She was too practical for him and too dull. He often marveled

that when he first saw her, he had thought her the image of poetry. Soon, too soon, he discovered that she had no poetry in her. She was ruthless, quarrelsome, unsentimental and as stubborn as the winter wind. Moreover, she was always busy about small unnecessary tasks. She would never be able to understand why he continued to dream about angels, especially after she had told him they did not exist.

For her part, the woman was convinced that in his heart the man knew there were no angels, and that he kept up the dream talk in order to make her feel inferior. Perhaps he had seen shadows wavering in the forest or perhaps he had heard other men talk or perhaps he had only built dreams of angels to comfort himself after she had scolded him for carrying in mud when she had just cleaned the cave. At any rate, he was obsessed by the notion of angels and at last, when he could not find a real angel nor discover the road to heaven by himself, he thought up a plan so absurd that she hooted with laughter when he proposed it to her.

"Why don't you make yourself into an angel?" he suggested one day.

It was raining and he did not go into the forest, the sort of day she dreaded, because it gave him time to sit and think, or worse still, to dream. It was now that she laughed. To her surprise, she saw he was entirely serious.

"I mean it," he said gravely. "I believe you could do it if you liked the idea."

"Do what?" she asked.

"Be my angel," he said.

"How?" she asked.

He hesitated now that he had to give details.

"Be beautiful," he said.

"What do you mean—beautiful?" she asked.

"Brush your hair until it shines," he said. "Fix your face somehow—make your skin soft and white. And do something to your eyes. They are always red with smoke. Angels have great lovely eyes, like the eyes of deer. And their voices are soft, because angels are gentle. They never scold. They just wait for a man to come home."

"With no meat?" she asked suspiciously.

"I'd always bring home meat if you were an angel," he said. "I'd know you had no one else but me. As it is, if I'm a few minutes late you snatch a club and rush out into the forest yourself and come home with God knows what. That porcupine you brought in last night was worse than the sole of a bear's paw."

He made a face and she hastened to defend herself. "It was getting dark and the children were crying for food and I thought you'd probably got in with a gang of hunters."

He interrupted her. "Ah, that's your weakness—you are always thinking! I've told you over and over again—leave

thinking to me. My brain is bigger than yours."

She was so angry that she could not think of what to say in reply to this. She turned to the fireplace and rattled the stones about and frightened the children into crying. When they cried she slapped them and all in all created such an uproar that in disgust the man went out to the forest.

When he was gone, the woman quieted at once. She hugged the children and told them she loved them, she fed them and put them to bed and covered them with bearskins. She tidied the cave and washed herself and combed her hair with a strong twig from a thorn tree. Then she lay down and waited for the man to come back. She knew he would come back, because he had gone away without eating. It was late, however, before she heard him crashing through the brush. Meantime she, too, had time to think. She thought over all he had said and she decided that she would change and be an angel, for the sake of peace. It would be difficult, for she did not know what an angel really was and the best she could do would be to find out at least what he thought it was, since he had never seen one. Meanwhile, she might as well begin by being as different as possible from her present self. So, when he stood at the entrance to the cave, in the light of the dying fire, waiting to hear her snarl at him for being late and ready to throw his club at her, she only smiled at him sleepily from her bearskin and put up her arms.

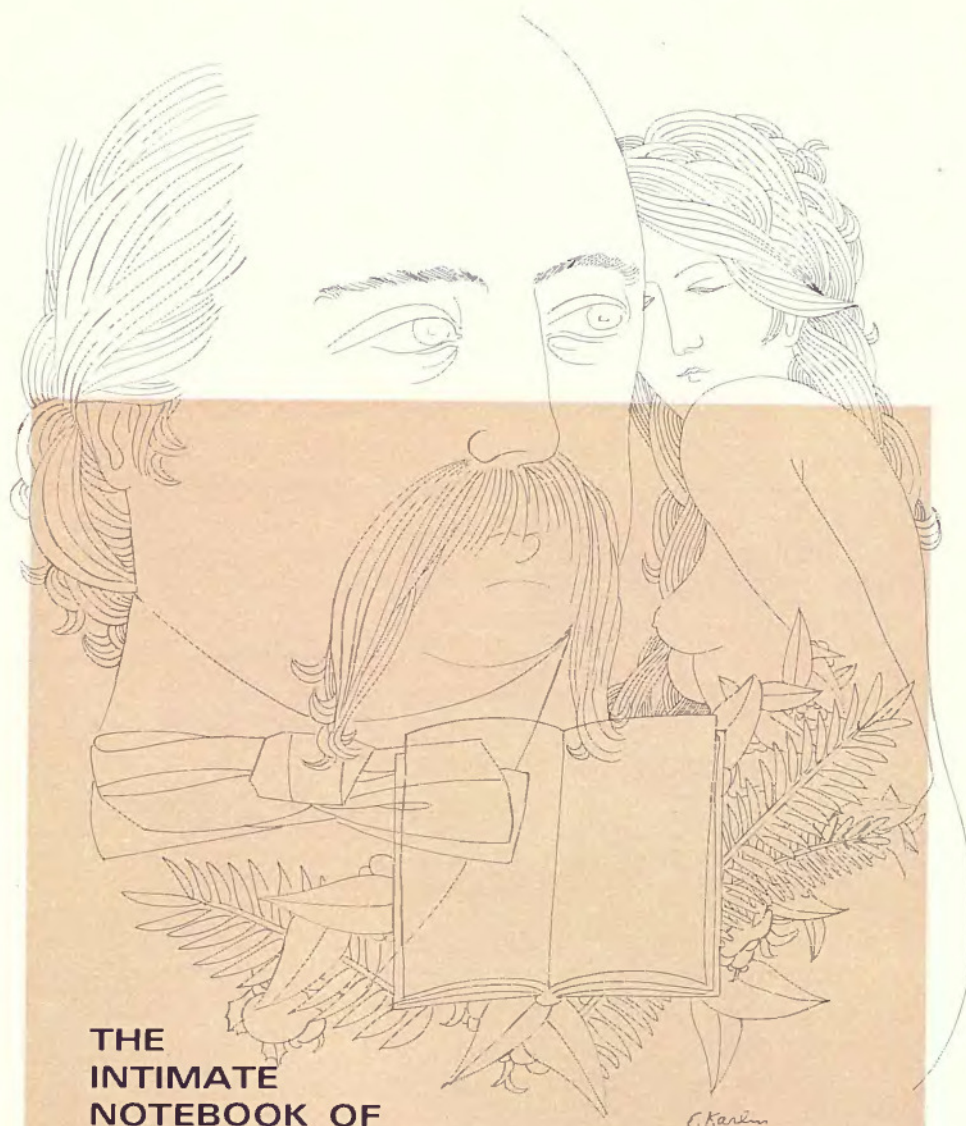
"Darling!" she breathed. "I've missed you!"

He was too dazed to reply at once. He stumbled in, threw down his club and took her to his breast.

"Why, you angel!" he muttered, mumbling at her lips.

She did not become an angel immediately, however. In truth, she never has become wholly an angel, although for centuries she has continued the struggle. It is not a struggle with the man so much as with herself. For the truth is that she still does not really want to be an angel and so she can never quite be one. In her impatience, she has goaded the man into all sorts of inventions designed to free her from the cave and cooking, so that she would have time to be an angel. The cave itself is entirely different from the one that was her first. It is now usually a ranch house or a split-level, but sometimes it is a palace. Whatever it is, she is still and too often impatient with it. She longs to get out into the forest into business and even government. She is, as she always has been, practical and competitive and not at all romantic at heart, and being an angel is a bore, for angels are always romantic and always ready to make love. At least that is what the man tells her. She

(concluded on page 262)



THE INTIMATE NOTEBOOK OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

translated by **FRANCIS STEEGMULLER**

*from the recently discovered journal of one of France's greatest novelists:
early reflections on middle-class morality, the marquis de sade, ego and art*

PEOPLE OVER 40, their hair a bit gray, no enthusiasms amidst all the tedious clichés they smother you with, have a way of telling you: "You'll change, young man, you'll change"—to such a point that there isn't a single remark about life, art, politics, history, that isn't accompanied by that refrain. I remember a great utterer of platitudes urged me one day to write out all my ideas in the form of aphorisms, seal the paper and open it in 15 years. "You'll find another man," he told me.

I put improvisation above reflection, feeling above reason, mercy above justice, religion above philosophy, the beautiful above the useful, poetry above all.

I don't count even on myself—perhaps I shall be a vile creature, ignoble, wicked, cowardly, how can I tell? And yet I think I shall have more virtue than others because I have more pride. Therefore, praise me.

I go from hope to anxiety, from wild optimism to dreary negation; it's rain and sun, but it's a gilded cardboard sun and a nasty rain with no storm.

Philosophy: a new science, which speaks neither to the heart nor to the senses, for there are only two things, poetry or beauty, and the useful or profitable; if you want to be a God, be a poet.

There are two kinds of vanity: public vanity (continued on page 280)





"Terrific, eh? Each year we rent the old lady and come out here and have a real underground Christmas."



GOD BLESS THE GENTILE

*with wry humor,
an american jew examines
an age-old affliction
and its current manifestations*

article

By HARRY GOLDEN

MY FELLOW SOUTHERNERS honor every deed, every gesture, every battered flag, every gravestone that descends from the Civil War. They have conferred sainthood upon every Confederate from Marse Robert himself down to the lowliest drummerboy. They love and cherish them all—all, except one—Judah P. Benjamin, called “the brains of the Confederacy,” who served Jeff Davis as Secretary of War and Secretary of State. Not a hurrah—not a word. Nothing. And the interesting thing about this omission is that Benjamin, being a Jew, naturally out-Confederated the Confederates. Only he put it squarely on the line when he said the South was fighting the arbitrary confiscation of private property, Negro slaves.

A few years ago, the Jewish community of Charlotte, North Carolina, wanted to finance a stone marker commemorating Benjamin, which it intended to place on the sidewalk in front of the home he had occupied in the closing days of the War. The United Daughters of the Confederacy said they would go along with this. But then the Daughters balked. A letter had circulated among members of the local Stonewall Jackson Chapter charging that Judah P. Benjamin was a Communist—retroactively. The Daughters immediately canceled their participation in the ceremony. The Jews scared. They wanted to drop the project. One staunch Daughter, the late Mrs. J. A. Yarborough, remained pro-Benjamin. She insisted. She prevailed. When the Jews told her, “We have to live with these people,” Mrs. Yarborough said, “Well, have you given thought to the idea that you’ll have to live with me, too?” The marker now stands on South Tryon, Charlotte’s main street.

But what kind of Bolshevik was this Judah P. Benjamin? Old Judah was the Tory to end all Tories; he was far, far to the right of both Barry Goldwater and Marie Antoinette.

Right after this incident, I suggested that somewhere during the Sabbath services Jews should repeat a phrase, as part of the creed: *Es vet Gornisht helfen* (nothing helps).

Take the civil rights issue in America—probably as good a jumping-off point for a discussion of anti-Semitism as any. The reason the Negro keeps gaining equality is that his movement this time is almost wholly his own. The Negro wages his own battle, going to the courts, taking to the streets, organizing boycotts. Except for two or three embattled rabbis, the Jews of the South, almost entirely a proprietary class, reflect the total silence of the so-called “moderate” white Southerners.

But the organ of the States’ Rights Party of Alabama and Gerald L. K. Smith’s hate sheet keep up a constant barrage: “Jews mongrelizing the South.” Yet the leading segregationist philosopher of Georgia, the man who devised the legal moves to keep colored children out of the all-white schools, is a Jewish lawyer, Mr. Charles Bloch of Macon. Another influential Jewish segregationist is the speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives, the Honorable Sol Blatt. Does the “States’ Rights” editor or Gerald L. K. Smith exempt them? Do they say, “The Jews are mongrelizing the South except for Charlie Bloch and Sol Blatt”? They do not.

Es vet Gornisht helfen, because the Southern segregationist regards the Jewish white supremacist not as a fellow white Southerner but as a defector from the ranks of the enemy. He welcomes him with the same reserve he welcomed the few Negroes who inserted an ad in Southern papers during the mid-Fifties with the message, “This is to inform my white friends I am not now and never have been a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.”

I thought of all this after a lecture at Grossinger’s in the Catskill Mountains. During the question period, a charming lady asked me with some indignation, “Why do you always talk about civil rights? Don’t you know there are Negro anti-Semites? Besides, what has the Negro ever done for us?”

I asked her to look about Grossinger’s, a wonderful resort that would make the pleasure dome of Xanadu look like a sharecropper’s shack in the Louisiana delta.

“Lady,” I answered, “when the Negroes have a Grossinger’s I’ll quit talking about civil rights. And besides, the Negro anti-Semite is about as convincing as the Jewish white supremacist.”

(continued on page 188) 173

JUST BEFORE this Christmas Playmate pictorial went to press, our yuletide miss called us from the Coast with the news that she'd won the ingénue lead in *Stranger in Hollywood*, a new dramatic film with a tentative title that doesn't describe Miss December at all: Sue Bernard's been an Angeleno for all of her 18 years and is the daughter of top Hollywood glamor photographer Bruno Bernard (Bernard of Hollywood) and actress-director Ruth Brande. "The house has always been filled with theater and movie people," Sue says, "and after I decided that acting was really for me, my

GROWING UP GLAMOROUS

*charm and talent
run in the family
of hollywood playmate
sue bernard*

parents encouraged me at every step."

Featured on dozens of puppy-and-little-girl calendars as a youngster, brunette and brown-eyed Sue has emerged from the traditional prepping of school dramatics, commercial modeling and professional dancing and acting lessons as a star a-borning. Acceptance in the talent program of the Film Industry Workshop at Columbia Studios followed Sue's first film role, a small part in a shot-on-location desert flick. Now she's alternating daytime work on *Stranger* with evening appearances in *Friends and Romans*, a play about a movie, at the Player's Ring, an unsquare L.A. theater in the round.

Sue caught our attention when she accompanied Bruno on a business trip to our Chicago offices—the Bernard who works behind a camera has often shot for *PLAYBOY* and, in fact, took the black-and-whites of Sue at home used here.

Miss December's private life makes a striking contrast to the image of an in-demand girl running from studio to stage. Even in the busy Bernard household, Sue's managed to establish a balcony retreat for work on oil portraits of people she likes, among them the dates who take her to her favorite beaches and the cozy restaurants she prefers to gaudier showbiz scenes. "Those are my special places," Sue says, "but I really don't care where we go, as long as I'm with someone I like"—refreshing sentiments from the girl next door to stardom.



A day in the life of December Playmate Sue Bernard more often than not begins on the phone and ends in the fantasy of the theater. In between are classes in philosophy and modern languages at a nearby junior college, Malibu beach dates and daily dance sessions ("I really feel alive when I'm dancing to modern jazz"). Below right: Sue reaches for the stars in a scene from Tennessee Williams' *This Property Is Condemned* at the Professional Theater Workshop. "I'm playing Willie," she explains, "one of Williams' most challenging roles—you have to be both a little girl and a woman."



During a day at the Warner Bros. lot arranged by her father, Sue relaxes with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.—like many Hollywood celebrities, a personal friend of the Bernards—and indulges in some costume clowning with Norma Brown, head of Warners' wardrobes. "After a zillion changes, I decided this little chemise fit me best."





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Highlighting Miss December's trip to the Warner Bros. studios were script readings with Solly Baiano, left, head of the studios' talent department, and then with Baiano and casting director Doov Barskin. "These 'cold readings' are scary," Sue Bernard says, "but they're terrific practice. You've never seen the script before and have to interpret it in your own way." At Christmastime, clearing up the last-minute chores of the season, Sue slips into a cozy costume to decorate the family tree and then to catch our fancy in the centerfold.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *British atheist* as one who doesn't believe in John Lennon.

The honeymoon is over when a quickie before dinner refers to a short drink.



The student nurse was beautiful, dedicated and dumb. Her bedside manner included mishaps with hypodermic needle, rectal thermometer and bedpan; but she was determined to devote herself to the sick and suffering, and she wasn't discouraged by disparaging individuals who suggested she might be better suited for spreading discomfort than alleviating it.

On one particular afternoon, the doctor in charge of the ward left our neophyte Nightingale to care for a middle-aged executive, secure in the knowledge that this man's affliction was uncomfortable but minor, and the treatment prescribed was too simple to be misunderstood. But a few minutes later, the doctor was shocked to see his patient running down the hall, white hospital robe billowing out behind him, howling at the top of his lungs, with the nurse chasing after him carrying a basin of steaming water.

"No, no, Miss Smith!" exclaimed the doctor, as the pair rushed past him. "I told you to prick his boil!"

A pair of inebriated strangers struck up a friendly conversation at a bar and the subject soon got around to sex, as it usually does.

"Say," said the first fellow, smirking, "have you ever been so drunk that you kissed a woman on the navel?"

With a mighty effort, the second sot propped himself up and said, "Drunker."

Two Jewish mothers who had lived in the same block in Brooklyn when their children were growing up, but hadn't seen each other in years, happened to meet at a bridge luncheon in a swank hotel in Manhattan. After a tearful embrace, they retired to a corner to chat.

"And how are your two boys, William and Bernard?" the one woman inquired of the other.

"William is an attorney, and a full partner in an important New York law firm," the second woman responded with pride. "And it's Doctor Bernard, if you please; with so many patients that even his mother needs an appointment to see her own son in the afternoon! . . . And your son, Herman, how is he?"

The first mother's eyes dropped, but only for a moment.

"Herman is a homosexual," she said.

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed her friend. "And where's his office?"

An undertaker called the next of kin to confirm the funeral arrangements desired for the dear departed and, as luck would have it, the son-in-law—who was actually delighted to be rid of the old battle-ax—answered the phone.

"We're sorry to disturb you in this time of personal grief," the undertaker intoned solemnly, "but there appears to be some confusion as to whether the body of the loved one is to be buried or cremated."

"Let's not take any chances," came the prompt reply. "Do both."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *contraceptive* as a laborsaving device.

And then there was the raven-haired sadist who stood up and announced that she could whip any man in the house.

One of the most expensive things in the world can be a gal who is free for the evening.



Her precocious six-year-old daughter came tugging at the mother's skirt, asking, "Mommy, can I have a baby?"

"Of course not, dear," the mother replied, without missing a stroke in her ironing.

"Are you sure?" the little girl persisted.

"Certainly," said the mother.

As she ran to rejoin her playmates in the yard, the child called out, "OK, fellas, same game!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



SOKOL

"But, my dear fellow—if your eyesight is failing, why don't you purchase a pair of eyeglasses?"

That the words of a story produce in each reader a unique set of emotions and mental images was visually proved when PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul and regular contributing artist Robert Weaver gave one of Bob's classes at New York's School of Visual Arts copies of "The Only Game in Town" to illustrate. Art and Bob were rewarded with a catholic variety of highly imaginative interpretations, from which the seven on these pages were chosen. "We asked the students to be experimental and personal," said our highly pleased Art Director, "and selected the paintings that we thought had come closest to the emotional heart of the story."



KEN POTOCKI



BRENT BAILER



RICHARD MAGILL

THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN

*georgie benefit had always
played straight with the
girls and the tables—
until irresistible odds
set an inescapable trap*



MARTIN WARHAFTIG



B. JOHNSTON



JACK BRUSCA

fiction By GARSON KANIN HIS NAME is Georgie Benefit and I came down here to Atlantic City two nights ago to knock around with him for the weekend. I have not seen him since Las Vegas over a year ago, when I first met him.

I had finished the long first draft of my play about Las Vegas and made the trip out to check it for accuracy and detail. On my first night there, in the Regency Lounge of the Sands, I saw him sitting a few tables away. A small, dark, natty man with black hair and eyes to match; a handsome face with bluish jaws; a flashing smile which came on and went off in the manner of a motel neon; graceful hands which were seldom in repose—the fingers drumming, or drawing water designs on the table, or playing with peanuts. His companion was a surprisingly discreet blonde beauty who wore, so far as I could see, no make-up whatever.

I recognized him at once, since his photograph had appeared in *Time* only the week before as one of the illustrations in a story on gambling in America. The caption read: "Ahead of the game."

I got Jack to introduce me to him the next afternoon at the pool, and I told him immediately who I was and what I was doing. He became expansive at once and offered to do anything he could to help me.

"All I want," he said, "is you give me two good ones down front for the opening night on Broadway, deal?"

His recent publicity had given him a dramatic view of himself and he was anxious to recite. The *Time* condensation had proved frustrating.

"I talk to them muzzlers five days and five nights without hardly no stopping and did you see what they put? About this size!" He took an ice cube out of his drink and held it before my eyes, in illustration.

"I thought it was fine," I said. "Fascinating."

"You didn't spill your guts out for five days and five nights."

Georgie Benefit is, and has been for over 20 years, a professional gambler. He was born in Detroit 58 years ago, dropped out of high school at 14 to drive a wartime taxi, began playing horses at Hazel Park and Livonia, became proficient at handicapping, was invited to do it on percentage for his boss, and before long, gave up driving.

He approached his new calling scientifically. He read books and periodicals on sports and games and eventually knew what he was talking about.

A Grosse Pointe millionaire took him, as a lark, to Monte Carlo. Georgie observed the wheels for three weeks before making a single play. Then, backed by his friend, he began. His winnings were not spectacular, but they were consistent. By the end of a second three-week period he had regained his partner's four-year losses.

But he was anxious to return to the States, "—where I can at least understand what everybody's talking even if I don't like what they're saying mostly."

He traveled: Miami, Saratoga, Kentucky, Chicago, New York, Las Vegas. He played cards: poker, *chemin de fer*, bridge, canasta, pinochle, blackjack and all forms of rummy. He played games: roulette, dice and chuck-a-luck. He bet on

horses, baseball, football, basketball and boxing. He never in his life put a coin into a slot machine.

"I got to play with where there's people in it. Not plain machines. You play against machines, you get to be a machine yourself, y'know?"

In his way, he is a serious man. He studies and practices, and often makes mind bets until he feels attuned to concrete ones.

He told me he liked everything about Las Vegas except the gambling, which he did only occasionally.

"For amateurs. I can't stand it in my stomach to see the mistakes they make."

He frequented Las Vegas mainly for the atmosphere, the climate, the entertainment, the food—and from time to time an important private game.

He was unmarried, had never been married.

"Who would me? The way I move. Hither and yon and back and forth again. I got to travel light. You ever notice it, how you can always get one single-o on the plane? Also, I like women so much, I wouldn't spoil one by marrying them."

The pattern of female companionship he had evolved was entirely satisfactory to the females as well as to himself. In his business he was a ruthless, slashing stylist; with girls he was a tender boy—attentive and considerate and (this never hurts) generous. He had a number of numbers wherever he went and although there were continual changes and adjustments, on the whole his companions were constant. He never dissembled, pretended or lied.

"They always know with me what's the score. Nothing—nothing."

When I met him, he had been in Las Vegas for ten months, his

longest stay anywhere in years. For the first time in his life his health had failed. An extended sedentary existence coupled with an excess of smoking and drinking had brought about a set of worrying symptoms. His careless diet and uncertain hours had aggravated his condition. He stopped smoking, cold, five minutes after his doctor advised him to do so, and gained 18 pounds in three weeks. He gave up eating for two days and fainted into the arms of his Chicago bookmaker. A checkup revealed lung congestion and an elevated cholesterol count. He went to Las Vegas and took himself in hand. A bookcase I saw in the sitting room of his suite there was filled with works on nutrition and exercise and relaxation. An Exercycle was set up, and he owned a Relaxacizer as well as several vibrators. A chinning bar was rigged in the doorway to the bathroom and one of the beds had been removed from the bedroom to make room for an exercise mat, weights and pulleys.

"But the most good of all is from the massaging," he told me. "Would you believe it? And what's crazy is how I almost damn nearly blew it. Because when the doctor—the one here—told me I should—for circulatory reasons—I told him forget it. I explained him how I tried it already several times in fact and if there's one thing I can't stand it's *it*. Massaging. The whole *idea* is what I can't stand. Every time if I do it I wind up more tenser and nervouser than before I laid down. How can *anybody*? I mean you take off your clothes, naked, and you lay down and some man starts in to rub you. I swear to God



STEVE DE VITA

I could get sick to my stomach from only *talking* about it. Look my hands how they're wet. Anyhow this doctor—the one here—he says to me, 'You mean you can't stand it people to touch you?' 'That's it,' I says. 'Even you. When you were examining me before I felt to bop you one.' He says, 'Would you feel the same if it was a woman?' I says, 'What do you mean? A woman massager?' He says, 'Yes.' So I say, 'Well, what the hell, doc, it would depend what does she look like?' And he says, 'Let me see what I can do.' Did you know they got a law here you can't massage a female if you're a male or a male if you happen to be a female unless with an M.D.'s perscription? Anyway, the next morning he calls me on the phone, the doctor, and he tells me this person'll be right over. Now I'm nervouser than before even. She comes in, I nearly faint again because—well, you seen her. A knockout. She's wearing white everything. Shoes, too. And lugging that portable table and she sets it up. But the thing was, everything was so businesslike, like a nurse, that I couldn't feel funny. I left on my shorts, but. And she started in to. Turns out she's only the greatest in the world, that's all. Just rubbing, no talking like some of them. Later on I found out. She's a Swede, from Sweden, and she does it Swedish. Different kinds—like for waking you up healthy—that's the one she done that day—or putting to sleep or a hangover or mild relaxing. She's some kind of a genius. I have her come back after for the putting to sleep one. This one she does on the bed not the table and when she gets down to my lower back part she pulls my shorts off me and you want to know something? It was like nothing. I mean she was doing her job like as if she would be say like a barber or a tailor. And the next thing you know, I'm sleeping the best sleep I slept in months. So from then on I set her up for three times a day and she still does. You know what I weigh? Guess. One-forty even. And my cholesterol? Guess. One-seventy-four. You can have two-fifty and it's within normal. And the smoking, I don't miss it on account I'm relaxed—and here's the cherry on the top—on account of *that* I'm on my longest winning streak. How about that?"

I came to know Georgie Benefit well during the following week. He was most helpful and took me about, explaining the routines and the characters and the fine points of the various games. I watched him play, but did not play myself. He wondered about this and was flabbergasted when I told him that I had never gambled. When I revealed the fact that I have never seen a horse race, he regarded me as oddly as he might have had I confessed to him that I was a hermaphrodite.

"Well," he said, "maybe because you never been around the right places. Like now. Maybe a week ain't enough—but I

figure in four, five days you'll be grabbing yourself a little action."

He was wrong. It took *three* days. I became involved in a blackjack game and played for five hours. At the end, I was well ahead. Beginner's luck.

Georgie and I sat in the coffeshop, having a late supper of fresh fruit salad and fat-free cottage cheese.

"Don't eat the melon parts," he cautioned. "It's full of water retention."

I boasted about my winnings, gleefully.

"I'm sorry to hear it," he said. "Because if you get so high from a win, you'll get too low from a lose. You got to get your jollies from the playing, see, not from the win or lose."

(I had heard this philosophy expressed often, generally in loftier terms. Every master has tried to teach me that joy must be found in the doing, and that acceptance or rejection of the result is no more than an aftereffect. Now here was Georgie Benefit, in indifferent syntax, reintroducing me to the verities.)

"I do good, it so happens," he continued. "But I would do it even if I would do bad because what I like is to do it. Remember that guy they tell—what's his name? Mizner?—in the story? When they said to him, 'Don't you know that's a crooked wheel you're playing?' And he said, 'Sure I know, but it's the only game in town!'"

The afternoon after I met him, he was with the same impressive blonde I had seen him with in the lounge. When he introduced her to me as Sigrid Johnson, I gathered that she was the masseuse. After he had put her on the three-a-day schedule, he persuaded her to give up her other clients and work for him exclusively. A few months after that, the prevailing understanding was that she was his girl.

Her abilities did not end with her work in physiotherapy, he explained. She was, in addition, a champion swimmer, trainer, posture expert, nutritionist and registered nurse. She took his blood pressure daily and blood samples once a week for comparative analysis. She was, in fact, in charge of his physical life.

"What's the use talking?" he said. "I can't tell things too good."

"You do fine."

"No, I mean it. The best way I want to make my point is I want you to have her—my guest—a couple times a week and you'll see."

"No, thanks."

"Don't be scared."

"I'm not scared."

"Then what?"

"Well, didn't you say it took a doctor's prescription?"

"So what's that? Listen, I know M.D.s out here that for a price, I could get them to write you a death certificate!"

I had five appointments in all with Sigrid Johnson. She was everything he had said, and more.

By the time I arrived in Las Vegas, there was talk around that Georgie might soon marry Sigrid. When it reached me, I broached it to him during a Chinese dinner.

"What're you?" he asked. "Cracked?" "No."

"Married? What do I need it? I wouldn't marry that Princess *Kelly*, for cryin' out loud."

"I just told you what I heard."

"From who? From where?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Why not?"

"It was mentioned to me confidentially."

"A confidential crock," he said. "Five'll get you ten that if I was to ask her, even, she'd give me a fast no."

"If I were a betting man, I'd take you up."

"You're a betting man. Don't give me that. I've seen you."

"This week only," I said. "For research purposes."

"Go 'way," he snorted.

Still, I wondered how the rumor had started and began a round of a favorite sport—tracking down gossip. My barber there, Scotty, had told me. I asked him where he had heard it. From Hilda, one of the manicurists; and she had it from a stickman who was engaged to Sigrid's roommate, Terry; and Terry had got it from Sigrid.

I did not reveal the result of my inquiry to Georgie or to anyone else. I thought it a piece of information that might come in handy. Was I beginning to develop a gambler's syndrome myself?

Days passed and I heard it more and more.

I said to Georgie, "People are talking about what they're going to give you and Sigrid as wedding presents."

"People," he said, "are a lunatic. They like to talk."

"The big scam is you're going to do it this week. By the end of Sunday."

"Give odds," he said. "You'll grab yourself a bundle."

A curious look appeared on his face, along with two splotches, one on each cheek.

I mentioned the matter, jokingly, to Sigrid one afternoon as she worked on my chest. She may not have heard me. As Georgie had indicated, she never spoke while giving a treatment and I could gather nothing from that stoic, beautiful, Nordic face.

The following morning Scotty said to me, "I had a joe in the chair here two or three back was looking for a bet on the nuptials. He says yes for Sunday."

"What does he want?"

"He'll take five to one."

"For how much?"

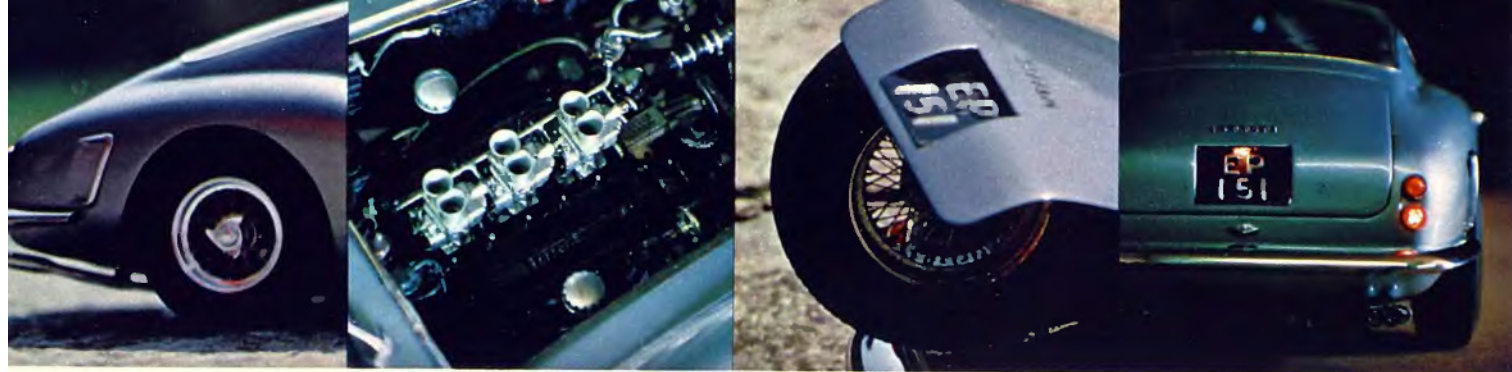
"Name it."

My beginner's luck at the blackjack

(continued on page 266)



*"Gosh, I just met the most exciting man
coming up in the elevator . . .!"*



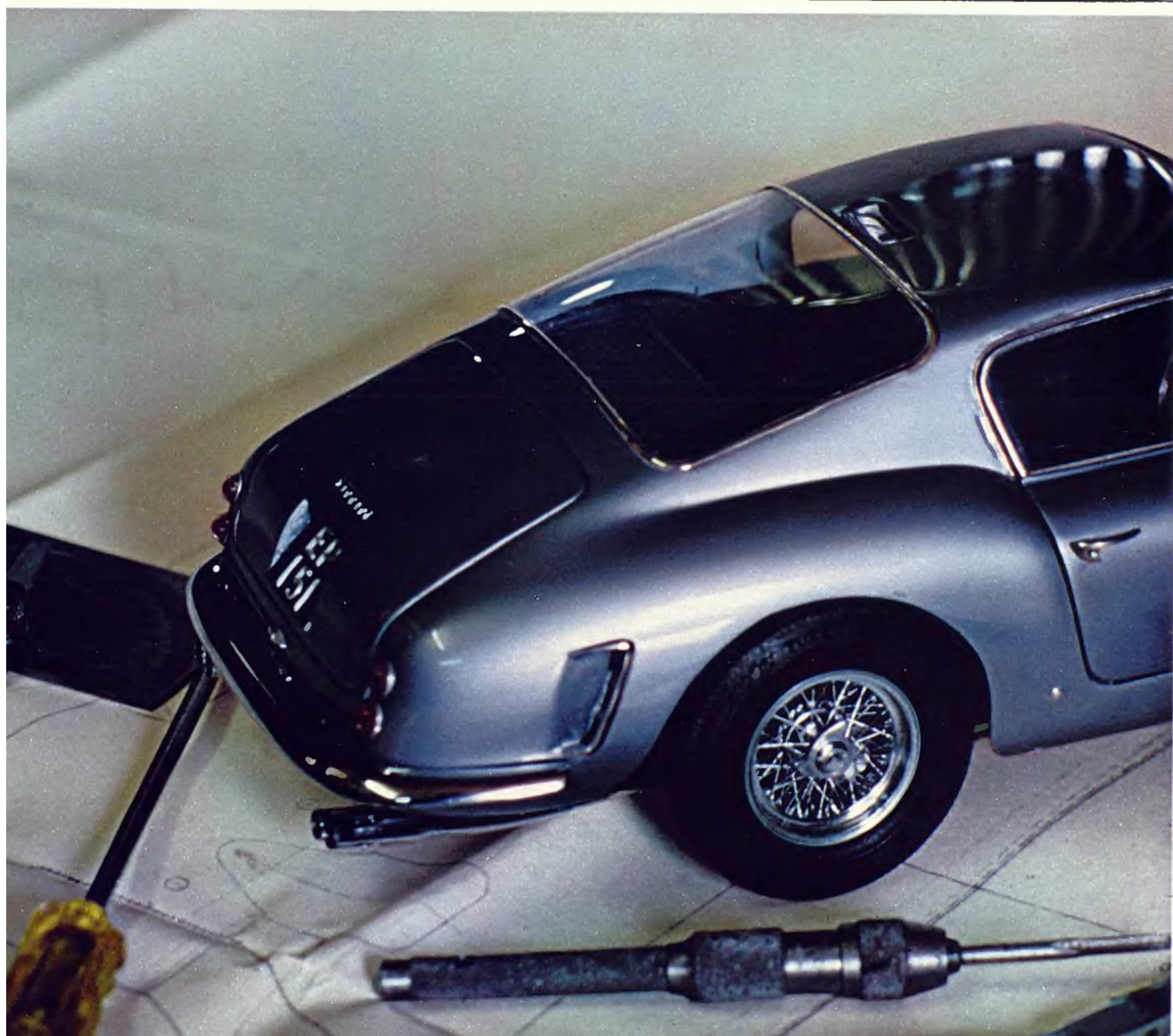
THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING FERRARI

article **By Stirling Moss**

THERE'S THIS FERRARI 250 GT—beautiful job, finished in metallic blue-gray with blue leather upholstery, V-12 engine with three twin-choke Webers, twin distributors and fuel pumps and ignition systems, four-speed all-synchro gearbox, Borrani wheels with four new Avon Turbospeed tires, heater, power brakes, one careful owner from new, an absolute steal at \$12,600—and it's just over a foot long. That comes out to about a thousand dollars an inch!

This particular Ferrari wasn't made by the *Commendatore's* men at Modena, but by Mr. Henri Baigent in Bournemouth, England. That doesn't make it any less exotic, however. In fact, it's the most incredible Ferrari I've ever seen anywhere, and I've seen a few in my time.

The story really began for me when I met Baigent during the days when I was driving Grand Prix cars for Rob Walker. After experience in aircraft engineering and later in instrument making, Baigent had turned to modelmaking—as an art and





as a means of earning a living. One of the first models he made used a three-cylinder in-line *working* engine that he later put in a model Aston he built for Walker. At the time I met Baigent, he was busy making a model of the Cooper I drove for Rob; it was later given to me, and now resides next to my desk, a snug glass case protecting its delicate works from prying hands.

Some years ago, I heard that Baigent was engaged in making a model Ferrari for British sportsman Eddie Portman; it was to be a replica of Portman's own car, and nothing was to be spared in making the model as accurate and detailed as possible. I'd seen Baigent's work at firsthand, so I had some idea of the standard of workmanship to expect, but I didn't have a chance to see the car until it was returned to Baigent a month or so ago for some minor repairs and he offered to show it to me. Well, I finally clapped eyes on it the other day and I was absolutely flabbergasted. I had never in my life seen anything so perfect—it was as (continued on page 271)

**britain's
motor-racing great
describes in loving detail
the most unusual
automobile
he's ever seen**



GOD BLESS THE GENTILE

(continued from page 173)

In fact, the segregationists who accept the occasional Jewish white supremacist hold the Negro blameless for the agitation that is overwhelming the South.

"We understand the Negro," they say. "He is like a child. The Jews put him up to it. The Jews. Earl Warren and the other Communists."

• • •

My first brush with anti-Semitism came when I was a ten-year-old immigrant boy selling newspapers along the Lower East Side of New York City. One day I ventured a block or two beyond our slum into the Irish slum. Some Irish kids chased me, yelling, "Christ killer!"

A year later, three Irish buckoes caught me when I dared a similar venture. They "cockalized" me. There are hundreds of men in their 60s who know what it is to be cockalized. Indeed, cockalization was universal. My father once told me there were specific Polish and Russian words for the process. The enemy kids threw the Jew to the ground, opened his pants and spat and urinated on his circumcised penis while they shouted, "Christ killer."

Irish, Polish and Italian kids shouted "Christ killer" because for 1800 years the Church represented the Jews as a people cursed for the crime of crucifying Jesus. Children drank it in with their mother's milk, saw the hatred in action, and heard it confirmed by the prayer on Good Friday, which, until Pope John XXIII deleted it, called the Jews "perfidious."

The ritual of cockalization has disappeared in recent years. One reason is that so many Christian fathers consent to having male offspring circumcised. But the more important reason is that anti-Semitism has had a separate secular career aside from its religious one.

Since the beginning of this century, it has not been necessary to hate the Jew for what he allegedly did 2000 years ago but for what he might do in the future, which is to take over the world by one or another political or financial stratagem.

As a matter of fact, anti-Semitism has little religious life anymore, thanks to the publication of the *Schema on the Jews*, the Vatican's Ecumenical Council having decided to absolve the Jews from the guilt of having crucified Jesus. The Roman Catholic Church was trying to redress an unjust charge that has cost the lives of millions of people, destroyed millions of homes and led to enormous expropriation and exploitation.

There is no minimizing the good will and nobility of purpose that inspired both Pope John XXIII and Pope Paul VI. For that reason, I sent an open letter to the Jewish leaders of the world calling for a *Jewish Ecumenical Council* in Jerusalem. At that time, the Jews could issue a *Schema on the Christians*.

It is our turn. I propose that we forgive the Christians for the Inquisition, the Crusades, the ghettos and the expulsions. I think we can also include forgiveness for the usurpation of property that continued for 1600 years, the worldwide discrimination; we should also waive our annoyances at the barriers that guard country and city, fraternal and luncheon clubs, resort hotels and college fraternities.

The Christians have been nice. Now we can be nice. There is no reason for us to hold bitterness in our hearts because Crusader Godfrey of Bouillon drove the Jews of Jerusalem into the synagogue and set it on fire. There is no reason our Christian neighbors should be held responsible for the wholesale slaughter of the Jews in the cities on the Rhine by the Christians of the Second Crusade. Nor should they be held responsible for the murders perpetrated by Peter the Hermit and Peter of Clugny.

And why should we let the memory of the Inquisition haunt us?

Such a *Schema* will help the cause of brotherhood, because the absolution conferred on the Jews by the Ecumenical Council will not mean much to the anti-Semite. Anti-Semitism, according to every authority, has followed a notoriously narrowing career. In the beginning, it led either to conversion or to degradation, but at least it gave the Jew a choice. During some periods of history, conversion made the Jew a preferred citizen. In England, for instance, he lived in Jews' House, where Englishmen fed and clothed him and insisted only that he listen to three Christian sermons a week. From this religious base, anti-Semitism descended to its socioeconomic stage where the dictum ordered, "You cannot live among us." Which meant expulsion. This wasn't a nice choice, but it was still a choice. However, in its 20th Century political stage, the German Nazis took all the fat out of anti-Semitism. "You cannot live" is no choice at all.

These days, there's not much arguing with the injunction. But then, there was never much arguing to be done with the anti-Semite anyway. The anti-Semite is invariably resourceful. A case in point is Edouard Drumont, editor of *Le Libre Parole*, who spearheaded the French anti-Semitic movement during the Dreyfus affair. When a heckler challenged him, saying, "How can you talk? You married a Jewish woman," Drumont replied, "I hate the Jews for having killed my Lord Jesus but I love the Jewish women for having wept for Him."

The truth about anti-Semitism is that it is a renunciation of logic and therefore no logic can prevail against it.

My closest friend, Carl Sandburg, once told me, "Harry, I'll never understand the mystery of anti-Semitism. I've heard

it in the wheat fields and in the hobo jungles. I've heard it around the campfires in Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War and I've heard it in the union ha'ls. I've heard it among fellow Socialists, and among fellow poets, I've heard it among the poor looking for a handout and I've heard it among the rich, the powerful and the intellectual. It remains for me a great mystery."

This may help explain why many American Jews often express a day-to-day concern over anti-Semitism. No matter how good things are, no matter how deep the involvement of some Jews in politics, others in philanthropy, still others in civic works, anti-Semitism remains an ill-defined yet frequently present menace for Jews, and this despite the fact that American Jews are guaranteed political and religious liberty.

Nor does the Jew's concern—or may I call it fear?—abate when anti-Semitism issues only from the mouths of obviously discredited hatemongers such as George Lincoln Rockwell and Gerald L. K. Smith. The Jew is doubly exposed. He is exposed as a Jew, a marginal member of society, and he is exposed because so many of his numbers are now in the middle class, and the congenial disease of the middle class itself is—fear. *This month is good. But what about next month? Will we meet the quota?*

Knowing this, I have often wondered why my fellow Jews did not take advantage of middle-class status to end anti-Semitism. In fact, I offered the Golden Plan to End Anti-Semitism to the Anti-Defamation League some years ago. I urged them to insert a full-page ad in every morning and evening newspaper, every weekly and monthly magazine in America. The ad would declare in effect that the next time we heard any anti-Semitism, we would all become Christians immediately. Most of us, I am sure, would naturally head for the High Episcopal Church; and the prospect of several million Jews entering such Fifth Avenue institutions as the Church of the Heavenly Rest or St. Thomas' would make the Episcopalians plenty nervous. They might even volunteer to support the Anti-Defamation League and establish a truly influential phalanx against the anti-Semites.

The ADL did not take me up on this plan, but that's because they thought I was kidding.

Only this kind of magic will banish anti-Semitism, because anti-Semitism is also a powerful magic. In the hands of a demagog, it works better than magic.

It enabled Hitler to convert economic and political misery into the hatred of "the conspirators" who wrought the misery. It does not alleviate the misery, but it convinces people that if they search out the enemy, the misery will go away

(continued on page 307)

THE INCREASINGLY FREQUENT use of the word "culture" in public controversy and in statements of political and social aims is sinister. It recalls the ceaseless talk about health by the sick and the hypochondriacal, about sex by impotents like D. H. Lawrence and Havelock Ellis. It recalls the perpetual quest for eroticism in decadent societies, where the normal urges have abated or become extinct.

The reason that so much money is being spent on culture today, that so many people are so avidly seeking it; that the vast mumbo jumbo of education is being carried to such extravagant lengths; that everyone who can possibly manage it is tapping away at a typewriter, scraping away at a violin, boring themselves and everyone else silly with talk about Genet and Godot and old Uncle Tom Eliot and all; that notes are being taken, classes attended, dismal statues erected in dismal shopping centers in dismal new towns, orchestras endured, museums prowled through, art galleries thronged, dollars cheerfully and profusely disbursed for a Picasso scrawl on a menu—the reason for all this cultural activity is precisely that there is no culture.

Significantly enough, the first widespread preoccupation with culture was in Germany in the days of Kaiser Wilhelm II. As the Germans turned to courses of total barbarism, they prattled the more and the louder about their culture, making straight the way for their first full-fledged minister of culture, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, under whose auspices learning, literature and the arts flourished as never before, to the accompaniment of loud Yahoo yells and wreathed in incinerator smoke.

The Bolsheviks, likewise, having totally destroyed such Russian culture as existed, and having created conditions in which no one could possibly write or think or engage in any intellectual or artistic pursuit without running into trouble, with the virtual certainty of being sent to the salt mines or facing a firing squad, were loud in their protestations of devotion to "proletcult"—one of those Orwellian nonwords that have bloomed so luxuriantly in our time to convey the nonmeaning of nonexistent concepts.

We, too, in our Free World, have managed to combine cultural zeal with a destructiveness hitherto unparalleled in history. Where is Dresden? There is scarcely a corner of our rich and rare cultural heritage, bequeathed to us by 2000 years of Christendom, that has wholly escaped the insensate fury of crusaders for peace, freedom and brotherly love. No forest fire, no tornado, no earthquake or other natural convulsion has come anywhere near the destructiveness of these successive liberations. The final irony has been that, as the liberators razed cities to the ground and crystallized out of their moral vacuity dreadful expressions like "displaced person" to describe the fate of the millions turned into fugitives and strays as they scurried from one heap of rubble to another, still they upheld their Four Freedoms and waved their cultural standards high. Burning, killing, raping, destroying, the liberators from the East pounded toward Europe's ancient capitals, or what was left of them, while the liberators from the West, with idiot cries of approval, pounded to meet them.

If someone had asked, say, Dr. Johnson how his culture was, he would inevitably have assumed that the questioner was raving mad. Still more would he have seen any attempt to locate or measure the contemporary cultural deposit by means of questionnaires, public-opinion polls and other such devices as representing the extravagance of a hopelessly deranged mind. One can imagine the explosion that would have been precipitated by any talk in his presence of a cultural explosion. To an 18th Century Englishman like Johnson, the whole concept of culture as something existing in its own right, and distinct from living, thinking, being, was totally alien.

Not so in the 20th Century. We have heard without derision or apoplexy of parks of culture and rest, of ministries and ministers of culture, of cultural centers and prodigious outlays of money to promote cultural studies and achievements. We are fed culture with our mother's milk and rocked culturally in our cradles: at school and college we are drenched and lambasted with culture, and through the subsequent stages of our lives; whatever else we may lack, it is assuredly not culture.

Truly, he that would keep his culture must lose it, and vice versa. Our time has been notable for a total *absence* of artistic achievement. Human genius in our time has gone almost exclusively into *scientific* achievements, which have been fabulous in their range, variety and audacity. *Man has made more progress in my lifetime in unraveling how life works than in all the centuries since history began; over the same period, his contribution toward elucidating what life* (concluded on page 263)



opinion

By Malcolm Muggeridge

*in which england's
caustic curmudgeon contends
that—in contrast with our
technological accomplishments—
today's overorganized pursuit of
the muses is producing
nothing of value*

SANTAS FOR ALL

*playboy updates that jolly old elf
so that every slice in the layer cake of life
can have a saint nick all its own*

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRY GERSTEN



**DASHER, DANCER,
PRANCER & KRINGLE**



CARNABY CLAUS



SANTA THE SURF



SWISH KRINGLE



ST. SNCC



KU KLUX KLAUS



SUPER CLAUS



CLAUSTROPHOBE



SADO-CLAUS



ESCALATION CLAUS



ANTI-CLAUS



GREAT SOCIETY SANTA



NICK THE BEARD



CLERGY CLAUS



ST. NICK-NIK





COLD GLAZED HAM

XII

GNOCCHI, ROMAN STYLE

I

PATE MAISON

II

QUICHE LORRAINE

III

CAVIAR

IV

CURRY OF CHICKEN

V

HOT ROAST FILET OF BEEF

VI

THE 12-TO-12 PARTY

*how to play the
holiday host in a
round-the-clock fete*

food and drink

By **THOMAS MARIO**



CHEESE FONDUE

XII

CHINESE ROAST DUCK AND PORK

VI

SAUSAGES IN WHITE WINE

IX

X

CRAB MEAT D'IAVOLO

III

COLD SMOKED TURKEY

II

SHRIMP PLATTER

IV

THERE ARE FESTIVE TIMES, round about the holiday season, when you and we and other merry-makers wish the jollification could somehow last and last—as if one wished that time could really be made to stand still. What we here propose as a means of accomplishing this miracle—or coming close to it—is a 12-o'clock party or, more precisely a 12-to-12 one. The idea is this: Thanks to global time zones, it's midnight—or noon—somewhere in the world every hour on the hour; what you, as host, do to prolong the special kind of holiday pleasure that is usually encompassed in a brief span of relaxed and informal partying is to follow the sun round the world, arresting time by celebrating 12 o'clock—wherever it may be—every hour on the hour, for 12 hours. Practically speaking, you serve forth food and drink to your guests hourly, each offering reflecting the ethnic best of some part of



the world where the hands of the clocks are pointing straight up. There's no set cocktail time, no set dining time: Your guests may nibble and swig as much or as little as they wish, when they wish, for as long as they wish, and the variety of vittles and potables you proffer will keep the most sylphlike birds and the huskiest trenchermen returning to your bar and buffet to maintain spirits and zesty energy at party peak from first arrival to last departure. Sound like a hell of a lot of work for beleaguered hosts? Rest ye merry, gentlemen: The fun eclipses the toil; preplanning precludes your being a kitchen slavey. The small advance effort repays you thirteenfold in sharing the fun with your guests, rather than merely providing it. And the stopped-clock informality of your fete (the fact that your guests may drop in, drop out—and return—as the holiday mood moves them) guarantees that your party participants, at any given moment, are *chez vous* because they want to be, not because they've accepted a time-binding invitation.

The best way to invite friends to your party is to send out written invitations two or three weeks in advance. On each, list the dishes you'll be serving next to the hour that they'll be offered. By letting guests know that hourly there will be new manna from your kitchen, your batting average for acceptances will come close to a thousand.

One of the first principles of open-housemanship is this: Stick around. Don't be the disappearing host who runs out to the kitchen too much. You can, of course, keep your shoulder completely off the wheel by having the whole celebration, from cocktail picks to coffee urn, handled by caterers. But the trouble with many caterers—not all—is that their repertoires are too limited, their specialties too ostentatious. The best plan for most bachelors who've earned their own personal *cordon bleu* is to whip up a few of the 13 courses that have won your friends' *bravissimos*, and purchase the balance of the feast. You'll undoubtedly remember a fresh *pâté maison* at one restaurant, a great *quiche lorraine* at another, or one of the classic specialties served at your club. Order them comfortably in advance, and in one grand taxi tour pick them up freshly prepared for the next day's open house. You'll want to hire three helpers or recruit some of your friends—one who will act as custodian of the punch bowls, bar and buffet table, the others to take care of cooking and cleanup.

Our 12-to-12 buffet starts with a whole glazed ham. This trusty stand-by remains on the table throughout the 12-to-12 session. Later on, roast filet of beef takes the spotlight. Still later, a whole smoked

turkey makes its bow. By providing this rich cumulative cushion of viands for your revelers, you'll never be overwhelmed by the sudden surge of arrivals for which open houses are famous. Virtually any craving for food and drink is instantly appeased, and when the come-and-get-it call is heard, everybody joins the hourly gathering at the festive board.

At a party such as this, the unanswered question in logistics is how much food to buy. It's the problem no matter whether your party is completely catered or whether you pick up your provender from your favorite delicatessen or restaurants. Buy enough for two thirds the total number of guests invited. You have 60 acceptances? Buy, or cook, 40 portions of each specialty. The size of each so-called "portion" changes from what it would normally be at a sit-down dinner. Hors d'oeuvre dishes such as shrimp or *pâté* should be larger than normal. Chefs-d'oeuvre, meats and poultry should be smaller than normal. Most important, serve your guests rather than let the assembled crowd help themselves. This common-sense solution always works. For guests who can't resist super portions of their favorite dish, there are always the cold meats and their accompaniments for a satisfying substitute. Almost all leftover foods can be converted into frozen-food assets. Some can be refrigerated and used at the next day's crony critique, a post-party gathering that often turns out to be as delightful as the party itself. Finally, the host at a 12-to-12 party should take it easy at the punch bowl. Remember the Italian words "*Bevitore ma non bombone.*" Drink well, but don't drink until you're foolish.

12-to-12 Holiday Table: Bedeck the table with candles, flowers or centerpieces, and a fruit bowl or basket. Food plates should be no larger than salad size. Provide the largest possible stockpile of forks, and at midnight, enough fondue forks for all present. Napkins should be amassed at the buffet table and at strategic spots throughout the apartment. There should be trays of assorted small split buttered rolls or small bread-and-butter sandwiches, allowing one and a half servings per guest. Store most of the bread and rolls, covered with moistened towels, in refrigerator. Bring to buffet table as needed. As for the potables, the following should suffice.

Fish House Punch: Serves 12. Thaw 2 12-oz. pkgs. frozen sliced peaches in heavy syrup. Pour into well of electric blender; blend 1 minute at high speed. Pour over large block of ice in punch bowl, together with 1 quart light rum, 2¾ cups cognac, 1 quart ice water, 1 pint freshly squeezed lemon juice and 1 cup sugar. Stir well. Let all ingredients ripen in punch bowl at least 1 hour before serving.

Champagne Punch: Serves 12. Pour into punch bowl surrounded with ice or large pitchers surrounded with ice, 3 fifths iced *brut* champagne, 4 ozs. maraschino liqueur, 4 ozs. iced cream sherry, 4 ozs. iced fresh lemon juice and 16 ozs. iced fresh orange juice. Stir slightly. Pour into stem champagne glasses. Keep potables for refills in refrigerator until serving time.

Standard Hard Drinks: At a separate small table or bar cart, line up the whiskeys, gin, vodka and vermouth for those guests who choose to eschew the punch bowls.

Assorted Light and Dark Beers and Ales: For drop-ins who prefer the malt brews, have on hand a pre-chilled selection of beers and ales, both imported and domestic.

Wines: Be sure to anticipate the wishes of visiting vinophiles by setting out several bottles of wine. A vintage red Bordeaux and some imported Moselle or Liebfraumilch should suffice.

Directions below are for pampering 20 holiday appetites. All major culinary operations should be completed the day before the party.

12 o'clock noon—Cold Glazed Ham: Buy a 10–12 lb. (cooked weight), bone-in, glazed ham, either Smithfield or mild cured. Enthroned the ham on a carving board with holder. A ham slicer, razor sharp, should be unsheathed for carving meat to order. **Salad Cauchoise:** Boil 6 lbs. potatoes. Peel and cut into ½-in. cubes. Cut enough Delicious apples, peeled and cored, to make 3 cups. Apples should be cut same size as potatoes. In a large mixing bowl, combine potatoes, apples, 3 cups diced celery, 12 strips bacon, fried crisp, drained and chopped fine, 3 tablespoons rendered bacon fat, 1½ cups heavy cream, ¾ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup Calvados or apple brandy, 3 tablespoons finely minced fresh chives, ⅓ cup cider vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Toss well. Chill, covered, overnight in refrigerator. Place a bowl of salad on table at noon. Replace from time to time as needed. **Wild-Rice Pilaf:** Wash 4 cups raw wild rice well in cold water. Remove any foreign particles. Drain. Melt ¼ cup butter in large heavy saucepan. Add ¼ cup finely minced shallots or onions and ½ lb. finely minced fresh mushrooms. Sauté a few minutes. Do not let shallots brown. Add wild rice, 2 quarts chicken broth and 1 small bay leaf. Bring to boil. Simmer, covered, over lowest possible flame until rice is tender, about 30 minutes. Place a small amount in chafing dish over hot water. Replace as needed. **Laborsaver:** Use canned wild rice instead of raw, seasoned, however, with shallots and mushrooms.

1 o'clock—Gnocchi, Roman Style: In
(continued on page 341)



the moneyed magnificoes of turn-of-the-century america who made theirs the gilded age of conspicuous consumption

IN THE MID-1890S—when Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago traction magnate, hankered for a Fifth Avenue mansion to be the peer of, if not actually to improve on, the 11 sensational châteaux of the Vanderbilt family and the equally staggering residences of such Lorenzos of the age as Collis Huntington, the California railroad baron, and Montana's acquisitive Senator William Andrews Clark—times were, for the moment, bad. Yerkes' notion of home was a \$5,000,000 establishment, possibly the equivalent in cost of four and a half times as much today, housing one of the most magnificent collections of old masters yet assembled in the United States.

Worried friends pointed out that at a time when banks were collapsing on every hand and unemployment was abroad, such ostentation might contribute to unrest among the lower orders of society. Especially singled out for disapproval were a pair of magnificent bronze doors from a Venetian palace which, fronting on Fifth Avenue as they did, openly flaunted the wealth of their owner.

Yerkes gave the matter his attention. He didn't want to do anything to contribute to bad feeling between the classes and, a few days later, a friend found Yerkes beaming. As a concession to the times, he reported, he had had the offending bronze concealed under a protective coating of less-opulent-appearing metal.

"What is it?" he was asked.

"Platinum!" said Yerkes proudly.

The expenditure of large sums of money in modern times, no matter how alluring a prospect it may appear to people who regularly patronize cafeterias, has not always been the easiest thing in the world. It was even more difficult in the ancient world of Rome which, for some inscrutable reason, has always been held up as the glass of extravagance and the mold of profligacy. Dancing girls, large retinues of domestics and, of course, sumptuous conduct at table were about the only outlets available to the well-heeled Roman magnifico concerned about upward mobility in the status sweepstakes. So limited were the avenues for exploration in these fields that Nero evolved the office of arbiter of elegances at his court which, in the person of Petronius, was solely concerned with discovering new ways of spending money and doing it splendidly.

Progress—if, as is maintained by a not inconsiderable school of thought, it has accomplished nothing else—has widened the field and lengthened the avenues of potentiality for getting rid of surplus cash.

"You can get all the pictures you want for fifty thousand dollars apiece," said the late Lord Joseph Duveen, the most princely picture broker in the annals of art. "But to get pictures for a quarter of a million dollars each, that wants doing!"

The old masters in which Duveen exclusively dealt were one way of spending money with a panache of elegance. So, too, are seagoing yachts, diamond necklaces, titled sons-in-law, boxes at the Metropolitan Opera, dresses by Givenchy, stylish Park Avenue addresses, A-deck suites on the Queen Elizabeth, a multiplicity of city and suburban residences, custom-built Bentleys, gold plumbing and other deluxe domestic appointments, English butlers, debutante parties and the ownership of newspapers and racing stables—all of them useful agencies for lightening the individual financial burden.

There are still private residences where only male domestics appear in the front of (continued on page 272) 197

THE SEVEN COFFINS

those lead-lined boxes had transformed the ship's hold into a mausoleum and threatened to turn his homecoming into a nightmare

I WAS YOUNG; I was ridiculously, exultantly young; I did not bear malice toward a soul in the world; I was determined to be a success; I made decisions easily, and did not know the meaning of fatigue; I did not believe that anything untoward could happen to me; yet I was modest, too, and people said that I had other good qualities; I only faintly apprehended that in every human being there are two human beings, a player and a counterplayer; I was 23, and my confidence was such that I did not even know that I was confident; and I knew little of the laws of fate or compensation.

My girl, whom I had lost and might rewin, wrote me from New York that she was bored and lonely and was I ever

coming back. That was enough. At once, without thinking about it at all, I threw up my job in London and engaged passage home on the first ship available, which was the R. M. S. Capricornus. In those days, aircraft did not draw their tight, taut skeins over the melon of the Atlantic.

But, jubilant as I was, I knew that throwing up my job, which had been hard to get, was a serious matter. For 14 months I had worked in the London bureau of the Chicago Star, and I loved it. After paying for my passage on the Capricornus, I had \$140 in the world.

Who cared?

Everything excited me. I walked to the end of the dock in Southampton, in windy rain that bit to the bone, watching the huge white ship, which had streets like a city, load up. Rain crawled under my collar and I pulled it out with a finger.

Swinging in a net above me, dripping with rain, was an object that seemed to me strange, but of familiar shape.

"What's that?" I asked a junior officer, pointing up.

His face split into a greasy smile, with the rain splashing it.

"Ah! That's a coffin, sir."

"A what?"

"A coffin. Yes, sir, we carry seven of 'em this trip, seven stout coffins, made of the finest oak and lined with lead."

A whistle shrieked. The second coffin started its voyage into a hatch that led to the dark hold. I watched.



"They're very heavy, sir."

"So I gather. What do you need seven coffins for?"

"This ship will be setting out on a cruise, sir. We call first at New York on our regular run, pick up the cruise passengers and then start the cruise—a hundred and thirteen days, right around the world. Costs a fine penny, the fare does." He wiped more rain from his face, while the soaring wind made a balloon of his oilskin, turning him into a hunchback. "Plenty of the passengers on a luxury cruise like this are old people, sir. Some are bound to die. Average on a long cruise, two or three. But we carry seven coffins, sir, in case of need."

"Why don't you bury the bodies at sea?"

"Ah, no, sir. The old man, or the old lady, as the case may be, wants to go home neat and be salted down in the family earth."

Bells began to ring. I watched another coffin swing through the hatch.

"Thanks," I said. "See you on the voyage."

"'K you."

I hopped aboard. I climbed to the topmost deck and grasped the white rails, which were slimy with cold rain. We set off, and almost at once began to roll and shudder. The sea looked like ink mixed with milk.

I paid no attention. My mind suddenly became aflame with a story I might write about those seven coffins. I had a gin fizz

and sat myself down in the smoking room and scribbled notes.

Those coffins, deep in the hold, heavy, empty, menacing, awaited prey. They were instruments of fate. Perhaps the Capricornus would be ten days out of New York, perhaps two weeks . . . sailing placidly with its cruise passengers under a painted moon, somewhere in the Caribbean . . . perhaps Jamaica. A death on board—sudden, unaccountable. Perhaps it was that old man, with a face creased like a tortoise shell, his goggles making his eyes look like those of an animal, who had been flirting with the young girl in the bright pink sweater . . . And then the girl herself—in circumstances equally sinister, equally inexplicable. Now, having heard about the seven coffins lying balefully in wait below, our ship's company began to worry. The sleek, somewhat fat, white Capricornus completed the first leg of its voyage, pierced the Panama Canal and burrowed through the long rollers of the Pacific. Our third death came near Honolulu—disconcerting! A middle-aged Viennese woman who played cards placidly every night with her daughter, who looked older than she was and pronounced bridge "pritch," toppled over with a heart attack.

Now tremors of apprehension did, indeed, shake the Capricornus. Our fourth victim was a stockbroker who collapsed after a game of deck tennis off the China coast. The feeling of irreversible doom and terror, *(continued on page 310)*

memoir by
JOHN GUNTHER



WOOD CARVING BY BILL BRYAN

SILVERSTEIN'S SONGBOOK

a fresh selection of risible lyrics from the grabby bag of playboy's hirsute songsmith

Our ubiquitous beard has been a busy bard. Due soon: *Dirty Feet*, a book of 150 Silverstein songs (including these lyrics and those in last December's *PLAYBOY*), a volume of verse, *Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take the Garbage Out and Other Poems*, and an LP—*Drain My Brain*—featuring *Crouchin' on the Outside Lookin' at You on the Inside Lookin' at Me on the Outside Lookin' In*. Ahead: a movie and a musical whose themes are Top Secret.



"THE CLAM"

I found a clam beside the sea inside a seedy sack
I said to the clam, "Dear sir or ma'am, allow me to call you Jack
Will you come home with me for a cup of tea
And maybe a midnight snack?
For I have some nice Tabasco sauce
To pour upon your back."

I put the clam in a big brass pot
And I boiled a burbling brew,
And his green eyes gleamed
And he steamed and steamed
And he grew . . . and grew . . . and grew . . .
He was oh so small—now he's nine feet tall
And I'm feeling rather blue
'Cause he's pouring Tabasco sauce on my back . . .
Now what do you think he'll do?!

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"I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY I'M GOIN'"

I met a little girl with big blue eyes and ruby lips
She looked so cute in her long black boots up to her hips
She said, "Why don't you come home with me, it'll be a lovely trip
'Cause I have got some very lovely whips."

I said, "Whips?"

She said, "Whips!" I said . . .

(chorus) "I don't know which way I'm goin'
But I know I ain't goin' that way
I don't know where my boat is rowin'
But I know it ain't rowin' that way
I don't know where the wind is blowin'
Or the sea is flowin' or the grass is growin'
And I don't know which way I'm goin'
But I know I ain't goin' that way."

I was sittin' around with my head on the ground
And my feet tucked under my arm
Thinkin' to myself how the world had just lost all its charm
Then my baby said, "If you want some kicks that won't do you no harm . . .
Why, simply stick this needle into your arm."

I said, "Insulin?"

She said, "No." I said . . .

(chorus)

So I went to a bar to get myself a little bit of joie de vivre
Told everybody how my baby treats me miserably
There was a fellah there with bleached-blond hair
Gave me a lot of sympathy

He said, "Poor thing, you can come and live with me."

I said, "Live with thee?"

He said, "Yes, live with me and we'll be we." I said . . .

(chorus)

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"CORN FLAKES WITH SUGAR AND TEARDROPS"

I'm eatin' corn flakes with sugar and teardrops
Since the milkman run away with you
He stole my every dream
And he forgot to leave the cream
So I'm sittin' here just wond'rin' what to do.

I'll have some coffee with sugar and teardrops
I'll put teardrops and lemon in my tea
I'll make a teardrop shake and a teardrop malt
And everything's gonna taste of salt
Until the day you both come back to me.

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH ALAN RIBBACK
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"EVERYBODY GOT SOME BUT ME"

Well, a millionaire came around today
And started throwin' dollar bills away
While everyone was grabbin'
Where was I?—home nappin'
That's why today I'm eatin' hay and clay.

'Cause everybody got some but me
Everybody got some but me
Shorty and Bill and Gimpy and Lil
Everybody got some but me.

So I said, "I don't mind being poor
'Cause I got a woman so sweet, demure and pure
And she's innocent and mild as a newborn child"
Till someone asked me, "Buddy, are you sure?"

It seems that everybody got some but me
Everybody got some but me
Shorty and Bill and Gimpy and Lil
Everybody got some but me.

So that's the way my world keeps goin' round
But I'll keep smilin' even though I'm down
And whoever would have suspected
That sweet thing was infected
And there's an epidemic in this town!

And everybody got some but me
Everybody got some but me
Shorty and Bill and Gimpy and Lil
And pretty soon the rest of you will
Yes, everybody got some but me.

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"THE MERMAID"



When I was a lad in a fishing town, an old man said to me,
You can spend your life, a jolly jolly life, just sailin' on the sea
You can search the world for pretty girls till your eyes are weak and dim
But don't go swimmin' with a mermaid, son,
If you don't know how to swim.

(chorus) For her hair is green as seaweed and her skin is blue and pale
And I'll tell you now before you start
You may love that girl with all your heart
But you're just gonna love the upper part
You're not gonna like the tail!

So I signed on to a whalin' ship and my very first day at sea
I seen a mermaid in the waves, reachin' out to me.
"Come live with me in the sea," said she, "and down on the ocean floor
I'll show you a million wondrous things you've never seen before."

So over I jumped and she pulled me down, down to her seaweed bed
And a pillow made of a tortoise shell she placed beneath my head
She fed me shrimps and caviar upon a silver dish
From her head to her waist she was just to my taste, but her bottom part was a fish.

And then one day as I looked up, I saw a sailin' ship
And I met the stare of a millionaire out on a fishin' trip
A diamond ring he tied to a string and lowered it down in the water
And my love divine she went for his line, and that was the way he caught her.

So I sat and cried into the tide and I sang to the clams and whales
How I missed her eyes and her long green hair and the silvery shine of her scales
But then her sister swam right by and set my heart awirl
For her upper part was a ugly fish, but the bottom part was girl.

(chorus) Oh her toes are pink and rosy and her legs are smooth and pale
And her thighs they are a work of art
And I love that girl with all my heart
And I don't give a damn about the upper part
And that's how I end my tale!

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"THREE-LEGGED MAN"

Well, friends, you'd never guess it, so I really must confess it
I just met the sweetest damsel of my long and dismal life
But a friend of mine said, "Buddy, just in case your mind is muddy
Don't you know that girl you're foolin' with is Peg Leg Johnson's wife?

And that man is hard and cold and mean and grim
And he'll brain you with his artificial limb."

But next mornin' bright and early
I stole old Peg Leg's girlie
And I also took his leg along just to play it safe
But there weren't no time for laughter
Cause he started hoppin' after
And I keep on runnin' faster but he won't give up the chase
And I'm runnin' cross the country with his bride
And I got his wooden leg right by my side.

(chorus) Oh I'm a three-legged man with a two-legged woman
Bein' chased across the country by a one-legged fool
Oh he's hoppin' and he's floppin' and he shows no signs of stoppin'
I tell you boys, this life is hard and cruel.

From the ridges of Montana to the swamps of Lou'siana
Cross the mighty Mississippi to the swamps of Caroline
From the mountains and the valleys to them dark Chicago alleys
Each time that I look back he's just about one foot behind
And I know he must be cold and wet and sick
But in spite of all his troubles he can't kick.

(chorus)
And each night while I am sleepin', in my dreams he comes a-creepin'
I hear him scream and holler, I hear him plead and beg
He says, Shel, despite your stealin', I bear you no hard feelin'
You can keep the goddamn woman but please give me back my leg
'Cause, old friend, I know you think you took my wood leg
But in the dark you made a mistake and stole my good leg.

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"IF YOU CAN'T DO IT"

Hey, if you can't do it, baby, that's OK

I'll find somebody who can

If you've got no mind to do it

Or you're not inclined to do it

Then I ain't gonna stick around and be your man.

'Cause I need somebody I can squeeze and pet

Who'll give me somethin' that ain't been invented yet

And if you can't do it, I won't sit and fret

I'm gonna find somebody who can.

If you won't do it, honey, that's OK

I'll find somebody who will

If you can't make it

And you don't know how to fake it

I won't plant my pine tree on your hill

Go and find yourself somebody else near and dear

Who only wants to ball you 'bout once a year

And if you can't make lovin' your whole career

I'm gonna find somebody who can.

By next Wednesday

I'll find somebody who can

Maybe a girl scout

I'll find somebody who can . . .

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"NEVER BITE A MARRIED WOMAN ON THE THIGH"

Never bite a married woman on the thigh

'Cause she just can't rub it off, no matter how she'll try

And when she gets home at night her man will ask her why

Then she'll say it's just a birthmark or some other silly lie

But he'll get suspicious and then he will start to pry

Then she'll get hysterical and she will start to cry

And he'll say, "I don't blame you, but tell me who's the guy?"

So she'll admit to everything and he will say "bye-bye"

And he'll buy an airline ticket and he'll fly across the sky

And then he'll come and find you and he'll punch you in the eye

Then he'll rent a cheap hotel room and he'll hang himself with his tie

And when she gets the news she'll take an overdose of sleeping

tablets and she's gonna lie on the couch, and die

So never, never, never, never, never, never, never,

Bite a married woman on the thigh!

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"JADED"

Nothin' to do but sleep in the sun

Nothin' to think about but havin' fun

Nothin' to eat but filet mignon

I'm startin' to think that I'm jaded.

Nothin' in my pocket but dividend checks

Nothin' to come home to but all kinds of sex

I'd try to explain but it's too complex

And so is life when you're jaded.

Nothin' in my cellar but vintage wine

Nothin' to buy that ain't already mine

Like those 45 starlets just waitin' in line

But they'll just have to wait 'cause I'm jaded.

No one but Segovia to teach me how to play

No one to advise but L.B.J.

And it ain't that Virna Lisi really gets in my way

But a man gets cruel when he's jaded.

Nothin' to watch but my bank account grow

Outside the Riviera—no place to go

And no one to go with me but Brigitte Bardot

And I might break the date 'cause I'm jaded.

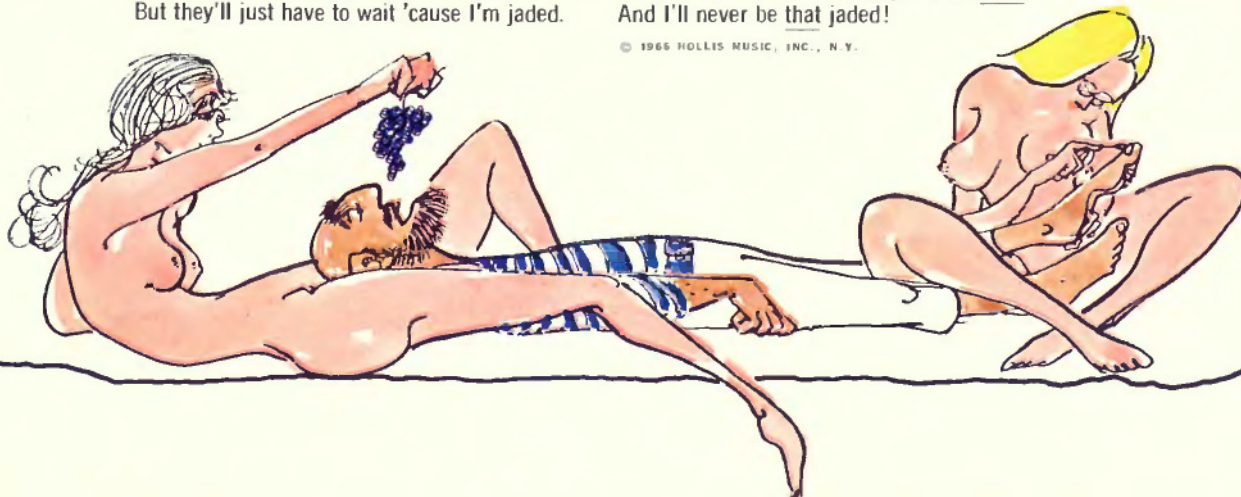
Yeah, I'm overloved and overfed

And you say I should settle down with you instead

Well, I may be tired but, baby, I ain't dead

And I'll never be that jaded!

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THE GIRLS OF **TAHITI**

an eye-filling encomium to the legendary lovelies of that idyllic isle

EVER SINCE 18TH CENTURY SAILORS returned to port with their tales of the loving girls of the South Seas, no gentleman's pipe dream has been more persistent than that of the palm-fronded tropical isle, isolated by a vast ocean and an encircling reef, rich in scents and colors beyond the temperate imagination, and teeming with passionate child-women whose only desire is to lie on the beach and make love. Wanderers who pursue this dream into the southern ocean are usually drawn by the siren lure of Tahiti, crossroads of the South Pacific and island home of some of the world's most forthright females. Like most

An exotic omolgam of Spanish, French and Tahitian, finely sculpted Potricio Gorcia (below, left) is a student at Tohiti's Lycée Paul Gauguin. Amid lush tropical grandeur, Marevo Merahi brushes off her bath. Opposite: Sultry Myriom Rydge epitomizes Polynesian womanhood.





dreams, this one conceals a sprinkling of fiction, a dash of fancy—and a large dose of fact. The fact is that while Tahiti may mean Gauguin to the art buff, marlin to the sports fisherman, Melville to the littérateur, even *poisson cru* to the gourmet, its reputation with the world at large is built on a firm foundation of compliant femininity; a reputation by no means undeserved, since the girls of Tahiti have been famous for their amatory proclivities since the white man first touched their island—and them.

Credit for the white discovery of Tahiti goes to Captain Samuel Wallis of the British ship *Dolphin*, who sighted the island's beckoning peaks on June 8, 1767. After sending a crew ashore to seek water, Wallis dazedly

Bikiniéd Sophie Taumihau, 17-year-old girl Friday of the newspaper *Echas de Palynésie*, graces the veranda of Papeete's Hotel Tohiti, where bubbly Caroline Marthens, born in San Francisco, is receptionist. Hibiscus-tressed Marie Here, of Chinese extraction, hails from Rurutu, in the Austral Islands. After napping in a fish-net hammock, ex-Californian Betsy Grigsby surveys the surf, while Hawaiian eyeful Susie Bright (opposite) sheds both cares and pareu under a Tohition spring-fed waterfall.







noted in the ship's log that the girls—"very handsome, some really great beauties—stripped themselves naked and made all the alluring gestures they could to entice the men on shore." The crew soon learned that those few who wouldn't give themselves freely would exchange their favors for nails—on a one-for-one basis. A thriving trade blossomed overnight, coming to Wallis' attention when a boom tumbled to the Dolphin's deck and the carpenters discovered that "every cleat in the ship was drawn and all the nails carried off." Hardly more than a heap of spars laced together with *purau* bark, the Dolphin limped back to London, and Tahiti has never been the same.

In subsequent years, relations with the outside world undeniably have grown more sophisticated—but both Tahiti and its girls have managed to retain much of the charm that so captivated the first whites. Missionary

Willoway Moeo Flohr, from nearby Huahine, adorns a French colonial mansion in classic muumuu. Above: Multilingual Awlino Tumohoi is agent for the local T.A.I. airlines. Paris-born Annie Thiebout (right) awaits date, while monokinned Carlos Lee, from vowel-laden Fooo, relaxes logoonside.





influence, the scourge of many another fun-loving Pacific culture, was bloody but brief—and generally ineffectual. Today, while the girls of Tahiti no longer shed their *paveus* to lure the incoming visitor through Customs, they remain—particularly in matters sexual—among the most candid, relaxed and unself-conscious women in the world. Indeed, more than a few visitors have left the island with the impression that the entire female population has banded together with the sole purpose of pleasing the traveling stranger.

More than just her openness distinguishes the *vahine* (it's *wahine* in Hawaiian, but in Tahiti everything is simpler, including the 13-letter alphabet) from her sisters around the world. Tahiti, after all, is more than 2000 miles from almost anywhere (4100 miles southwest of Los Angeles, 2500 miles northeast of Auckland), and in a world of increasing moral enlightenment, it's difficult to

The peaks of Moaréo loom over Italian-born Donielle DiLio, soaking up sun at Cook's Bay. Expatriate San Francisco Lynn Lombertson emerges from dip, as statuesque Rosine Copie, native of Boro-Boro, dries opulent tresses. Below: Hoirdresser Paulette Kieou, part Chinese, is expert water skier.







envision even the most hapless jet-age roué traveling that far to gratify urges he could more conveniently assuage at home. The traveler who does make the trip will discover that the *vahine* is unique in her every thought and action, from her broadest view of the paradise around her to the way she performs the most insignificant daily task.

All this may not immediately dawn on the typical American tourist, recovered from his eight-hour flight from L. A. and rubbernecking in the swirl of femininity along Papeete's Quai Bir-Hackeim—a South Pacific adaptation of Fifth Avenue and Lake Shore Drive. Papeete, which the *cognoscenti* pronounce in Tahitian ("Pa-pay-eh-tay"), is the only "city" in the South Seas and capital of the

Classic features immortalized by Gauguin show clearly in profiled Yalonde Flohr, Miss Tahiti in 1962. Vacationing from Kyoto, flower arranger Etsuko Yashimachi examines flora, while Chinese-Tahitian Marcelle Wong beams at Tahiti's Club Méditerranée. Papeete danseuse Isabelle Dexter practices in surf and (opposite) fragile ear flower complements Mirielle Hart's exotic ambiance.





sprawling island empire of French Polynesia.

What our man does immediately realize is that the doll-like *vahine* of the Melville idyls, if she ever existed beyond men's idle dreams, has long gone the way of the Pequod. As he drifts through this ground swell of smiling faces, whose well-formed features eschew cosmetics: as he hears from their unreddened lips a sonorous potpourri of Tahitian, with its jawbreaking vowels and explosive stops, sprinkled with the South Sea version of French and English; as he senses the unencumbered grace and outspoken sensuality of their *pareu*-clad figures: as he dodges an endless stream of motorized two-wheelers—Vespas, Solexes and Mobylettes—ridden by a phalanx of Godiva-like beauties whose mini-skirts may provoke (continued on page 295)

Medical assistant Neyen Regaud, raised in the Tuamotus, frolics amid wild hibiscus, while South Sea starlet Vaea Bennett, featured in *Mutiny on the Bounty* and once "a gaad friend" of Branda's, wades in lagoon. As Cindy Groenendyke, late of Newport Beach, California, digs downpour, U. T. A. stewardess Helene Lee, sans sarong, decorates *pareu* bedspread. Opposite: Strand-strolling Annie Typaia is an accomplished amateur guitarist.







"It's a Happening!"



Ribald Classic

**the
scamp
he would
a scribbler
be**

from the "Facetia Erotica"
of Poggio Fiorentino

OF A LUSTY NATURE WAS Gina the Genoese, whose husband, because of slow wit and slow payment, was often compelled to pass nights in his rice fields to escape the collectors of dues.

During his absence one evening, there arrived at his house a wandering writer of letters, who inquired of Gina if she had need of his scribbling. "Circumstance befit it," she replied coyly, "for my husband is gone from this place. How might I write when he has taken his quill and left my inkwell empty?"

The scribe, who knew full well of what service she was really in need, took up his quill forthwith and, dipping it into her inkwell, wielded it with such skill and style—and such cursive strokes—that she, immediately, demanded a transcription. A man of mettle, the scamp with ease gave her a second script by his bold hand and, if truth be known, transcribed a multitude of dispatches onto her parchment before being reduced to mere scribble. In due time he returned, however, and, saying that he was again in need of a certain cipher, inquired if she, too, wished to compose another missive, to which she replied that she, in truth, possessed a yearning for his particular penmanship.

No sooner had they put the first stroke to their epistle, however, than Gina's husband unexpectedly returned from out of the fields, bellowing that the door be unbolted for his entry. With haste the scribbler sprang from his labor and tumbled beneath the bed, whereupon the wanton, cautioning that there he remain concealed while she rid them of her spouse, opened the door.

Gave she then a thundering tirade, screech-

ing and screaming that he was a fool and a dull wit to return home. "Husband, this night the governor's soldiers came here to arrest you! They searched the house, in every place! They departed but moments ago, with threats to return within the hour!"

The quaking wretch, shrieking his terror, beseeched her for counsel, and Gina, after making a show of deep thought, told him to climb to the dovecote above and slumber the night there. "I shall bolt the loft door and remove the ladder. No one will have suspicion that you are there." With that, the poor clod, whimpering his gratitude and begging her forgiveness, clambered into that place and was bolted within.

No sooner had he reached the loft than the scribe emerged from his own concealment. Bringing his wit into play, he immediately began a commotion as of a troop of *cavabiniere*, pounding on the door, kicking stools, overturning the table, all the while bawling in a multitude of oaths that the thief would that night be thrown into irons. As her part in the program, the cunning doxy screeched in return that her husband was innocent of wrongdoing and had departed on an extended journey. Ceased they their uproar only when mirth threatened to take the place of the show of wrath.

Thereupon, with the husband quaking and bolted for the night, the knave and his minx thundered out the door and, giving way to excessive merriment all the way, betook themselves to the letter writer's lodginghouse, where he once again gave valorous proof that the pen is far mightier than the sword.

—Retold by John Keefauver

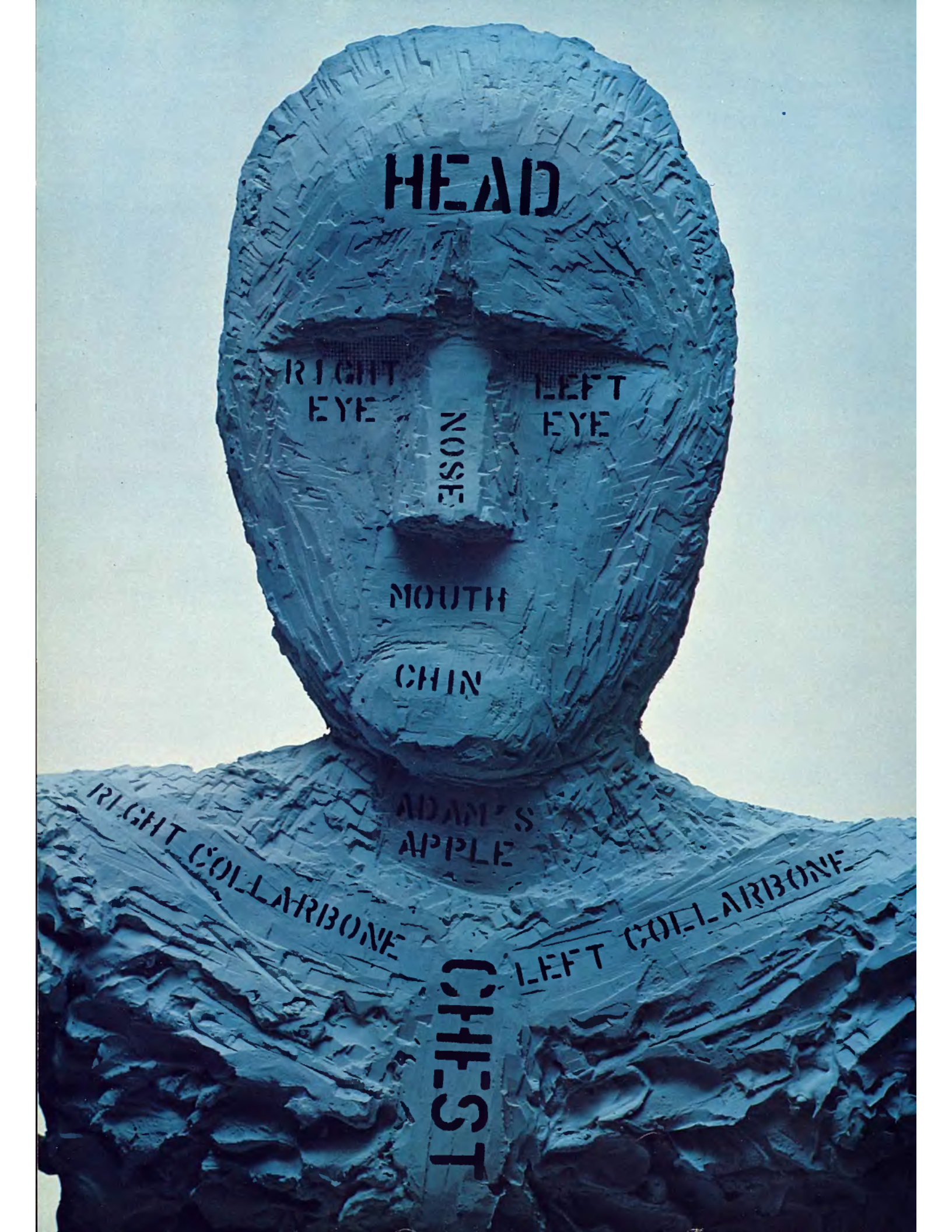


*"You'll need more
than one shot to bag me,
Mr. Thompson."*





Vargas



HEAD

RIGHT
EYE

LEFT
EYE

NOSE

MOUTH

CHIN

ADAM'S
APPLE

RIGHT COLLARBONE

LEFT COLLARBONE

CHEST

FANTASTIC



These three completely disparate tales of science-fictional imagination are the outcome of an unusual experiment in creativity and chronology. The customary procedure with fiction is for an author to conceive and write a story, which is then given to an illustrator for visual interpretation. In this experiment, we first commissioned a sculptor to create a weirdly futuristic work, more humanoid than human, then sent photographs of it to three masters of the sci-fi genre, who were asked to use it as an inspirational launching pad, letting their imaginations roam through space and time, and with each writer thinking of the picture as if it were conceived for his story—and his alone—and none of them consulting with the other two. They—like you—are seeing all three of these stories for the very first time, accompanied by a reproduction of the sculpture that initiated this unique and uniquely successful melding of graphic and literary artistry.

PLAYBACK

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

IT IS INCREDIBLE that I have forgotten so much, so quickly. I have used my body for 40 years; I thought I knew it. Yet already it is fading like a dream.

Arms, legs—where are you? What did you ever do for me, when you were mine? I send out signals, trying to command the limbs I vaguely remember. Nothing happens; it is like shouting into a vacuum.

Shouting. Yes, I try that. Perhaps *they* hear me, but I cannot hear myself. Silence has flowed over me, until I can no longer imagine sound. There is a word in my mind called "music"; what does it mean?

(So many words, drifting before me out of the darkness, waiting to be recognized. One by one they go away, disappointed.)

Hello. So you are back. How softly you tiptoe into my mind! I know when you are there, but I never feel you coming.

I sense that you are friendly, and I am grateful for what you have done. But who are you? Of course, I know you're not human; no human science could have rescued me, when the drive field collapsed. You see, I am becoming curious; that is a good sign, is it not? Now that the pain has gone—at last, at last—I can start to think again.

Yes, I am ready. Anything you want to know. It is the least that I can do.

My name is William Vincent Neuberg. I am a Master Pilot of the Galactic Survey. I was born in Port Lowell, Mars, on 21 August, 2095. My wife, Janita, and my three children are on Ganymede. I am also an author; I've written a good deal about my travels. *Beyond Rigel* is quite famous . . .

What happened? You probably know as much as I do. I had just phantomed my ship and was cruising at phase velocity when the alarm went. There was no time to move, to do anything; I remember the cabin walls starting to glow—and the heat, the terrible heat. That is all; the detonation must have blown me into space—but how could I have survived, how could anyone have reached me in time?

Tell me—how much is left of my body? Why cannot I feel my arms, my legs? Don't hide the truth; I am not afraid. If you can get me home, the biotechnicians can (concluded on page 277)

LOVEMAKING

By FREDERIK POHL

AS THE END OF THE MONTH approached, Katzenherr began to be sharp with his maintenance crews and to press his office girls to complete their progress reports for the main office. It was like that every month. The stresses accumulated. Katzenherr, who was a poet as opportunity offered, took pride in his work because it was socially useful, and pleasure because the House was so vast, so beautifully landscaped and so handsomely decorated. But he could not like his customers.

For them he had a sort of fatherly contempt, as for a child who writes a letter to Santa Claus. The child is deceived and foolish, although he does get his gifts, because his father reads the letter. So deceived and foolish were Katzenherr's customers . . . and so rewarded.

Katzenherr's title was Project Chief. On the last of the month he abandoned his green steel office and roamed the House, interfering and supplanting. A boss should be able to do the work of any of his subordinates, he thought, and indeed he could. Sometimes he took over the reception room, seeing that the lyserge dispensers were kept filled, making change for the customers, conducting their tranced steps from the waiting room to the cubicles that, to them, were motels or sylvan nooks, as their hallucinated desires dictated. Sometimes he ran the window washer. Sometimes he took a turn in Maintenance, inspecting and replacing the tapes that went into the featureless plastic mannequins they called Chatty Hedy and Chatty Chuck. Sometimes he kept the books, or checked them, and sometimes he took the place of the customer-relations man who sampled reactions from the customers as, sated, fuzzy-smiling and relaxed, they were about to leave the House. Katzenherr was very expert with the customers and did not ever give them any reason to believe that the Venus or Adonis with whom they had just performed the delicate farce of love was only a blob of clay. He did, however, laugh to himself at their joy.

In other moods, at the end of the month or when a failure of scansion made him scowl and snap his thumbs, he detested the patrons of the House. Why should the P. C. A. make him pander to their clumsy animal lust? He could not disguise from himself, in those moments when he faced the truth that *(concluded on page 278)*

CEPHALOTRON

By THOMAS M. DISCH

TO: ALL AUDIO-VISUAL MEDIA.
For release: December 15, 2067.

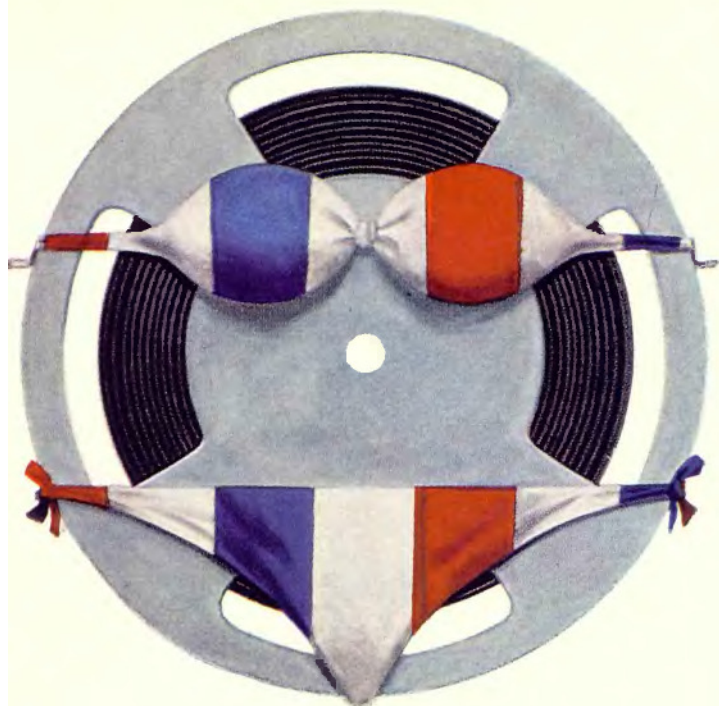
Broadcasters, here's your script for announcing Exo-Export's newest all-ages educational toy. Far more sophisticated than the usual electronic amusement device, the Cephalotron is a marvel of bio-engineering and miniaturization. Script follows:

Hung up for a Christmas gift for the loved one who has everything? Or even for yourself? He, she or you will flip for Exo-Export's new Cephalotron. You'll see it in 3-D; you'll hear it in stereo as soon as this announcement is over—but that can't take the place of having your own Cephalotron to bring you new dimensions of delightful, joyful—and profound—psycho-sensory pleasure.

There are a thousand laughs in store for you when you possess a Cephalotron of your own. A toy so ingenious and so full of fantastic possibilities is bound to appeal to anyone, young or old. Each model is completely personalized—there are no two alike, and every minute is different from the next in the incredible thought chaos of a Cephalotron. Here is a device whose amazing biochemical circuitry allows its user to see, smell, even feel hurt—in fact, you will be astonished by the number of different emotions you can experience after a few hours of practice.

Even more amusing is the Cephalotron's capability for psycho-oral emissions known as spoken ideas. Your model will speak and will deliver numerous thoughts about such quaint themes of antiquity as: Freedom, Death, Beauty and God-Father. In addition, if simple training-manual instructions are followed, any Cephalotron can be made to love. Probably the most interesting game possibility is to bring two Cephalotrons together. The results are guaranteed to delight you! Observe them exchange psycho-oral transmissions about old-fashioned moral subjects; notice their hilarious illusion that they are operating independently; and watch the most absurd happening of all—when two Cephalotrons fall in love. Connoisseurs of Cephalotron behavior describe this as the ultimate in grotesque and laughable experience.

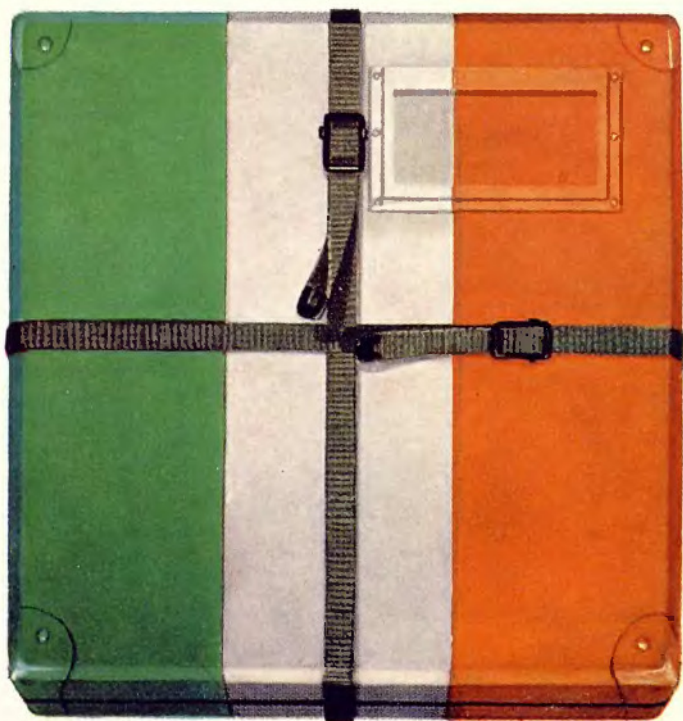
The Cephalotron comes in a compact, easily portable form, limbless and free of dirt or mess. Care for it is almost effortless and upkeep is minimal. With each *(concluded on page 279)*



OUR MAN AT THE FILM FESTIVALS

article

By Kenneth Tynan



a critic's-eye view of the carryings-on—aesthetic and sybaritic—at the premier movie fetes in Venice and Cannes

ALMOST EVERY TOWN in Europe secretly yearns to have a film festival, especially if it has a tourist season to go with it. The presence of a few big stars, a few dozen starlets and a few hundred journalists on expense accounts never did anyone's economy much harm. And there's always the chance of a scandal (NUDIPIX FUROR AT FILMFEST) or a minor international incident (HAIL OF TORTILLAS GREET'S U.S. ENTRY; WASHINGTON RECALLS ENVOY). Given luck and good planning, a little cultural prestige may even accrue. All you need, by way of basic equipment, is a decent projector, a couple of hotels, a not-too-distant airport and a small municipal subsidy. Not long ago I was invited to attend a Grand Cinematographic Concourse in a Mediterranean fishing village with a population of 850. The film chosen for the Gala Inauguration was a Western entitled, according to the official handout, *The Balls of San Fernando*.

In the course of 1966, 200 film festivals were held throughout the world, and the number is likely to swell. But the most potent pair, the oldest rivals, and still the only springboards for instant international fame are Cannes and Venice.

The first Cannes festival was scheduled to start on September 1, 1939. Because of the late unpleasantness, it was postponed until 1946. Since then, the Cannes jury has garlanded and launched such movies as Rossellini's *Open City*, Delbert Mann's *Marty*, Alf Sjöberg's *Miss Julie*, François Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*, Orson Welles' *Othello* and Kalatozov's *The Cranes Are Flying*. It was also at Cannes that Antonioni's *L'Avventura* was ferociously booed in 1960; but the jury caught up with critical opinion two years later by giving him a prize for *L'Eclisse*. All these entrants were picked by the Cannes selection board. Rejects and mavericks are screened during the festival in the small commercial cinemas that line the Rue d'Antibes. These showings are arranged by an organization called the Film Market, which must never be sniffed at, since without its efforts the general public might never have seen films such as Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* and Alain Resnais' *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

Venice, the senior partner of the big two, dates back to 1932, when Mussolini founded it to invest Italy with cultural glamor and to attract visitors to Venice after the tourist season had ended. (The two-week festival starts at the end of August. Cannes, by contrast, takes place in mid-May, just before the tourist season begins.) Recent winners of the Venetian Golden Lion have included several films that changed the course of movie history. With *Rashomon*, in 1951, the Japanese cinema made its first decisive impact on the West, and Akira Kurosawa was established overnight as one of the 20 best living directors. Recognition for India came in 1957, when the top award went to Satyajit Ray's *Aparajito*; and with *Last Year at Marienbad* (1961), Alain Resnais gained a seal of official acclaim that his native country had formerly denied him.

If you are planning a trip to either of Europe's capitals of competitive cinema, be warned. They differ radically in atmosphere. Venice is aimed at the purists, while Cannes cocks an eye at the box office. The former is staged for evangelists, the latter for merchants as well as missionaries. Venice is married to the cinema; Cannes is its randy, promiscuous mistress. Both are worth seeing, but it's foolish to approach them in the same mood. What follow are my notes on the two great festivals that celebrate the hypnotic art once described by Orson Welles as "a ribbon of dream."

To begin with, Venice does not happen in Venice. The venue is the Lido, a sandy spit of land way out in the lagoon and accessible from the city by public water-bus or private motorboat. I remember Robert Benchley's famous, bewildered

telegram to *The New Yorker*: "Arrived in Venice. Streets full of water. Please advise." It may well be raining, thus reinforcing D. H. Lawrence's impression of the place as "an abhorrent, green, slippery city." Tourists seeking modern and reasonably priced accommodations on the Lido flock to the Eurotel, which has its own beach and is ten minutes' walk from the flag-bedecked Palazzo del Cinema, where the films are shown. Other visitors, richer or more immersed in literature, make for the Hôtel des Bains, which is the setting of Thomas Mann's best-known short story—*Death in Venice*, a threnody for an aging homosexual. Top people, whose expenses are either paid or tax-deductible, choose the Excelsior Palace, a stupendously crenelated monstrosity that charges \$50 a day for a double room overlooking the main road.

Under the rain, the Lido becomes a sodden strip of beach, Coney Island without the animation. Critics, producers and publicity men slump in the lobby of the Excelsior like steerage passengers on some nightmare cruise. Shipboard romances and feuds strike up, and the hotel itself grows daily more like a superannuated liner. You wonder why the chairs aren't bolted to the floor. One old hand declares that this is the drabest of all Venice festivals. No, says another, the *second* drabest. Such is the dearth of stars that you find journalists interviewing one another. Nothing is here to warm a publicist's heart. The program is resolutely austere. Professor Luigi Chiarini, who has run the festival since 1963, abhors flashy blockbusters, and the people who make them have learned to avoid the harsh critical cross fire that one encounters in Venice.

Chiarini seems to infect the food as well. Hedonists embark for the city to eat—expensively at All' Angelo and at Harry's Bar (where the preferred cocktail, a blend of peach juice and champagne, is called a Bellini) or more cheaply at the Malamocco, where you may even run into a few authentic Venetians. Back at the Lido, the buffs gather at an earthy, open-air *trattoria*. Crewcuts wag in a corner, and you are reverently told that they belong to the editorial staff of the Swedish equivalent of *Cahiers du Cinéma*. (For the benefit of nonbuffs, I should perhaps explain that *Cahiers* is the French film magazine that spawned and fostered the New Wave.) The sun finally pierces the porridge-gray canopy of cloud; but by now you have begun to feel that there's a paradox implicit in the very phrase "film festival." Isn't it perverse and inherently unfestive to go to a seaside resort and spend most of the day in the dark?

To Chiarini, anything recorded on celluloid for noncommercial reasons is arguably holy. Sixteen hours of heavy-weight piety are devoted to *the rejected*

footage of Robert Flaherty's documentary *Louisiana Story*. You get a powerful sense of madness closing in when, after something like 48 shots of a tree, the commentator (who was also the cameraman) pensively remarks: "We—er—got a bit hung up on that tree." But there are also invaluable morning showings of forgotten films, rescued from the archives and given a second lease on life. In 1965, for instance, the theme was the German cinema before Hitler seized power. I goggled at a treasure-trove—a world of sly housemaids and convent girls in bloomers, of sinister actors beaming at me gimlet-eyed from the heart of German insecurity. A world (to put it another way) of mad scientists torn between ruling mankind and raping their nieces.

Veteran delegates swap nostalgic tales of the resplendent past. In 1937 there were fireworks on the beach and the ush-erettes wore crinolines in honor of Anna Neagle as *Victoria the Great*. Five years later the Rumanians planned a mountainous wingding, ordering vast quantities of caviar to be shipped from Odessa: By the time it arrived, the sturgeon's eggs had turned into tadpoles. Above all, the elder critics mourn the passing of the days when Hollywood came to the ball, and the first male acting prize (awarded in 1934) went to Wallace Beery for his "powerful personality" in the title role of *Viva Villa*. In the same year the Vatican condemned Venice for screening *Ecstasy*, which showed Hedy Lamarr in the muffled-by-foilage, always-in-long-shot, often-out-of-focus nude. I even met an old French historian who remembered the inaugural festival, at which *Grand Hotel* (starring Garbo, Crawford and Barrymore) was savagely hissed, and a besotted Italian reviewer described the legs of Miriam Hopkins as "the most fragrant and intoxicating revelations of femininity ever seen on the screen."

"Oh, for a Cary Grant retrospective!" I hear a fellow critic sighing. And I guiltily know what he means, having just returned from a silent German melodrama whose subtitles were rendered via loud-speaker into Italian and passed on to me in French by an adjacent Greek. (In Cannes you can hire transistors and listen to foreign dialog translated into English. In Venice there are no transistors, and the films are subtitled only in French or Italian. Hence the atrocious lapses of judgment made in Venice by Anglo-Saxon critics who are not linguists. A good deal of the veneration we accord to the Continental cinema is undoubtedly due to the fact that our critics don't fully comprehend its vernacular subtleties.)

But however much reviewers may lament the lack of glamorous gaiety, they cannot deny that they deplored it when it flourished. The festival they sniff at today is the festival they begged for 15

years ago. "It used to exist for the public," a disgruntled Venetian tells me. "Now it exists for the critics. They've got what they wanted."

Professor Chiarini looks back in pride on the festival's beginnings. CONSECRATION OF THE CINEMA AS THE OFFICIAL ART OF OUR TIME was the headline of a French report on Venice in 1932; and Chiarini wants to keep it that way. He is an aesthetic puritan, a Savonarola of the cinema, with little time for those who go to the movies for entertainment. Talking to this bald, bureaucratic idealist, I glean the following opinions:

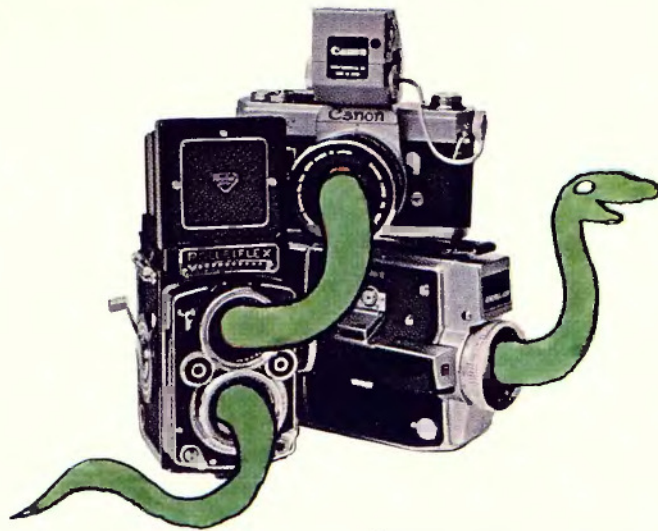
"You are not here to amuse yourself. You can do that in the cinemas across the lagoon, around the Piazza San Marco. This is not a fete, it is an exhibition. We are not interested in stars and spectacles but in research and experiment. There are two kinds of audience I care about—the students who go to our retrospective shows, and the ordinary people of Venice who see the festival films in our open-air cinema. I don't regard the dignitaries who see the official indoor showings as a serious audience."

Chiarini's high thinking dominates the festival; and when, on the last day, the international jury is shipped off to a nearby island (Torcello or San Giorgio) to deliberate behind locked doors, there's no doubt that its decisions are governed by strictly artistic considerations. All the same, tact is a great vote swinger, and if there's a major American entry, it might seem churlish not to award it at least an *acting* prize. Local patriotism, too, should be appeased where possible. Venice has not forgotten the almighty fuss of 1960, when Luchino Visconti, having failed to win the Golden Lion with *Rocco and His Brothers*, stormed out of the prize-giving ceremony, vowing never to return. He broke his vow five years later. The film he brought with him was an anemic and pretentious tragedy of incest called *Vaghe Stelle dell'Orsa*. It duly carried off the prize.

The future looks moderately bleak for Chiarini's Venice. For one thing, the number of outlets for art movies has multiplied in recent years: They no longer need the Venetian seal of approval as desperately as they did. For another, the prospect of rigorous competition (and thus of likely defeat) tends more and more to discourage all entrants except those with nothing to lose. Why, after all, should a commercial producer take the risk of being turned down by the Venice selection committee—and of exposing himself, if accepted, to the combined onslaught of the international press? Finally, how long will the Italian government go on subsidizing a festival that isn't helping the tourist trade?

• • •

Compared with the austerities of Venice, Cannes is an orgy. First of all, it is
(continued on page 259)



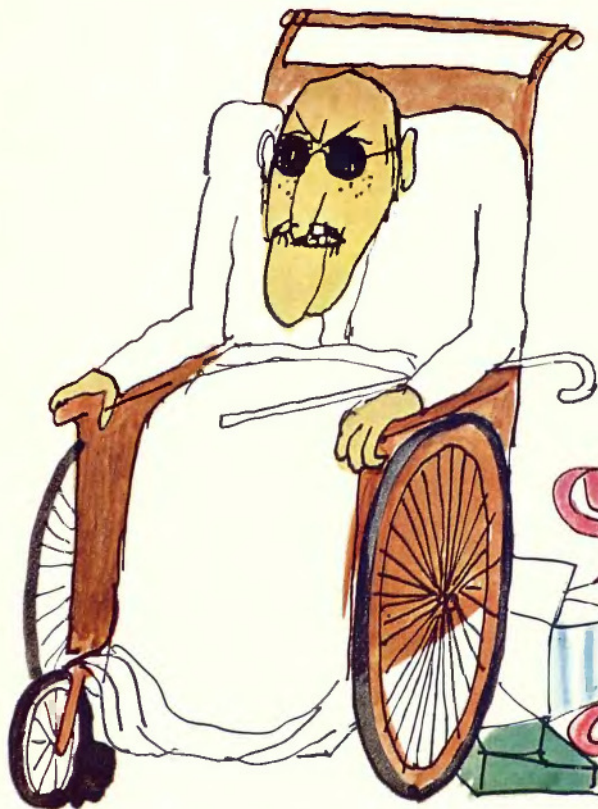
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE



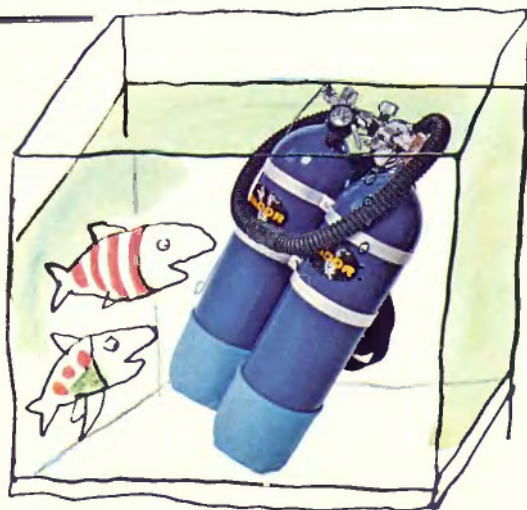
Cameras full of surprises. Left to right: Rolleiflex 2.8, by Honeywell, \$385. Canon FT QL, \$289.95, with booster, \$59.95, both by Bell & Howell. Elmo Tri-Filmatic movie camera, by Honeywell, \$279.50. Modern art makes a splash: Adolph Gottlieb print, from Marlborough, \$90. A Sam Smith adult toy, from D/R, \$70. Gassy smoker's supplies that send up signals. Left to right: Cigar case, \$5.50, hand-tooled cigarette case, \$8.50, table lighter, \$9.50, rosewood humidor, \$5.50, all from Dunhill. No-break-in pipe, from Venturi, \$12.50. Apple pipe, \$90, tobaccos, \$7.50, and pouch, \$4.50, all from Dunhill. 18-kt.-gold pipe tool, from Tiffany, \$65.



Sporting goods for good sports.
From top to bottom: Compact
collapsible bicycle, by
Raleigh, \$99.95. T20/M Tiger
Mountain Cub motorcycle with
4-cycle o.h.v. single-cylinder
engine, by Triumph, \$665,
with Sno-Go attachment, by
Johnson, \$304.16 extra.



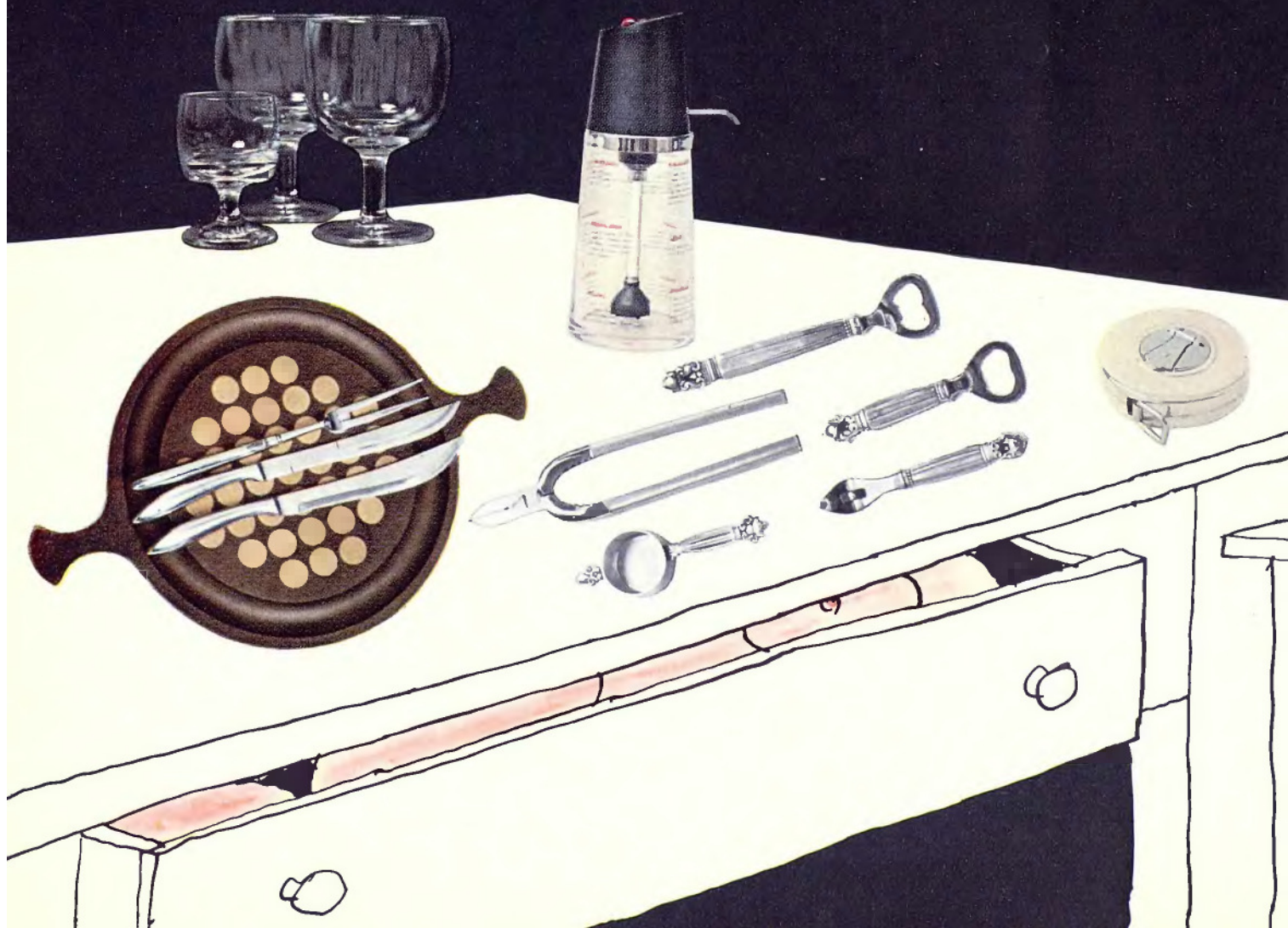
Safari light, by Burgess, \$29.50.
Mariner automatic pilot for sail-
boats, by Signet, \$185.
Eveready rechargeable Captain
lantern, by Union Carbide,
\$31.95. E-300 portable gen-
erator, by American Honda,
\$189.50. Collapsible billiard cue
with solid-hardwood butt,
\$28.75, and pro model cue case
with Orlon-pile lining, \$10.95,
both by American Machine
& Foundry. Electric fishing reel
with rechargeable power pack
and carrying case, \$150, tubular
glass rod, \$25, both by Old Pal.
Tool kit in leather case, from
Dunhill, \$57.50. Twin-tank scuba
outfit, \$154.50, wrist depth
gauge strapped to regulator,
\$10.95, both by Dacor.



Speak no nonsense, see no double image, hear no clinkers. Top row, left to right: Port-A-Go contains an AM/FM radio, 4-speed phonograph and 9-inch TV, by International Electrohome, \$349.50. Minni 3 television with 3-inch screen operates on both AC and battery, by Symphonic Television, \$159.95. Monitor 960 slide projector with previewer holds 100 slides in circular drum, features automatic focusing device, by Bell & Howell, \$159.95. Corsair marine radio with direction finder, by General Electric, \$125. Magicall automatic repertory dialer with interchangeable memory tapes, by the Bell System, \$30 one-time charge plus a monthly charge. Bottom row, left to right: Ampex Music Center contains a stereo tape recorder and an AM/FM radio, \$599.95, Model 830 speakers, \$99.95 a pair, all by Ampex. Cassette tape recorder with two speakers, \$199.50, 60-minute tapes, \$2.65 each, 90-minute tapes, \$3.75 each, all by Norelco. Solid-state portable radio receives AM, FM and LW plus four short-wave bands, by Toshiba America, \$189.95.



Anyone with bare cupboards and drawers of chests will dig the following kitchen and bar gear. From left to right: Wengewood carving board with oak inlay, \$35, and three-piece stainless-steel carving set, \$19.50, all from Bonniers. Small crystal glass, from Bonniers, \$3.75. Large "Arthur" glasses, from D/R, \$1 each. Battery-operated drink mixer and pourer, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$10. Clockwise from 12: Three sterling-silver bottle openers, \$19.50, \$17 and \$16.50, and sterling-silver jigger, \$30, all from Georg Jensen. Sterling-silver champagne opener is both wire cutter and cork puller, from Tiffany, \$30. Continuing right: Sterling-silver tape measure, from Tiffany, \$35. Insulated cocktail shaker with case, by Aldco, \$25. Vesuviana espresso coffee maker, from D/R, \$27.

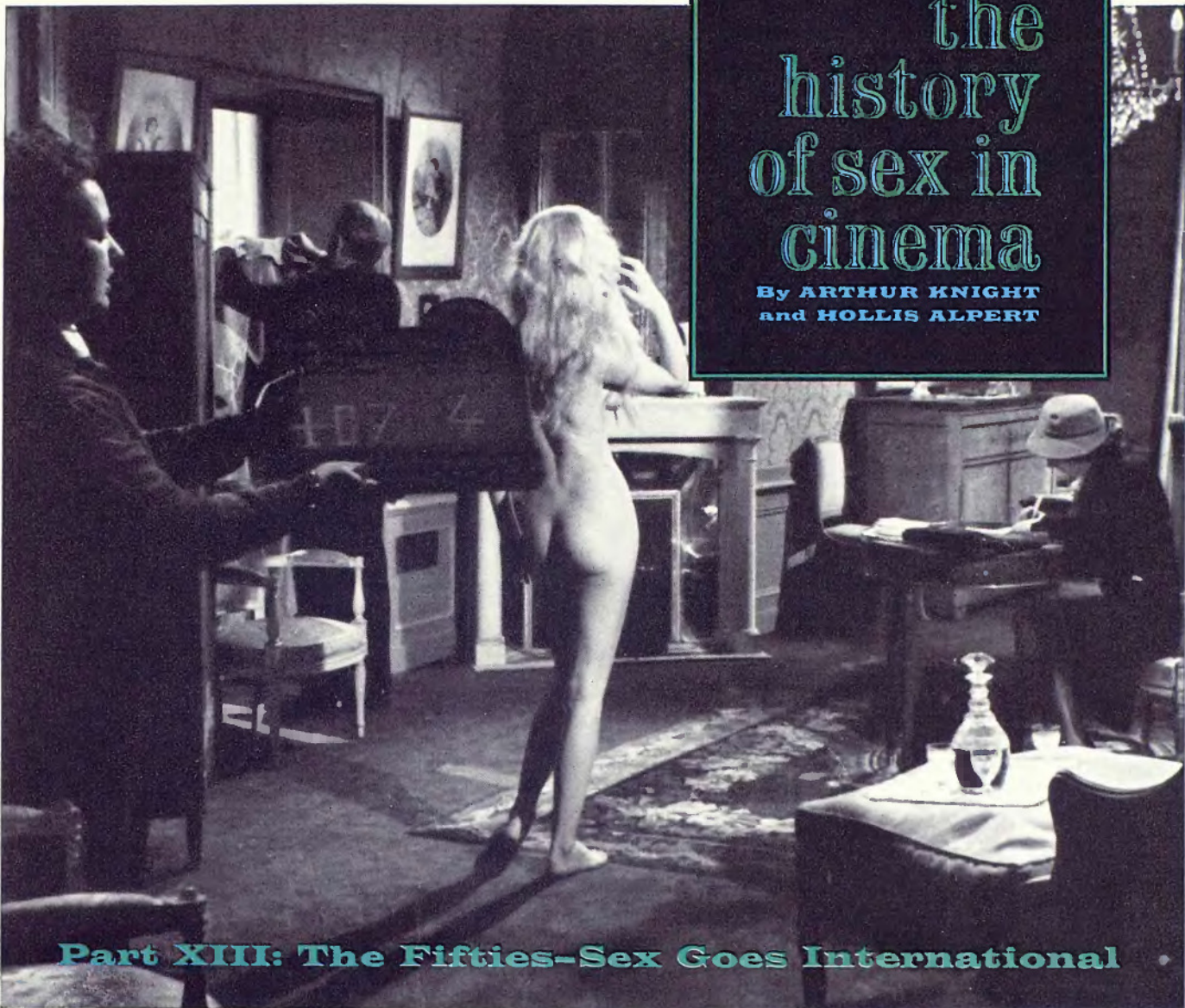






This year, get a bang out of Christmas. Left, clockwise from ten: 8-day Swiss desk clock, from Dunhill, \$25. Veglia alarm clock, from D/R, \$6. Calendar desk clock, from Cartier, \$90. 18-kt.-gold key ring, from Van Cleef & Arpels, \$125. 18-kt.-gold circle cuff links, from Cartier, \$150. 18-kt.-gold rope cuff links, from Tiffany, \$110. 14-kt.-gold money clip, from Cartier, \$64. Sterling-silver bamboo military brushes, \$10 each, and shoehorn, \$36, all from Tiffany. Brass calendar paperweight, from Moore, Rockwell, White Assoc., \$10. 18-kt.-gold cuff-link loops, \$50, used with any of the following sets of four interchangeable bars: 18-kt.-gold, \$100, lapis, \$75, malachite, \$55, ivory, \$30, onyx, \$60, all from Van Cleef & Arpels. Travel watch in case, from Van Cleef & Arpels, \$90. 18-kt.-gold pocket watch, \$300, 14-kt.-gold chain, \$76, and 14-kt.-gold bottle opener, \$250, all from Cartier. 18-kt.-gold Patek Philippe wrist watch with alligator band tells time all over the world, from Tiffany, \$1150. Dress correctly before taking that trip. Below, left to right: Pigskin driving gloves, from B. Altman, \$27.50. Woven silk tie, \$8.50, foulard silk tie, \$7.50, and cape-leather gloves, \$10.50, all from Sulka. Vinyl two-suiter, by Harrison Leather Goods, \$38. Canvas and leather bag, from B. Altman, \$15. Shahtoosh scarf, from Neiman-Marcus, \$100. Terrycloth robe, from D. Porthault, \$55. Ensemble: Cavalry-twill coat, \$115, and suede slacks, \$85, both from B. Altman. Wool link-knit sweater, from Sulka, \$21.50.





the history of sex in cinema

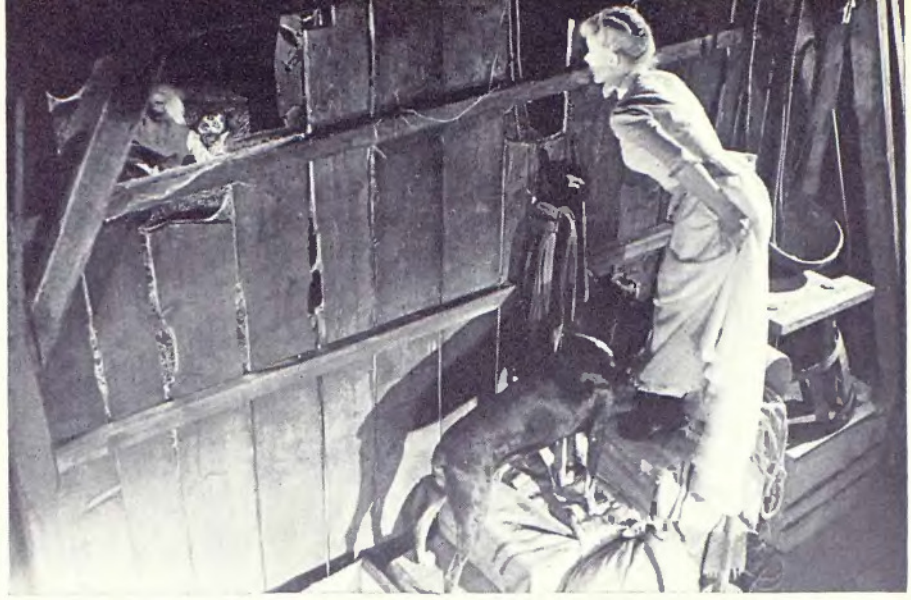
By ARTHUR KNIGHT
and HOLLIS ALPERT

Part XIII: The Fifties—Sex Goes International

throughout the decade, the sexual sophistication and “new-wave” nudity of foreign films enjoyed increasing popularity with audiences in America and abroad

IF AMERICA'S ATTITUDES toward sex in the movies underwent a drastic change during the Fifties, it was due in no small part to the stepped-up importation of foreign films throughout that period. Always, to say the least, tolerant of nudity on the screen, the French during the Fifties began to exploit it in earnest with charmers like Martine Carol and, especially, Brigitte Bardot—augmented in the last years of the decade by the bed-oriented efforts of the *Nouvelle Vague*. Italy's film makers learned quickly that their neorealism somehow sold better when the likes of Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida decorated their brawling tenements and squalid farms, and that history became a much livelier subject when peopled with beefcake males and gauzily clad (or unclad) females. Ingmar Bergman, by sex obsessed, accomplished singlehandedly a revival of interest in the films of his native Sweden; while *Rashomon's* multifaceted depiction of a brutal rape focused international attention on Japanese pictures. And in England, where heretofore only cleavage had given our censors occasional cause for concern, a whole new tribe of angry young men explored both social and sexual relations on screen with a candor that was as profitable as it was unprecedented. Suddenly, it seemed, the entire world had discovered sex and was eager to expose the nature of this discovery through cinema.

It was an era markedly similar to the Twenties, when once again the life-destroying forces of war were countered in the post-War years by a reaffirmation of the flesh and the rejection of all repressive influences, whether political or philosophic. But where the Twenties embraced Dr. Coué's view that “things are getting better and better,” the existentialists of the Fifties would go no further than the wary admission that “whatever is, is.” And where the Twenties had its “flaming youth,” the Beat Generation of the Fifties preferred to play it cool. Existentialist or cool, however, implied the same attitude—the acceptance of phenomena, events and happenings on their own terms,



BY SEX OBSESSED: Unknown in American movies, overt eroticism became commonplace in the foreign films of the Fifties. Top: In the 1950 French sex comedy "La Ronde," a prostitute (Simone Signoret) serviced a Serviceman standing up. As a libidinous Miss Julie in the Swedish film of the same name, Anita Björk became aroused while spying on servants making hay. Center: Throughout the decade, French film makers maintained their laissez-faire attitude toward nudity, as in "Forbidden Fruit" with Fernandel and Françoise Arnoul; and toward sexually explicit horseplay such as this game of "Guess Who?" in Truffaut's "The 400 Blows." Above: Overturning the ban of an Ohio censor board, a historic Supreme Court decision allowed "The Lovers" (with Jeanne Moreau) to run uncut in the U. S. By 1959, Signoret's sex scenes had become horizontal; in "Room at the Top," she won an Oscar for her performance opposite—and under—Laurence Harvey.



OUTDOOR EROTICA: The Swedish penchant for *alfresco, au naturel* togetherness was sensually depicted in "One Summer of Happiness" (above), a 1951 film shown relatively uncut in some U.S. cities. In a typically Hollywood ending, however, its two stars gamboled with love but lost. An atypical interlude from the French fantasy "Nude in His Pocket" (below) found Agnès Laurent frolicking outdoors in the altogether with scientist Jean Marais after he had transformed her from puppet proportions back to her full-sized self.



without censure and, above all, without applying to them the moral values of the past. It was an era that feared commitment of any sort, except to the fulfillment of the personality and the gratification of the senses. Not surprisingly, the films of the Fifties—and particularly those produced in Europe—not only reflected this philosophy but boldly affirmed it.

Inevitably, however, American censors were more concerned with flesh than with philosophy as they wielded their shears over foreign-made films; and the pictures from France and Italy in the early Fifties frequently provided a good deal more than Shylock's proverbial pound. Indeed, one of France's most popular *vedettes*, Martine Carol, remains largely unknown in this country because so many of her earlier (and best) works were either slashed unmercifully by our censors or barred completely from our screens. Long before Brigitte Bardot had bounded on the scene, *Mademoiselle Carol*, a comely and well-shaped blonde, was baring her all in sexy comedies such as *Trente et Quarante* or in more serious efforts such as *Les Amants de Vérone* (*The Lovers of Verona*). Stage-trained, and a capable actress, by the end of the Forties she had become France's favorite pinup. Her career began to skyrocket, however, when in 1950 she was cast in the title role of *Caroline Chérie*, a kind of French *Forever Amber*. As Caroline, the bosomy Martine wore gowns that left precious little to the imagination (and in the French version she shucked even these from time to time for the benefit of the completely unimaginative). So successful was the film that it was soon followed by a sequel, *Un Caprice de Caroline Chérie* (*A Night with Caroline*), and then by a long series of historic or fictional films about bad girls—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Madame DuBarry*, *Nana* and *Lola Montès*. In all of them, the star obliged her fans by appearing in the altogether at least once; but as her popularity increased, the number of glimpses vouchsafed diminished in direct proportion—and Lo Duca, a French authority on such matters, has pointed out as well that in her later films she was not above using a substitute with larger and shapelier breasts as her stand-in for the close-ups.

But if Martine Carol's profits were largely in her own country, Brigitte Bardot, whose film career got under way in the mid-Fifties, had the inestimable advantage of rising to stardom just as some of the wraps were coming off the American screen. Americans, of course, saw considerably less of the uninhibited sex kiten than did their European contemporaries. Indeed, the opening sequence of *Et Dieu . . . Créa la Femme* (*And God . . . Created Woman*), in which BB indulges in a nude sun bath amidst a yardful of drying laundry, was so chopped (text continued on page 238)



INDOOR EROTICA: French film makers of the Fifties shot their sex scenes around the world, but almost always in the great indoors; and their favorite furniture was a rumpled bed. Clockwise from above left: The poetic tragedy "Black Orpheus," set in Rio, included the obligatory bedroom scene; so did "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," shot in Japan, a tale of interracial love between a Japanese architect and a French actress. In "Diary of a Bad Girl," a pretty prostitute bedded down in Paris with her pimp-boyfriend—the only mattress mate who satisfied her. French sex stars such as Yves Montand—seen at right in "Les Héros Sont Fatigués" under Maria Felix and "The Crucible" atop Mylène Demongeot—seemed to spend most of their on-screen hours in the sack; so did Italy's Raf Vallone in such films as "No Escape" (below).





GALLIC GRAPPLING: This scene would seem to suggest that when a bed wasn't handy, young French sex stars of the Fifties simply hit the floor. In "Three Girls in Paris," Alain Delon was amorously ambushed—but undefeated—by three playful film fatales after they discovered that he'd previously wooed and won each of them separately in a series of uncontested bouts.

BEAUTY AND THE BUST: When American sex stars made foreign films, they were sometimes as uninhibited about nudity as their Continental counterparts. In the British thriller "Too Hot to Handle," Jayne Mansfield wore a transparent evening gown that displayed previously unexposed portions of her abundant anatomy when strategically centered spangles slipped askew.





HAREM HOURIS: Early in their careers, Italy's Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren unveiled their assets for their art: Gina as the star of "Beauties of the Night," spy-glassed in a dream sequence (top); Sophia in "Era Lui, Sì, Sì" (center), an ersatz epic in which the 17-year-old sexpot was just another Turkish delight. Both had become international sex stars by the end of the decade. **ROYAL HIGH JINKS:** Sexual shenanigans among the nobility were a popular theme in foreign films of the Fifties. In "La Reine Margot" (above), Jeanne Moreau portrayed a topless, man-hungry monarch who donned a mask before dallying.



ORGY, ANYONE?: The popularity of period spectacles in the Fifties provided foreign film makers with the opportunity—and the rationale—to pack their productions with explicit sex on a Cinemascope scale. “O.K. Nero” (top left), a heavy-handed parody of the epidermal epics mass-produced by Italy, was seen in censored versions throughout the U.S. Star Silvana Pampanini (seen nibbling on unforbidden fruit while Nero burns) never let her guard—or dress—down; nudity was left to anonymous extras such as the one Nero fiddles with, near left. In “La Tour de Nesle,” however, Pampanini did disrobe—if only by proxy; an amply endowed stand-in doubled for her in a Boccaccio-style orgy scene that included a worldly monk. Eschewing the ancient and medieval backgrounds (and the anti-royal, anti-clerical themes) favored in Franco-Italian extravaganzas, British audiences preferred their bacchanalias in an 18th Century setting—the age of Moll Flanders and Fanny Hill. “The Flesh and the Fiends” (bottom)—a rakehellish horror story set in Scotland—was a Tom Jonesian case in point.

by the censors as she darted among the blowing sheets that she seemed to be suddenly afflicted by a bad case of St. Vitus’ dance. More footage came out of the film’s most famous scene, with Bardot luring her new husband (and off-screen lover, Jean-Louis Trintignant) into bed by the simple expedient of wrapping her naked self in a sheet, then flinging wide her arms to expose its contents; so well did the gambit succeed that for the next few moments, as the two grapple beneath the shifting sheet upon the bed, the censors went to work all over again. Critics scoffed and censor boards fulminated, but this tawdry tale of a man-hungry gamine who almost destroys herself held a powerful fascination for American audiences, who showered upon it some \$4,000,000—making it one of the most successful imports ever to play in this country. It was, incidentally, far (text continued on page 244)

THE BAWDY BORGias: Perhaps the fleshiest film of the decade, “Sins of the Borgias” offered (in the European version) a cornucopic abundance of lusty looks at low life and high times in Renaissance Florence. Among them were a sexy series of bath (top right) and boudoir scenes of the licentious Lucrezia, played by Martine Carol, the first sex star to make it big by taking it off. Such good clean fun soon gave way to a graphic orgy among her friends and relatives. In a sequence similar to one seen in an earlier French film on the Borgias (pictured in Part Seven of this series, *PLAYBOY*, February 1966), star Pedro Armendariz (bottom), as the dissolute Cesare Borgia, prepared his favorite culinary creation—coquette au vin.





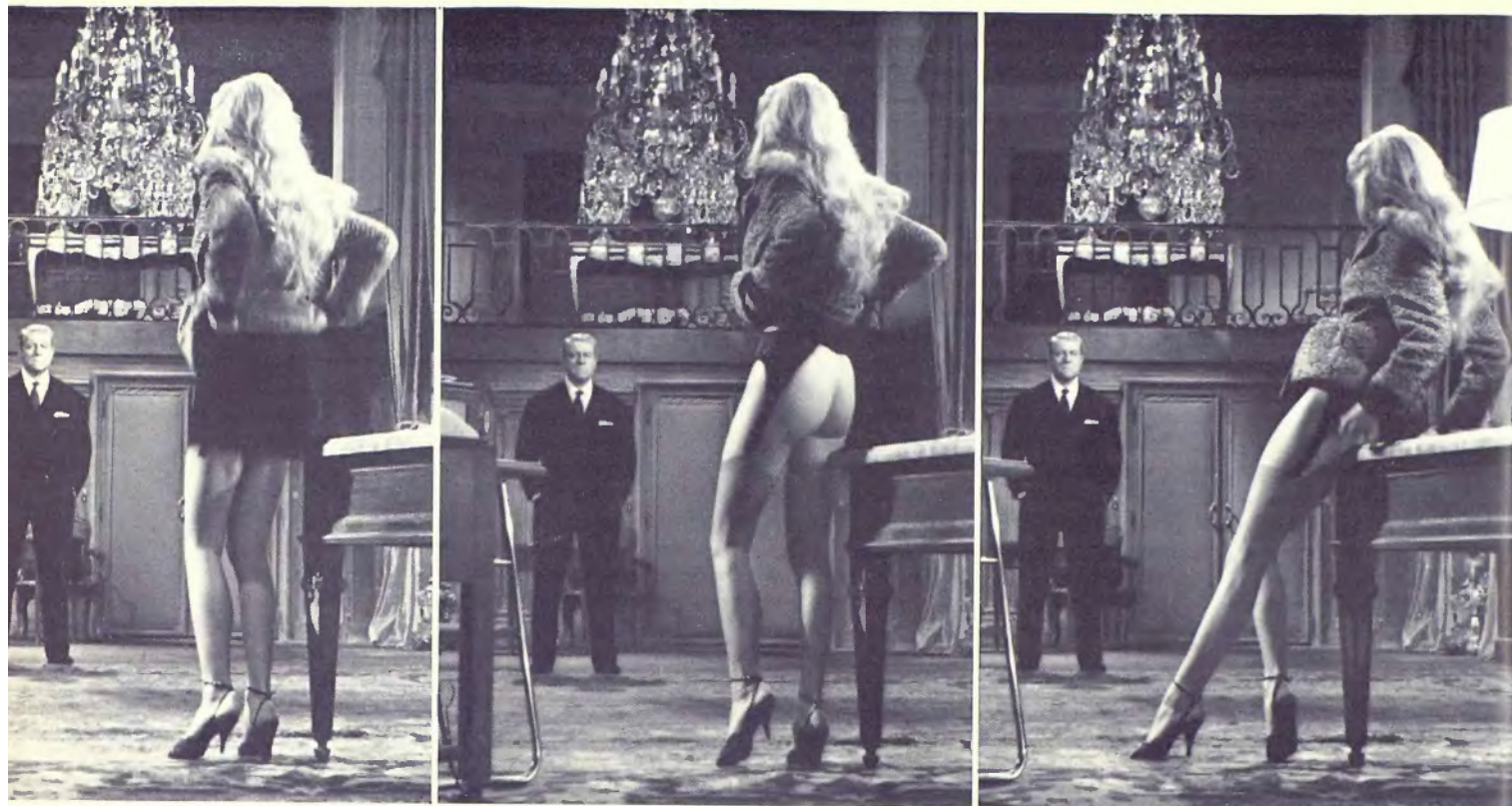
SEXUAL VIOLATION: Rape was the melodramatic theme of contrasting classics by two of the world's master movie-makers in the Fifties. In "Rashomon," Japan's Akira Kurosawa wove four contradictory tales of a brutal assault (above)—told by the woman, her husband, her attacker and a witness—into a poetic riddle of illusion vs. reality. In "The Virgin Spring," Sweden's Ingmar Bergman used the graphic, grisly violation of an innocent young girl (right) as the central symbol in a brooding parable of Old Testament tragedy and vengeance. **SEXUAL SURGERY:** In a curious phenomenon of the Fifties, several box-office-minded "screenplay doctors" in the U. S. specialized in shooting surreptitious scenes of overt erotica for insertion into imported foreign films; they were then shown in cities that permitted footage banned by the conservative Customs Bureau. In the doctored version of Bergman's "Illicit Interlude" (below), a torrid couple subbed for the original stars in a nude necking scene filmed not in Sweden but in New Jersey.



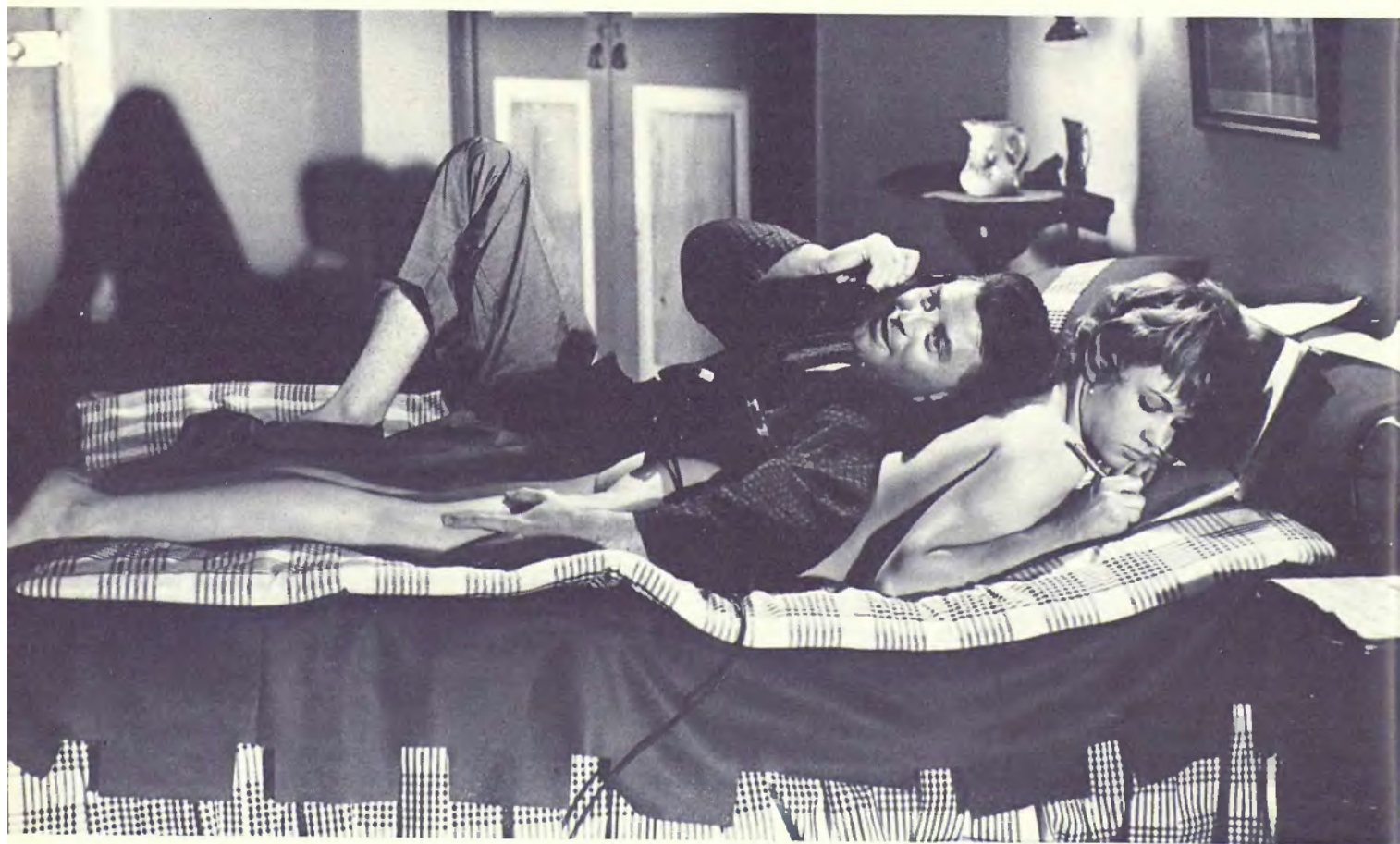


THE AGONIES AND THE ECSTASIES: Sexual violence of another kind—laced with latent Lesbianism and sado-masochism—was evident in two French films of the Fifties. One such scene in “Prisons de Femmes” (above) showed an errant inmate being stripped, glued and feathered by her fellow jailbirds. During a similar feminine free-for-all in the prize-winning film “Gervaise” (right), the *derrière* of Suzy Delair was supposedly bared; but the buttocks actually belonged to Rita Cadillac, a cheeky striptease artist who consented to grin and bare it in place of the slender star. In Roger Vadim’s “And God . . . Created Woman” (below), a fresh piece of French pastry named Brigitte Bardot—then Vadim’s wife—played a wanton newlywed who, after sharing the conjugal bed with her naïve husband, proceeded to tease her brother-in-law into ripping off her clothes and raping her. The film was an international hit, and Brigitte’s alliterative initials—like those of the late MM—became as universally known as those for Sex Appeal.





TURNABOUT: In the late Fifties—even as U.S. authorities were becoming more permissive about sex in cinema—French censors were beginning to crack down. The scene above from “Love Is My Profession”—in which Brigitte Bardot coaxed lawyer Jean Gabin into lowering his fee by raising her skirt—was snipped from the French version as well as the American. A year later, on completion of Vadim’s erotic epic “Les Liaisons Dangereuses,” French officials found the entire film offensive and banned it for a time. When the picture opened in America, however, the sexiest sequences were merely darkened rather than deleted. And one revealing episode—in which Gérard Philipe used a beauty’s backside for a phone stand—went undimmed. **CHILD-WOMAN:** By 1959, Bardot had become the erotic embodiment of New Wave sexuality. This ambivalent image, an amalgam of innocence and availability, was epitomized by the amoral cabaret girl she portrayed in “A Woman Like Satan” (opposite).





less popular in France—perhaps because celluloid stripteases there were far more common.

When *And God . . . Created Woman* opened at a New York art theater, the house manager expected it to last a fast two weeks. Instead, it played for almost a year. In the meantime, distributors dipped back into the grab bag of previous Bardot pictures, hoping to cash in on the phenomenon: *La Lumière d'en Face* (*The Light Across the Street*), *La Mariée Est Trop Belle* (*The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful*), *Cette Sacrée Gamine*, *Mam'zelle Pigalle* and *Mam'zelle Striptease*, which somehow was American for *En Effeuillant la Marguerite*. Although the films were far from distinguished, by early 1958 all New York was a Bardot festival: her pictures, duly dubbed and scrubbed, were playing not only in the art houses but in exploitation grind houses and in respectable neighborhood theaters as well. Despite the censors' elisions, Americans responded to the girl's frankly animal sexuality. If the animal was at least part alley cat, it made her all the more exciting—an intriguing combination of girlish, dewy-eyed innocence and instant availability. In her willful amorality, her almost petulant avoidance of all commitments, as Simone de Beauvoir has put it, in her "eroticism brought down to earth," Brigitte Bardot virtually personified the youth of the Fifties. And in many of her films, the plots were so contrived as to emphasize the ambivalent reactions of an older generation to her unconventional behavior. American audiences professed to be shocked by Bardot, but they were also intrigued by—and perhaps secretly envied—her emancipated attitudes toward love and life. Certainly, by the end of the Fifties her name had become as potent a box-office lure as that of any homebred Hollywood star.

Actually, in most of the 24 films that Bardot made before *And God . . . Created Woman*, she was rarely called upon to do more than exhibit her slim, sensuous body—and there were strict rules about that sort of thing over here. Nor were Bardot's the only pictures to be barred for reasons of nudity. During the Fifties, the French studios turned out a vast number of striptease films with titles such as *Bonsoir Paris*, *Bonjour l'Amour*, *Casino de Paris* and *La Reine du Striptease* (*Queen of the Strip-Tease*), which sought to string as many bare-breasted production numbers as possible upon a minimum of story line. *Casino de Paris*, for example, which included a topless fashion show, starred Caterina Valente and Vittorio DeSica in the mindless kind of plot popularized by Warner Bros. during the Thirties: the vicissitudes of a famous impresario in getting his show produced. Similarly, Robert Dhéry's *Ah! Les Belles Bacchantes* had the merest

pretext of a plot and an abundance of *Folies-Bergère*-type nudes.

Orgies abounded in yet another version of Alexander Dumas' venerable *La Tour de Nesle*, a Franco-Italian co-production made in 1954 with the handsomely endowed Silvana Pampanini as the wicked Queen Marguerite. In the absence of the king, Marguerite and her two sisters pass the time in nights of unbridled licentiousness; then, in order to prevent word getting around, arrange to have their lovers murdered every morning. The queen goes mad when she learns that one of the lovers she has disposed of in this fashion is in fact her long-lost son. The plot may have creaked, but its eroticism crackled. Never admitted into the United States, it has been running (without a censorship certificate) on a semiprivate English cinema-club circuit since 1961. Another curious item that Americans may never see at home is one inspired by the Christine Jorgenson case, *Adam Est Eve* (*Adam Is Eve*). In it, Charles, a professional boxer, marries against his doctor's advice, but flees on his wedding night. Two years later, he returns as Charlotte. A woman, Micheline Carvel, played both roles.

If the French cinema had had nothing to offer beyond orgies, oddities, stripteases and a tempting assortment of sex kittens cavorting on beds and beaches, the assiduous efforts of the American censors might not have been so keenly resented. Actually, however, some of the decade's finest pictures were French imports, and no few of them tangled with our censors and our courts. One of the first was Max Ophüls' *La Ronde*, a witty and sophisticated adaptation of Schnitzler's *Reigen*, which in ten cleverly interlocking episodes presented a cross section of Viennese morals and manners at the turn of the century. Abetted by a worldly wise commentator in the person of Anton Walbrook (who at one point in the film turns up, shears in hand, as a movie censor), Ophüls made the work more a bittersweet romantic comedy than a social satire, with emphasis upon the inconstancy of lovers rather than the milieu that encourages profligacy. But if all the world loves a lover, New York's Board of Censors balked at ten of them. They refused the film a license, charging "immorality"—to which the New York Court of Appeals added the charge that it dealt from start to finish "with promiscuity, adultery, fornication and seduction," and hence constituted "a clear and present danger" to the good people of that state. The decision was reversed, almost two years later, by the U.S. Supreme Court, which tactfully pointed out that the picture had already played in 16 censor-free states and the District of Columbia without any appreciable effect on the public's morals. Obviously, what the censors objected to was not promiscuity, adultery, fornication or se-

duction, since all of these have been basic to screen plots since the invention of the movie camera; their real objection was to *La Ronde*'s wickedly Continental assumption that extramarital lovemaking might be a pleasurable, and not necessarily punishable, experience.

One of the strongest melodramas of the Fifties was Henri-Georges Clouzot's *Le Salaire de la Peur* (*The Wages of Fear*), winner of the 1953 Cannes Film Festival and widely acclaimed in Europe by critics and public alike. But Americans never felt its full impact; by the time the censors and the distributors had finished tinkering with it, almost an hour of playing time had been removed. Part of the objections were political. Set in a Central American oil town, the film cast as villains—that is, the only people with any money—the representatives of an American oil company. Unsympathetically drawn, the manager of the company ostentatiously places property values above human lives when he offers four derelict men a bonus to drive two truckloads of nitroglycerine through hazardous roads to a burning oil field. Despite extensive re-editing by the distributors to dilute its anti-American tone, the censors greeted it with more than ordinary hostility. Sequences between Yves Montand and Véra Clouzot that furthered their semiserious flirtation in the heat and languor of the tropical town were reduced to a minimum. One would have to read closely between the lines to apprehend that the relationship between Montand and Charles Vanel, a cynical con man, might be anything more than purely platonic. Nevertheless, the picture's essential power was such that, cuts notwithstanding, *The Wages of Fear* became one of the most successful foreign films of the Fifties in this country.

Less memorable as a film, but more important in the long run for the Supreme Court decision it elicited, was Marc Allegret's *L'Amant de Lady Chatterley* (*Lady Chatterley's Lover*), which followed closely the outline of D. H. Lawrence's controversial novel, eliminating only its even more controversial four-letter words. Nevertheless, this was not enough to satisfy the New York censors, who demanded that three crucial scenes be eliminated: Lady Chatterley and Mellors in bed together in his cabin "in a state of undress"; a second, similar scene later in the film; and one in which the lusty gamekeeper begins to make love to the lady by caressing her buttocks, then unzips her dress and fondles her bare back. The American distributor, the late Edward L. Kingsley, refused to make the cuts and, ultimately, the film made its way to the highest tribunal. New York's Regents had noted that the film was "immoral" because its "theme is the presentation of adultery as a desirable, acceptable and proper pattern of behav-

ior." In other words, it was presenting an idea. The Supreme Court, in a decision that has since been widely quoted, flatly rejected this as a basis for censorship. Justice Stewart, speaking for the entire Court, pointed out that "the First Amendment's basic guarantee is of freedom to advocate ideas. The state, quite simply, has struck at the very heart of constitutionally protected liberty." The picture played without cuts. The Supreme Court granted a similar reprieve to Claude Autant-Lara's sensitive and poetic study of an adolescent's discovery of sex, *Le Blé en Herbe* (*Game of Love*), based on a Colette novel. This time it was Chicago and the Illinois Supreme Court that found the film "obscene," pointing to the fact that its 16-year-old hero, after having been seduced by an older woman, promptly passes on his newfound wisdom to his 15-year-old girlfriend. The higher Court, by refusing to accept this judgment, made it clear that obscenity charges based on the personal, capricious whims of a censor or censor body would no longer be given credence.

But it was Louis Malle's frankly erotic *Les Amants* (*The Lovers*), arriving here late in 1959 as part of the rising "New Wave" of French films, that ultimately wrung from the Supreme Court the broadest, most liberal interpretation of

the power of local censor boards. In the case, known as *Jacobellis vs. Ohio* and not settled until 1964, the Court maintained for the first time that national, not purely local, "contemporary community standards" were to be used in determining whether or not a "work of expression" is to be judged obscene; and also that the Justices themselves—not states, not juries—hold the final word in cases involving the stifling of free speech under the guise of protecting a community against "obscene" works. Writing in *The New Yorker* from Paris shortly after the film's premiere in January 1959, G  net had declared flatly, "It could not be shown in New York without cutting, and most likely will not be shown there at all." But the times were changing faster than she knew, and the story itself—a bored wife meets a young man quite casually, swiftly falls in love with him and next morning quits home and husband to run off with him—caused little comment. The commotion came from the final reels, in which the two, by accident, find each other in a park, begin to make love in a little boat, and continue with mounting enthusiasm in her bed and bathtub. The camera's movement is poetic throughout, but the loveplay is altogether specific—including one of the most graphic depictions of cunnilingus

ever filmed for public exhibition. It was also distinguished by the presence of dark-eyed Jeanne Moreau, already the darling of the *Nouvelle Vague* directors, in her first important role, as the discontented wife and mother.

Nouvelle Vague, of course, is less a movement than an attitude, less an affirmation (as was, for example, neorealism) than an out-of-hand rejection of the conventional ways of making pictures with stars, scripts and studios. It began with discontent, and it battered on an economic crisis that swept through the French studios in the late Fifties. Suddenly, there was an unprecedented opportunity for anyone who could gather a few hundred thousand francs to become his own movie director. In addition to the inestimable advantage of having worked with Jacques-Yves Cousteau on some of his underwater films, Louis Malle had a personal fortune that enabled him to make his first feature: Claude Chabrol's wife providentially inherited a few million francs just as the production scene was opening up; and Roger Vadim had Brigitte Bardot—and most of the sexy starlets he featured in his subsequent efforts.

It might be unfair to suggest that the sexuality with which so many of their first works were drenched was at least in



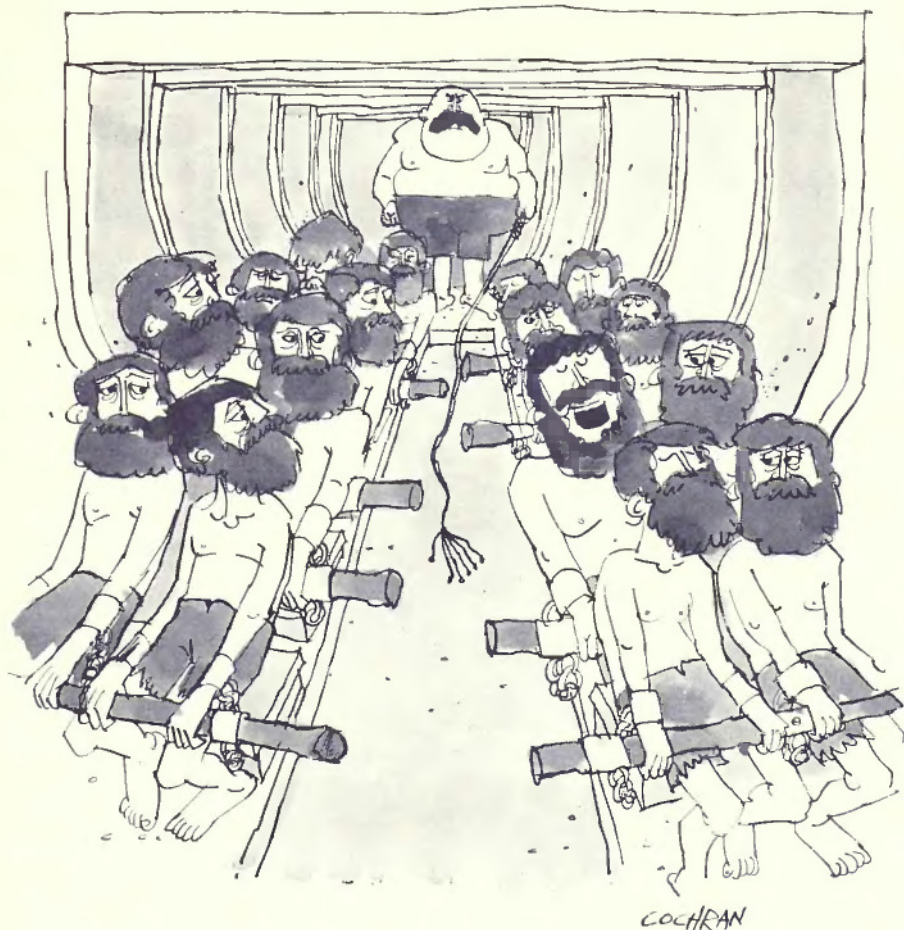
part inspired by the fact that these young directors had their own money wrapped up in their pictures, and that Vadim's *And God . . . Created Woman* had already eloquently demonstrated that off-beat sex was a solidly commercial commodity. It might be unfair, but it is not at all unlikely. As Alain Resnais wrote about his *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad* (*Last Year at Marienbad*), "We wanted, with an objective which might be called commercial, to make a realist film which would get home to a wide public." He had already demonstrated his ability to do just that when, in 1959, he directed *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, with its huge opening close-ups of two nude lovers, a French girl and a Japanese, passionately intertwined, the texture of their skins glistening beneath a mica-like layer of atomic dust. But Resnais was one of the few *Nouvelle Vague* film makers to turn his new freedom to social purposes; most of them were more than willing to follow Vadim's lead, concentrating on beds and bosoms. Claude Chabrol's cynical *Les Cousins* (*The Cousins*), for example, has as its hero a young man who coolly acquires his friend's fiancée as his own

mistress and prepares for a law examination with an orgy. In Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg spend almost as much time in bed together as they do fleeing the police. Also typically New Wave, at the end of the film Miss Seberg brightly, consciencelessly and purposelessly fingers her boyfriend for the *gendarmérie*. And Vadim's own *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, an updating of an 18th Century *succès de scandale* about a woman who encourages her husband to seduce the fiancée of her lover of the moment, reprised the novel's *scandale* (if not its *succès*) with scenes of lovemaking that left little to the imagination. At least one knew the precise location of every mole on the lithe and pretty body of Annette Vadim (Brigitte's successor). Actually, so similar had the films become that by the end of the Fifties the New Wave was already in danger of becoming old hat. As one critic observed, "They don't bother to change the plot anymore—only the sheets."

Sex also played a far more dominant role in the Italian films of the Fifties. Once that war-ravaged nation had struggled back to its feet, neorealist plots

and philosophies seemed strangely out of place. Who wanted to be reminded of war and hard times when pasta was plentiful and the *ragazze* beautiful? These were the themes, however, that had won for Italy a prominent place in the art houses of the world, and the dedicated neorealist directors had no wish to forget it. *Bitter Rice*, produced in 1948, pointed to a resolution that many directors could readily accept: pretty girls caught up in neorealist situations. Soon the Italian cinema was fairly bristling with lovely young job seekers trapped by social injustice on a collapsing stairwell, with busy youngsters forced into prostitution by "the system," and with fresh-faced telephone operators who were secretly on dope. Realism was rapidly giving way to titillation and sensationalism. Curiously prophetic was a 1954 film supervised by the *éminence grise* of the neorealists, the writer and theoretician Cesare Zavattini. Called *Amore in Città* (*Love in the City*), it purported to be a kind of photojournalism, drawing several of its six episodes directly from newspaper headlines. In one sequence, for example, a peasant girl abandons her illegitimate baby in a park when she can no longer afford to feed it; the case made the papers because she later tried to reclaim the child and was indignantly refused by the authorities. Zavattini persuaded the girl to re-enact her own story, with her own child. In other sequences, the camera interviews prostitutes on the streets of Rome, or recreates the events leading up to the attempted suicides of several attractive young girls; both the narration and the film's accompanying publicity underscored the fact that these were actual prostitutes and would-be suicides talking about their own lives. (The point was made even stronger when the Italian government sought, unsuccessfully, to bar the *Love for Sale* segment from foreign distribution.) Altogether, *Love in the City* was a clear admission of the new directions that neorealism was taking. Even more significantly, the directors involved in this project included, besides Zavattini, such key figures as Michelangelo Antonioni, Dino Risi, Alberto Lattuada and Federico Fellini.

Love in the City, although the proving ground for a whole new generation of film makers, never enjoyed the success that would warrant repetition. In the meantime, however, Renato Castellani's *Due Soldi di Speranza* (*Two Cents Worth of Hope*) had already indicated the new spirit within neorealism. Its concern was still with the poor, its settings the rough-cobbled streets and squares of a small village near Naples. Its hero, returned from the war, supports his large family by working in the parish church by day and posting Com-



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munist manifestoes in Naples by night. Before he can marry Carmela, the daughter of a local businessman, he must earn enough money to make up a dowry for his sister, who had been seduced by a rich peasant. Ultimately, driven to desperation, the young man strips Carmela naked in the town square and hurls her clothes at her father: He cannot afford a dowry, and so he will take the girl as God made her, beholden to no one. At the end, the villagers assert their assent and support of his action. Almost forgotten today, *Two Cents Worth of Hope* was an important turning point. It retained all the humanism of the earlier neorealist films, but it also had humor, optimism—and sex.

Not that sex had ever been lacking. Unwed mothers and illegitimate babies were always part of the neorealist way of life. But where, in the immediate post-War years, they had provided either pathos or problems, beginning in the early Fifties young maids and their premarital peccadilloes were viewed with tolerant amusement or even enthusiasm, while amorous escapades of every sort became as central to the new neorealism as anti-Nazi activities had been to the old. Vittorio DeSica, who as director was almost alone in maintaining the approach of the Forties, created in his *Umberto D.* (1952) a figure of great sympathy out of a rooming-house slavey who couldn't say for certain whether she was made pregnant by that handsome soldier from Naples or the one from Rome; on the other hand, at virtually the same time, DeSica as actor, in Blasetti's *Altri Tempi* (*Times Gone By*), offered one of his finest performances as a bumbling, long-winded Neapolitan lawyer who defends Gina Lollobrigida in a murder case. It seems the impetuous girl had poisoned her mother-in-law because that good woman had persisted in advising her son of each of his young wife's extramarital affairs. The lawyer, frustrated in every legal ploy by his client's disarming candor, ultimately reaches back to the ancient trial of Phryne for a classic precedent, reveals Gina's impressive cleavage to the delighted court and asks how judge and jury can possibly take the responsibility for removing from the world such unique physical charms. Since most of those present, the film makes clear, had already sampled those unique physical charms, the court comes to swift and unanimous agreement. This worldly, lighthearted and altogether candid appreciation of sex soon became a characteristic of the better Italian movies.

Sex—or at least nudity—was also evident in another group of Italian films made during the Fifties; but thanks to our assiduous censors and ever-watchful Customs men, very few of them reached these shores. They were negligible enough at home even with their sprinklings of eroticism, but if such scenes had been



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removed, the distributors would have been left with nothing to sell. Typical was *Era Lui, Sì, Sì . . .* (*It Was He, Yes, Yes . . .*), notable primarily for giving a very young—and very naked—Sophia Loren her start in pictures. In it, a young man asks a rich shopkeeper for a job, but is rejected because the shopkeeper recognizes him as the rival who constantly turns up in his dreams to steal away his ladyfriends. Needless to add, Sophia was one of his dream girls—and even at 17 a mighty substantial one. Similarly, dreams motivate the mammarian displays in *O. K. Nerone* (*O. K. Nero*), which featured the abundant charms of Silvana Pampanini and a bevy of half-nude slave girls. Loren was plentifully visible again in *Due Notti con Cleopatra* (*Two Nights with Cleopatra*), a comedy in which she played the dual roles of the Serpent of the Nile and a servant girl. In both, the bountiful Loren bosom was frequently, and fully, on display.

Two Nights with Cleopatra treated lightly the type of historical material that a long cycle of Italian films of the Fifties handled with utmost seriousness and a lavish disregard for cost. For some reason, the Italians have always had a special affection for the pomp and glory

of Rome's Imperial past, with its marbled palaces, togaed throngs and sadistic spectacles. Through the years, these have been a recurring theme in Italian film production: and in the Fifties, with the Italian studios once more operating on a firm economic base, the Italian historical superspectaculars attained a degree of opulence that producers elsewhere (including Hollywood itself) could hope to emulate only by renting studio space at Rome's bustling Cinecittà. Typical of this trend were films such as *Messalina*, *Attila*, *Il Sacco de Roma* (*The Sack of Rome*) and *Frine, Corigiana d'Oriente* (*Phryne, Oriental Courtesan*), in which the spectacular elements were generously larded with sex. *Attila* (which starred Anthony Quinn and Sophia Loren) and *Messalina*, for example, featured sequences of bacchanalian revels in which many of the female revelers were naked from the waist up; while in *The Sack of Rome*, which played briefly in U.S. exploitation houses as *The Pagans*, audiences were treated to scenes of rape and sadistic massacre, as well as Roman orgies at their most decadent. (American censors permitted such sequences in long shots, but assiduously eliminated the graphic close-ups in the original.)

During the Fifties, incidentally, Amer-

ican distributors of European pictures, in an effort to make them live up to their racy reputation, began to get around the Customs officials and local censorship by the simple expedient of shooting new bits of nudity for insertion into their prints. At first, such sequences merely replaced shots that had been eliminated; but as the distributors grew bolder, special low-budget directors—or "doctors," as they were called—were brought in to "sex up" foreign films with additional erotic footage created specifically for the American market. Perhaps the most famous of these was the nude bathing sequence slipped into Ingmar Bergman's *Illicit Interlude*. Filmed on a private lake in New Jersey by an American director, Larry Moyer, the scenes showed a shapely young model running into the water and cavorting there with her equally naked boyfriend. So successfully was the footage integrated that contemporary critics commented on the "typical Continental delicacy in the treatment of sex." Not until some years later, after Bergman had attained his international reputation, was this sequence removed from American prints—at Bergman's specific request. The distributors capitalized on this turn of events by reissuing the film in its "original uncut version."

Another, more typical "doctoring" job of Moyer's concerned an Italian exploitation film entitled *I Vampiri*, which became *The Devil's Commandment* for the American trade. In its original form, the picture began with a girl's body being hauled out of a river. On her neck, the police discover two mystifying small scratches—the same small scratches that have been mystifying police the world over, despite the fact that Bram Stoker identified them for all time in *Dracula* in 1897. For his version, Moyer added an opening in which presumably the same girl arrives in her apartment, disrobes in front of a mirror to the inevitable Merry Widow bra and black garter belt, then prepares to take a bath. Meanwhile, outside, shots of stealthy feet on the stairway, a gloved hand at the doorknob. These intercut with the girl in her tub (and brief glimpses of her breasts as she merrily washes away). Then the look of terror as she glances up and perceives the killer, the futile attempts to conceal her nudity as he clutches toward her. She screams. Darkness . . . Then into *I Vampiri*. For good measure, Moyer also threw in a juicy rape sequence later in the picture. Moyer's services were used during the Fifties to "doctor" more than a dozen European features, including a German-made anti-Nazi film that became, with certain judicious additions, *The Secret Sex Life of Hitler*.

But with or without the subtle ministrations of Larry Moyer and the several other New York-based "doctors" of the Fifties, the European films—and particu-



"Let me give you a separate bag for those."

larly those from Italy—began to gain audiences even outside art-house circles. One of the first was Alessandro Blasetti's gargantuan *Fabiola*, with an international cast headed by Michèle Morgan and Massimo Girotti. Produced in 1948, it was carefully re-edited for the American market, expensively dubbed into English and released in 1951 by United Artists. This pattern was followed with far greater success when, late in the Fifties, a canny Boston distributor named Joseph E. Levine purchased an idiotic sex-and-gore spectacular called *Le Fatiche di Ercole*, backed it with a \$2,000,000 advertising campaign of the purest hyperbole, and flung it simultaneously onto hundreds of theater and drive-in screens across the country as *Hercules*. The audacity of his gesture, selling a sow's ear as if it were a silk purse, made a top star overnight of muscle-bound Steve Reeves—and a millionaire of the diminutive Levine. When filmdom's wisecracks solemnly declared that while the American public might be fooled once, it certainly could not happen again, Levine promptly upset their misplaced faith by taking the sequel, *Ercole e la Regina di Lidia*, retitling it *Hercules Unchained* and, following precisely the same exploitation procedures, made himself another gold mine. No one—and least of all Mr. Levine—would seriously claim that the *Hercules* pictures were "art"; but between their beefcake hero and gauzily clad heroines, their scenes of mass violence and uncomplicated eroticism, they afforded a mindless escapism that found wide favor with audiences everywhere.

Unfortunately, for such serious, contemplative graduates of the neorealist school as Antonioni, DeSica, Fellini, Rossellini and Visconti, the road was a good deal rougher. They wanted to put onto the screen their view of an increasingly amoral, increasingly materialistic society, but without the sensationalism that generally spelled big box office. Perhaps their most notable failure, simply because of its size and expense, was Visconti's gorgeously mounted production of *Senso*, filmed in Technicolor with Alida Valli and Farley Granger. Set in Venice in 1866, at the time of the war against Austria, its rather operatic plot focused upon the corrupt and decadent aristocrats on both sides. The aging wife of an Italian count falls desperately in love with a pleasure-loving Austrian officer, but after a protracted affair, denounces him to the Austrian commandant when she learns that her passion is not returned. Visconti had added a political tone to the film, attempting to set the love story against the events of the *risorgimento*; but Italy's censors forced the producer to cut these scenes so drastically that what predominated on the screen were shots of Valli in furs and Granger in satins repeatedly steering each



"I said, 'I, too, am a nonconformist.'"

other to sumptuous beds and couches.

Antonioni, truer to his neorealist origins, followed his work on *Love in the City* with *Le Amiche*, a typically low-keyed study of a quintet of girls in Milanese fashion circles, and with *Il Grido* (*The Outcry*), in which the late Steve Cochran played a restless, irresistible but doomed workingman. So muted in tone were both films that not even the candor (and in *Il Grido* the frank carnality) of their sex scenes could win them wide popularity, although they enjoyed considerable critical esteem. Rossellini, working with his new wife, Ingrid Bergman, during the early Fifties, was unable to generate even critical enthusiasm. His films—*Stromboli*, *Europa 51* (*The Greatest Love*), *Viaggio in Italia* (*A Trip in Italy*) and *Siamo Donne* (*We Are Women*)—tended to feature the radiant Bergman as a somnolent sexpot belatedly awakened to the delights of the flesh by someone other than her husband. No matter how true this may have been in fact,

the star always seemed to be uncomfortably miscast. When Bergman finally left the fickle Rossellini, his decline was pitifully abrupt.

The Fifties proved a bad time, too, for Vittorio DeSica. *Miracolo a Milano* (*Miracle in Milan*) and *Umberto D.* had sequences that recalled the power and passion of *The Bicycle Thief*; but in 1953 he became embroiled in one of David O. Selznick's vast international projects, *Stazione Termini* (*Indiscretion*), in which Jennifer Jones has a brief, passionate, between-trains romance with Montgomery Clift. Temperamental clashes between producer Selznick and director DeSica, as well as subsequent clashes with the American censors who sought to lower the temperature of some of the sleeping-car clinches, reduced the film to a hash that did little to enhance the reputations of either DeSica or Selznick. For a time, DeSica actually withdrew from directing altogether, preferring to act in the films of others; but in 1956, with *L'Oro di*

Napoli (Gold of Naples), he demonstrated not only that he had lost none of his directorial authority but that he possessed a strain of humor hitherto unsuspected. One of its five stories, with Sophia Loren as the brawling, fun-loving, flirtatious wife of a jealous Neapolitan pasta maker, her generous bosom literally spilling out of her blouse, lifted her for all time into the ranks of international stardom; while another episode, with Silvana Mangano as a whore who prefers prostitution to a bourgeois marriage with a man she does not love, posed questions that had both moralists and the censors scratching their heads.

Of all the neorealist directors, Federico Fellini fared best during the Fifties. Having written the scripts for several of Rossellini's most notable successes, Fellini made his directorial bow in 1950 when, with Alberto Lattuada, he wrote and co-directed *Luci del Varieta (Variety Lights)*. A squalid backstage story of a third-rate vaudeville company touring the Italian provinces, it had moments of incidental nudity, but lacked the glamor of theater and the appeal of romance. Despite this inauspicious beginning, Fellini's star was in the ascendant. After a *Love in the City* episode in which the journalist hero applies to a matrimonial agency for a prospective bride for a werewolf friend (the agency obliges with a pathetically plain young girl), he achieved his first success with *I Vitelloni*, a mordant yet touching study of wasted youth in a provincial Italian town. The thwarted teenagers have their hopes and ambitions, but spend their days in joyless seductions and pointless cruelties. Fellini's next film, *La Strada*, brought him international acclaim. In it, a brutal giant of a man (Anthony Quinn), a carnival performer, purchases a feeble-minded girl (Giulietta Masina, Fellini's diminutive wife) to travel with him as a combination assistant and concubine. He learns the meaning of love only after she has died from his inhuman treatment and he finds himself alone. Although every scene in the picture was handled with scrupulous taste, there was no effort to conceal the nature of the relationship between the man and his girl. For many Americans, *La Strada* came to epitomize the true meaning of the new maturity in film making.

Three years later, in 1957, Fellini delighted and startled his audiences by starring his wife again, this time in *Le Notti di Cabiria (Cabiria)*, one of the few films in history that not merely featured a prostitute but actually showed her making her professional rounds. Poignantly memorable were the night scenes photographed on the shadowed streets of Rome where prostitutes of all ages and shapes (many of them *real*) vied lustily with one another for prospective customers, as well as those in the apartment of a debauched and aging movie star who uses his wealth and position to

serve his voluptuous tastes. Again, although his subject matter was sordid in the extreme, Fellini demonstrated that a discreet, discerning use of the camera and a warm and understanding heart could make a film soar high above all but the most rigorous of censors.

Such were the highlights of the Italian film in the Fifties—a few artistic successes and a rather high percentage of commercial blockbusters. But just ahead, in 1960, lay a dramatic reversal, when films such as Antonioni's *L'Avventura*, DeSica's *La Ciociara, (Two Women)*, Visconti's *Rocco e i Suoi Fratelli (Rocco and His Brothers)* and, above all, Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* began to prove for all time that artistic and financial success was no longer a contradiction in terms.

The Fifties also returned the Swedish cinema to the international scene—largely through the efforts of Sweden's great director Ingmar Bergman. From earliest times, the Swedes had never been hesitant about putting nudity on the screen. In a country where nude mixed bathing has long been accepted, such prudery would be unthinkable. But not until late in the Fifties did nudity begin to turn up in Swedish pictures as an exploitation element: Generally, it was there because the story demanded it—as in Bergman's early, searing *Gycklarnas Afton (The Naked Night)*, in which a clown, demented with grief, carries the nude body of his wanton wife through the crowd of soldiers who have already enjoyed her favors. Obsessed with the variant relationships between man and woman through the Fifties, Bergman examined this subject in a heady display of cinematic virtuosity. He was light and mockingly humorous in *Sommarmattens Leende (Smiles of a Summer Night)*, which often seemed more like a naughty French farce than the work of a young Swedish intellectual. Indeed, when the film was distributed in the United States (by, of all things, Walt Disney's Buena Vista company), the dialog of one entire sequence, as a maid and her mistress exchange confidences about the opposite sex, proved so racy that it was left untranslated. In *Sommarelek* (later released as *Illicit Interlude* in the U.S.), he treated romantic love with bittersweet overtones: After a passionate night, the youthful hero dives recklessly onto some rocks, and the heroine (Mai-Britt Nilsson) spends the rest of the film dreaming of what might have been. *Sommaren med Monika (Monika)*, on the other hand, depicted the tragic consequences of heedless passion. *Nära Livet (Brink of Life)* offered an almost documentary account of three women facing childbirth in a maternity hospital (although mercifully omitting the obstetrical details that characterized the French-made *The Case of Dr. Laurent*, with Jean Gabin, a year or so earlier). And *Jungfrukällan (The Virgin Spring)* included a rape sequence un-

precedented for clinical precision—at least in the uncut version. Rape, nudity, adultery, incest, lust—all of these have turned up repeatedly in the Bergman films. Such is his artistry, however, that there is little in his films to offend the censor. Where sex is there, more often than not it is for philosophic and moralistic purposes. Like all of Europe's best directors, Bergman creates entertainment for mature adults—and *honi soit qui mal y pense*.

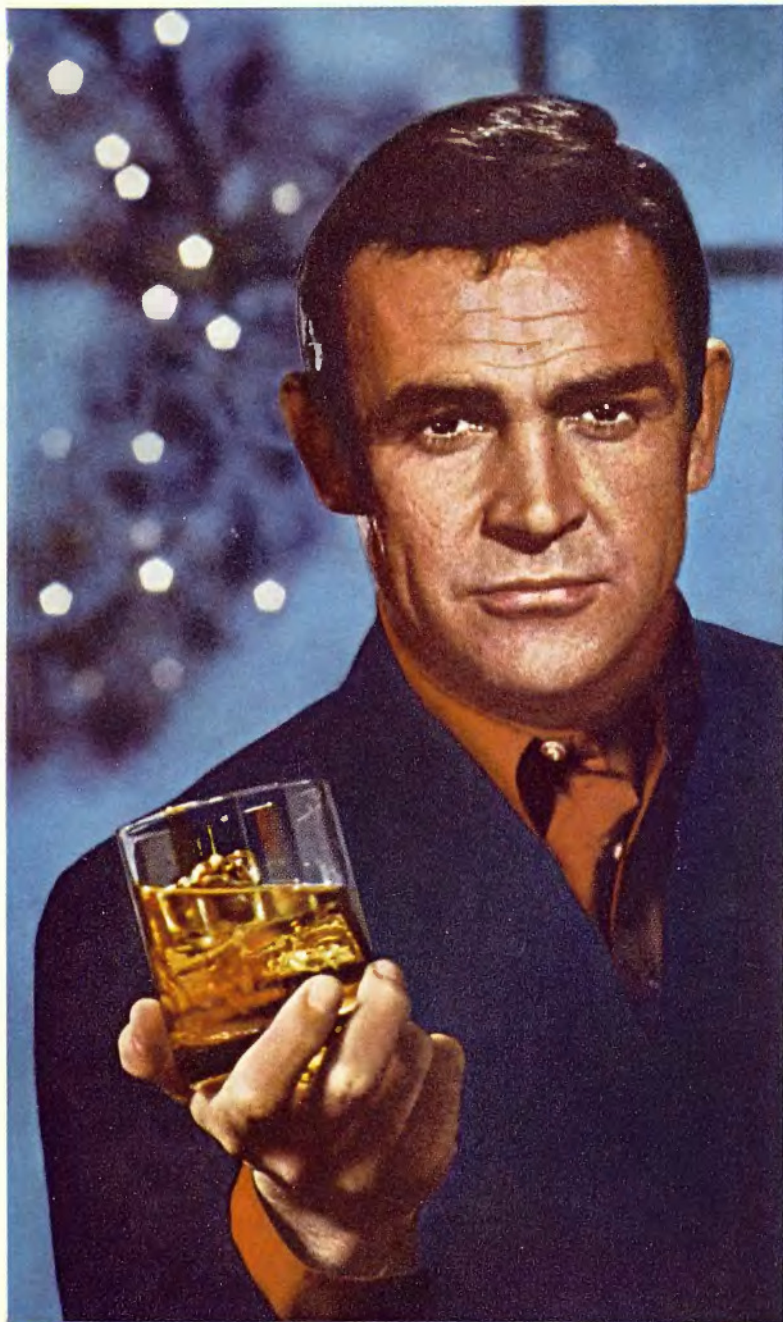
The renaissance in Swedish films that Bergman almost singlehandedly began was soon carried along by other, albeit less gifted directors. Alf Sjöberg, for whom Bergman earlier had written the script of *Hets (Torment)*, enjoyed a brief success on his own with his skillful adaptation of Strindberg's *Fröken Julie (Miss Julie)*, the gloomy case history of a neurotic girl who would certainly have intrigued Dr. Freud. Julie is the repressed but sensual illegitimate daughter of a wealthy landowner around the turn of the century. Her dormant passions are aroused when, in the midst of Midsummer Night revelries, she spies Jean, the family valet, rolling in the hay with one of the comelier housemaids. Using her own charms as a weapon, the girl makes an open play for the man, sadistically humbling him by having him wipe her shoes and even hop over her riding crop. Driven by a frenzy of desire, the valet flings himself upon her—and she willingly responds. Remorse comes the next morning when her innate abhorrence of men flares up. Seeing Jean once more as merely a servant—too much the servant even to respond to her suggestion that they run away together—Julie commits suicide. The picture was a substantial achievement for its day—so much so that it encountered the usual censorial difficulties when it was released in this country. "The girl in it is illegitimate," a Massachusetts censor complained to the theater manager who was running the picture. "How would you like for your sister to see a film about an illegitimate girl?" It took a ruling by the Massachusetts Supreme Court to assure both the censor and the manager that, regardless of Julie's illegitimacy, August Strindberg's play, first produced in 1888, was a perfectly legitimate subject for filmic presentation in 1955.

Perhaps the best known Swedish film of the Fifties—until the Bergman inundation began in this country after 1957—was Arne Mattsson's *Hon Dansade en Sommar (One Summer of Happiness)*, the story of a young farm girl who enjoys a brief, illicit summer romance that is terminated abruptly when she is killed in a motorcycle accident. The lyrical romantic passages included a sequence that was to become almost the trademark of Swedish films for the next few years: On their lonely farm, the girl and boy, Ulla Jacobsson and Folke Sundquist, shuck their clothes for a swim

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in the inviting waters of a nearby lake. But swimming is soon forgotten as their splashing and kicking develops into amorous foreplay that is rapturously consummated in the tall grasses that rim the lake. Ulla Jacobsson's fresh, dark beauty, fully revealed to the camera, and the tender responsiveness of the young man inspired one French critic, Georges Sadoul, to rhapsodize about "the chaste sensuality of a Nordic Daphnis and Chloë." Undoubtedly, it was the success of this film that inspired the American distributor of *Illicit Interlude* to insert a suspiciously similar sequence into the Bergman picture; but by 1954 the sylvan skinny-dip had become such a cliché of Swedish film making that a comedy of that year, *I Rök och Dans* (not seen in this country), featured a scene in which the star, Martin Ljung, a Fernandel type, disrobes with a young lady at the water's edge; then, as they wade out for their interlude of aqueous amour, a subtitle appears over the scene: FOR EXPORT.

Unfortunately, the impish mood reflected by this title was soon turned to dead earnestness by many Swedish producers. As is so often the case, once the Swedish film had established itself in the art markets of the world, the exploiters began to move in, men who equated the new acceptance of Swedish pictures not with the artistry of a Bergman, a Mattsson or a Sjöberg but with the scenes of nudity or sexuality that were so often an integral part of their work. By the end of the Fifties, the girls in Swedish films were taking their clothes off on the slightest pretext (as in *Raggare*, where pretty Christina Schollin—later to star in *Dear John*—disrobes completely merely because she is rowing alone in the middle of a lake and the day is sunny). And the studios had launched upon an extended series of sordid, sensational exposé films that dealt mock-seriously with such provocative subjects as prostitution, teenage delinquency, drug addiction, Lesbianism and homosexuality. In the United States, none of these ever penetrated beyond the grind-house exploitation market.

During the Fifties, thanks to the proliferation of film festivals, the world began to learn more about production in other countries. Sjöberg's reputation was established in Venice, Bergman's in Cannes. Soon every resort town with an adequate auditorium, hotel facilities and (preferably) a beach where starlets could cavort for the benefit of photographers was vying for the privilege of staging a festival of its own. So numerous had these requests become by the mid-Fifties that motion-picture producers throughout the world, for their own protection, set up a clearinghouse that solemnly ranked the festivals as A or B, determined which could give prizes and which could not, and was the ultimate arbiter of which cities would be officially

entitled to hold a festival in the first place. In the early years of the decade, however, Cannes and Venice held the preferred positions; and since the winning of a prize at either of these festivals virtually assured international distribution, producers the world over were particularly eager to have their wares presented there.

It was at the Venice Festival of 1951, for example, that the West first glimpsed the post-War resurgence of the Japanese film industry and, more specifically, the work of Japan's great director Akira Kurosawa. *Rashomon* arrived in Venice almost by mistake; another, far more conventional picture from the same studio had been expected, but it was simply not ready in time. The film, in which a brutal rape is four times recapitulated, each time from the point of view of another of the participants and witnesses, inevitably confused many—particularly since one of the witnesses is the ghost of the raped woman's dead husband; but no one failed to be impressed by the film's originality and physical beauty, or by the sheer terror of its central situation. A vagrant wind flicks back the veil from the face of a beautiful woman as she passes through a wooded place. An outlaw, waking by the side of the road, sees her and decides he must have her. From that moment, the stories diverge. The woman declares that it was simple rape. The husband holds that he fought the bandit valorously but, bound to a tree, was forced to witness his wife's defilement. The bandit himself, captured by the authorities, admits that he intended to rob the man but was seduced by the wife into killing him. A passing woodcutter, a belated witness to the tragedy, contributes an account that is equally self-protective. Truth, like beauty, Kurosawa implies, lies in the eye of the beholder. In all probability, it was the rape, not the philosophy, that recommended the film to RKO-Radio Pictures for American distribution (and to MGM in 1964 for a Westernized version titled *The Outrage*); but for film *cognoscenti*, the appearance of *Rashomon* was a signal event. No longer could one speak of the world of motion pictures without including the Japanese.

In the United States, the initial impression created by *Rashomon* was soon confirmed by the presentation of *Ugetsu Monogatari* (*Ugetsu*), directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. Set in the distant past, like *Rashomon*, it proffered as a hero a would-be samurai who deserts his wife and family to cohabit with a beautiful and aristocratic ghost. Mizoguchi, who died in 1956, was famed in Japan as a director of pictures about women; in the hundred or so films he made, he dealt realistically, but always sympathetically, with the lives of courtesans in the past and of geishas and prostitutes in the present. In *Yuki Fumijezu* (*The Fate of*

Madame Yuki), he dramatized the dilemma of a college girl who discovers that her mother runs a whorehouse. Should she or should she not return home to help manage her mother's business? In *Akasen Chitai* (*Street of Shame*), Mizoguchi's last film, he limns in devastating detail, but also with deep compassion, the lowlife of Tokyo's red-light district.

Japan, which then, as now, produced an average of 500 pictures a year (as opposed to fewer than 200 in the United States), is heavily dependent upon its Far Eastern market, with upwards of 50,000 theaters. Each year it supplies them with a heavy dosage of pseudo-American crime pictures, action films, romances and spectacles. Most ambitious of the latter genre was the 1957 production of *Seido No Kirisuto* (*Christ in Bronze*), a superproduction in the manner of *De Mille* in which the early Christians are persecuted with all the eroticism and flamboyantly bad taste of the master himself. Indeed, throughout the decade, the Japanese film makers grew bolder in their handling of sexual material. Prostitutes thronged the screen, their lives of shame providing grist for literally dozens of pictures that pretended to be both documentary and moralistic. A particularly favored theme was the plight of the young girl sold into a brothel by her impoverished parents; the preparations for her first night with a customer were almost as much of a *scène obligatoire* for the Japanese as was the skinny-dip for the Swedes. Toward the end of the decade, the erotic note grew even more pronounced. Brothel girls had unfortunate encounters with sadists who tortured them with whips or burning cigarettes. In *Okinu Otama* (*Women in the Storm of Night*), whole sequences seem to have been torn from the pages of the Marquis de Sade; nude women are bound, whipped and hung suspended over live coals in a veritable orgy of perverse savagery. Perversion of another sort turned up in Kon Ichikawa's *Kagi* (*Odd Obsession*): An elderly man can be sexually aroused only by pornographic photographs he has taken of his wife; to rid herself of this dirty old man, she kills him by performing a lascivious striptease by his bedside, bringing on a heart attack. In another film of the late Fifties, *Utamaro*, the hero is a famous painter who gets his kicks by painting on the nude bodies of women. Still ahead for the Japanese, however, were the "eroductions" of the Sixties—films so overtly pornographic in treatment and content (though short of being outright stag films) as to bar them completely from the world market.

Few German films of the Fifties reached the world market, either, but for another reason. Despite West Germany's swift economic recovery during that period, her motion-picture industry continued



to lag behind, hobbled by a form of self-censorship that literally forbade any searching commentary upon the contemporary scene. As a result, most film makers confined themselves to pointless, somewhat dull crime stories, musicals, war pictures and belated anti-Nazi apologies—not infrequently spiced with heavy-handed, typically Teutonic sex. Such reminiscences of the Hitler era as *Des Teufels General* (*The Devil's General*) and *Der Letzte Akt* (*The Last Ten Days*), for example, thoughtfully included superorgies to indicate the corruption of the Nazi high command. The controversial *08/15* (named for the standard machine gun used by German troops in World War Two) depicted the German army as debauched and despicable: Obscenities blare from the sound track; the barracks dialog is filled with accounts of sexual prowess and easy conquests; officers and noncoms delight in cutting short the furloughs of their underlings so that they can move in on their girlfriends. Sexy starlets such as Elke Sommer, Laya Raki, Romy Schneider and Nadja Tiller began popping up to spice the proceedings.

Perhaps the one big, all-out German sex star of the decade, however, was lithe, long-limbed, tawny-haired Marion Michael, a 17-year-old girl of athletic

inclinations who was selected from some 11,800 applicants for the title role in *Liane, das Mädchen aus dem Urwald* (*Liane of the Jungle*). Simply switching the Tarzan formula from masculine to feminine, it tells of a scientific expedition searching for a rare orchid in deepest Africa and finding, instead, a lone and lovely white girl who is regarded by the natives as a goddess. Liane uses her influence to free the expedition's handsome cameraman (Hardy Kruger) when the natives capture him, and is in turn herself captured by the expedition and taken back to civilization, where it soon develops that she is in fact the long-lost daughter of a wealthy German shipowner. Although there are plot complications when the shipowner is murdered, the film's main interest was centered in its opening reels as Liane, clad only in the briefest *cache-sexe* and her own long tresses, strode through the jungle, bathed in its pools or swung Tarzanlike from the vines. Understandably, the film ended with Liane and her cameraman preparing to return to Africa to resume the hunt for the rare orchid, thus paving the way for a sequel, *Liane, die Weisse Sklavin* (*Liane, the White Slave*), which quickly stripped away the veneer of civilization from her buff and revealed once more, in full, the

golden girl of the jungle.

Established as a sex image (in Germany, at least), Fräulein Michael graced a number of films of the late Fifties that dealt with the problems of youth, such as *Ihre Erste Liebe* (*Their First Love*). A housemaid, played by a delightful blonde Yugoslav actress, Marina Petrovna, attempts to seduce a young student (Christian Wolff) by the simple expedient of baring her breasts to him; although tempted, the boy resists in favor of the equally piquant Marion. A teenage striptease party, with the girls wearing nothing but their panties, was featured in *Sünde Nach der Schule* (*Crime After School*), with Wolff again as the virtuous student. Temptation of another sort beset him in *Anders Als Du und Ich* (*The Third Sex*), directed by the notorious Veit Harlan of *Jud Süß* fame. A shy boy who likes to paint, he is introduced to a homosexual art dealer by a school chum who obviously has designs upon him. The mother, sensing the relationship, suggests to their attractive maidservant that she try out her charms on the young master. The girl obliges, slipping into a peekaboo negligee while the mother is out of town, and succeeds all too well. Before the picture is over, the mother has been hauled into court on charges of procuring filed by the art dealer and the jealous friend.

Late in the Fifties, the miracle of Germany's "miracle recovery" was suddenly tarnished by unsavory revelations about the corrupt lives of some of her biggest, most respected industrialists. A prostitute—actually, a high-priced callgirl—was found murdered; and among her possessions were tapes made in the course of her professional rounds, tapes that contained the details of business deals along with the bedside intimacies. The girl, it seemed, had been supplementing her income not merely by blackmail but, even more profitably, by selling the information she had received from her various bed partners to their industrial rivals. The case made headlines all over the world; and from it came as well two movies, *Rosemarie* and *Die Wahrheit über Rosemarie* (*The Truth About Rosemary*), which publicized the case even more luridly. The latter picture, almost documentary in nature, starred the statuesque Belinda Lee and was essentially an antiprostitution tract. The other, and far better film, brought together director Rolf Thiele, Peter Van Eyck and Nadja Tiller as the sleek, over-eager entrepreneur. Glossily mounted, and as candid in its sex scenes as in its exposé of the maneuvers of big business in Germany, *Rosemarie* was one of the few films from the German studios of that period to win a wide international audience.

The film festivals of the Fifties also served to introduce to the world competitive productions from such Latin-American countries as Argentina, Brazil and



"This is going to be a hell of a rough day if a wind doesn't come up."

Mexico (although one often had the feeling that their movies were included less for their intrinsic merit than for their exotic origins). When Argentina's *Tierra del Fuego* was presented at the Venice Festival of 1955, for example, it was all but laughed off the screen. A steamy triangle set against the mist-swept mountains of Argentina's southernmost tip, the film starred blonde, buxom Anna Maria Lynch, whose extraordinary endowments swayed and bobbed impressively whenever she moved. Unfortunately, while the director obviously strove to keep her in motion wherever possible, inevitably there were moments in the script that required a modicum of acting—whereupon Miss Lynch's bosom, bra-less under a skintight, low-cut dress, would heave so volcanically as to threaten all her buttons and seams; but the words that emerged from her hard, tight face were as flat and perfunctory as a child's recitation in Sunday school. Isabel Sarli, no less spectacularly endowed, never went the festival route, but she did become Argentina's top star, and indeed a favorite throughout Latin America—simply because her audiences knew that somehow or other, sooner or later, the titian-haired beauty would wriggle out of her clothes and take a dip *au naturel* in a sylvan pool or waterfall.

On the other hand, and again thanks to the festivals, the Fifties saw the emergence of at least one serious and talented Argentine director, Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson, whose 1957 *La Casa del Angel* (*End of Innocence*) was the first film to suggest to the outside world the growing maturity and sophistication of the Argentine cinema. Based on a novel by his wife, Beatriz Guido, it described the closed, repressed, almost Victorian way of life for Argentina's upper classes during the Twenties. Its heroine, a lovely girl of about 17, is seen taking a bath modestly attired in nothing less than a long, flowing robe. Her passions, stirred by a movie she sees with her governess, find expression in a kiss that she surreptitiously plants upon the lips of a stone angel in her garden. Racy stuff. But tragedy strikes when a worldly man, a friend of her father's, arrives at the house on the eve of a duel. He convinces the romantic girl that he is about to die and, impulsively, she gives herself to him. But he does not die, and coldly rebuffs the girl's subsequent advances. At the end of the film, thoroughly embittered, she has locked herself away in her gloomy house for the rest of her unhappy life. In this, as in his subsequent films, Torre-Nilsson has used the camera to strip away the false conventions and, particularly, the sexual repressions that twist and blight the lives of the unenlightened.

A similar orientation pervades the work of Mexico's greatest director, Spanish-born Luis Buñuel. A Surrealist by training and inclination (in the late



MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

Twenties, with Salvador Dali, he directed two classics of Surrealist film making, *Le Chien Andalou* and *L'Âge d'Or*. Buñuel demonstrated in 1950 that he had lost none of his power or intensity with his savage study of Mexico's impoverished juvenile delinquents, *Los Olvidados* (*The Young and the Damned*). Filled with moments of obscene terror, as when a gross blind man fondles the thighs of a small girl, the picture included what has since become a Buñuel trademark: a dream sequence of unveiled eroticism. An adolescent boy dreams of his mother; he knows that she has been sleeping with his best friend, a boy only slightly older than himself, and subconsciously he is jealous. In the dream, the mother advances upon him in slow motion wearing a long white gown, a lascivious smile upon her face. She holds out her arms to him—but one hand holds a large chunk of maggot-infested meat. Just as he is about to respond to her, the friend, Jaibo, appears and the dream is over.

This searing and seemingly pitiless revelation of life among Mexico City's teeming pauper population was soon followed by other films, such as *El* (*This Strange Passion*) and *Ensayo de Un Crimen* (*The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz*), that were no less critical of the upper classes—and particularly of their sexual peccadilloes. The hero of *El*, for example, is a wealthy, respectable man married to a beautiful woman. Soon after the marriage, however, he begins to suspect her of all sorts of infidelities—baselessly, as it happens. But so obsessed is the man that one night, while his wife lies sleeping, he steals into her room with a kit of surgical instruments, prepared to sew together the lips of her vagina and thus allay his suspicions for all time. Happily, the wife escapes this forced foreclosure, and soon after, the man undergoes a complete emotional breakdown while in church. In a nightmarish scene, everyone in the vast cathedral, including the priest in the pulpit, seems to be laughing at him and making the sign of the horn. Archibald de la Cruz is only slightly less distraught. As a child, he had seen his pretty nursemaid killed by a stray bullet. Somehow, the exposed white thighs of the dead girl become mingled in his mind with the strains of Vivaldi that he hears tinkling from a music box at the moment of her death. When he grows up, the sound of Vivaldi and the sight of a beautiful woman produce in him the urge to kill—although it must be added that as a killer he proves spectacularly ineffectual.

Throughout the Fifties, perhaps with a bow to the competition from the south (Mexico and Argentina share essentially the same market), the Mexican studios grew increasingly bolder. Fiery, raven-haired Maria Felix, already an international star by virtue of her performances

in such French films as *Les Héros Sont Fatigués* (*The Heroes Are Tired*) and *French Can-Can*, in both of which she shucked her clothes, returned to her native country for torchy items such as *The Hidden Women*, *Sonatas* and *Flor de Mayo*, generally co-starring with Mexico's leading actor, mustachioed Pedro Armendariz. Curiously, no matter how hot the story, *Señorita Felix* refused to strip on home territory, apparently feeling that it would demean her. No such sentiments inhibited the career of busty Anna Luisa Pelufo, however. Beginning in 1954, with *La Fiebre del Deseo* (*The Fever of Desire*), she found some pretext—as artist's model or cabaret artiste—to appear in the buff. From Italy, briefly, came the beautiful Rosanna Podesta to star in *La Red* (*Rosanna*), remembered primarily for the fact that whenever its story grew too turgid, she walked out into the sea and returned moments later with her cotton blouse clinging wetly to her upper torso. And from France came blonde, slender Christiane Martel to play Eve opposite Carlos Baena's Adam in a naïve, pseudo-Biblical *Adam y Eva*. Since the actress' long tresses were carefully pasted over her nipples, and the Garden of Eden strategically strewn with shrubs, the film offered little to attract the prurient—and even less for anyone else. But that was in 1956; by the end of the decade, following the lead of *Señorita Pelufo*, at least half a dozen young actresses in Mexico had become stars—of sorts—solely on the basis of their willingness to strip for action. Unfortunately, they had little else to offer.

For all the increased emphasis on sex in films around the world, however, it remained for staid old England to supply the pictures that eventually broke through the taboos surrounding sex and nudity in the American market. Early in the Fifties, Britain's most endearing export was its succession of Alec Guinness comedies—*The Lavender Hill Mob*, *The Man in the White Suit*, *The Captain's Paradise*—all witty and slyly satirical, although essentially innocuous enough. (Or almost innocuous enough: In the British version of *The Captain's Paradise*, Guinness was married to two wives; but America's Code authorities, apparently preferring adultery to bigamy, altered the film to make it seem as if he was actually married to only one.) In the mid-Fifties came the *Doctor in the House* series, slightly sexier, but innocence itself compared with the ribald *Carry On* films that began in the late Fifties.

But there were other, more serious stirrings. In 1955, a film version of Christopher Isherwood's autobiographical *I Am a Camera*, produced in England by an American company, was arbitrarily denied a Production Code Seal. The authorities were alarmed by the entire concept: a girl (Julie Harris) who sleeps

around moves in, rent free, with a struggling young writer, then starts paying his bills when she finds a rich American who wants to keep her. There is a dramatic moment when the girl fears she is pregnant and frankly discusses the possibility of an abortion; but it is all a false alarm, and she goes merrily on her way. Not only was the Code displeased with this story, but there were also lines such as her overly gracious acceptance of Isherwood's hospitality: "What shall we do first—have a drink or go to bed?" Not to mention her subsequent pronouncement, "I might not be exactly what some people consider a virgin, but I've been chaste. Chased by every man." The picture wound up in a handful of American art houses.

In England, however, the voices of a new generation of "angry young men" were already being heard—and listened to. Writers such as Kingsley Amis, John Braine and John Osborne were kicking up a highly nonconformist storm in literature and the theater. New film makers such as Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz and Tony Richardson were trying their hand at the medium, flouting the conventions in England even as the New Wavers were doing simultaneously in France. One of the first of their works to reach these shores was Richardson's film version of the Osborne play *Look Back in Anger*, with Richard Burton as the passionate young trumpet player who prefers his squalid freedom to the confines and restraints of a proper job and a responsible marriage. Clearly, the man is not "lovable"; but the new generation of writers and dramatists was not out to create lovable characters. They wanted to set down in clear and unmistakable terms the twisted values and false ideals that had sprung up in England's post-War version of the welfare state. They wanted to expose whatever it was that produced the new hard-talking, fast-living, quick-loving heel-hero who, vaguely discontented with his lot, took his revenge on society at large.

Typical of this heel-hero was Laurence Harvey's sponging, amoral, quick-buck agent in a significant film that was strangely ignored in its day: *Expresso Bongo*. Part of its significance lay in the fact that, simply as part of the story, it introduced bare-breasted girls as fixtures on the contemporary scene. Onstage or backstage at the Soho honky-tonks that were the film's principal settings, they paraded with a totally professional lack of concern. But even more significant was the film's objective, unsentimentalized view of its cocky Cockney hero. He took his girls when and if he could get them, knowing that if one turned him down, there was always another "bird" in the next tree. Similar, too, was Sir Laurence Olivier's *The Entertainer*, directed by Richardson from another Osborne play. In it, a seedy song-and-dance



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man bickers with his family, cheats on his wife and virtually destroys himself in the process. The moral seems to be that unenlightened self-interest leads inevitably to self-defeat.

No film ever made this more clear than Jack Clayton's *Room at the Top*, a vivid transcript of John Braine's best seller. Its hero, skillfully portrayed by the ubiquitous Laurence Harvey, is an ambitious young man of no distinction whatsoever who arrives in a Midlands town determined to rise above his fellows. His method is seduction. The mill-owner for whom he works has an attractive daughter, and Harvey contrives to make her pregnant. Meanwhile, however, he is having an affair with an older woman (Simone Signoret), who both loves and understands him. When, ultimately, the irate father demands that Harvey make an honest woman of his daughter, the young man has little cause to hesitate. Although for him it means a loveless marriage, and suicide for the woman who loves him, it also means that he has made it to the top. In the final shot, he settles back against the cushions of his father-in-law's limousine, but tears well in his eyes as he looks at his bride and understands the emptiness of his victory.

With love scenes unprecedented for candor in English-language movies, with relationships that broke every movie convention, with a hero who knowingly broke every moral rule and, far from being punished for his affronts, wound up marrying the boss' daughter, *Room at the Top* was promptly and predictably denied a Code Seal. Nevertheless, it ran for months to S.R.O. crowds in a New York art house, and on the basis of this success went on to do the unheard of: Still without a Seal, the film moved into the large American circuit houses, where it continued to do big business. Thus, at the very end of the Fifties, an English film proved that the Code Seal was utterly meaningless. Code-affiliated theaters would book a potentially profitable non-Code picture and Americans in vast numbers would turn out to see it. Suddenly, terms such as "maturity" and "adult" ceased to have sniggering connotations for the American moviegoer. *Room at the Top* had proved that an honest view of society could provide honest entertainment as well. American film makers were not reluctant to take the hint. In the decade ahead, the studios were to embrace themes and situations heretofore unthinkable in their Code-sheltered enclaves.

In their next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert turn their attention from the films of the Fifties, foreign and domestic, to the charismatic sex stars—from Brando to Monroe—who made them memorable.



FILM FESTIVALS (continued from page 224)

bigger. It shows more films, attracts more film makers, undresses more starlets, and pays the expenses of more critics and reporters (250 at the last count, not including a further 500 journalists, photographers, radio commentators and TV representatives who came under their employers' steam). Subsidy to the amount of \$225,000 is provided in equal parts by the town, the province and the government.

Cannes disarms purist criticism by blatant candor. It regards the cinema as primarily a popular art. Robert Favre LeBret, the astute diplomat who directs the festival, always makes this clear to his juries. "I explain to them that the winner of the Grand Prix must have artistic quality, but it must also be capable of being welcomed by a large audience." Last year's jury took this advice rather too much to heart. The Golden Palm was shared between Claude Lelouch's *Un Homme et une Femme*, a dashing piece of animated glossy-magazine photography, and *Signore e Signori*, a comedy directed at the top of everyone's voice by Pietro (Divorce—Italian Style) Germi. As an American observer said: "The Frog entry lacks substance"; and when Germi's award was announced at the final ceremony, a storm of catcalls halted the proceedings, interspersed with cries of "Cretins!" and "Assassins of the cinema!"

Undeterred by such fleabites, Favre LeBret points out that only two Cannes prize winners in 20 years have subsequently failed at the box office. In Europe and the American art houses, a Golden Palm usually gives an enormous boost to a film's earning capacity. (The exception is Britain, insular as ever, where it means virtually nothing.) "There are two kinds of film maker," says Favre LeBret, "the artist and the industrialist. Cannes has room for both."

In his own way, though less vocally, he rules Cannes just as toughly as Chiarini rules Venice. He has the last word in nominating the jury, which is normally half French and half foreign; and he doesn't hesitate to impose the guillotine on films he considers too long. "Cut thirty minutes and we'll take it," he told the Rumanians last year after seeing the movie they proposed to enter. They made the requisite cuts and it won a prize for direction. Shrewdly, Favre LeBret has never pretended that the festival was a tourist attraction: "This is a professional congress. It's a meeting place for eight thousand people whose business is movies. There's nothing here for the general public." Yet the public comes. Day and night, there's a staring throng outside the Festival Palace, where the main showings are held.

Cannes is a two-ring circus with fair-

ground attached. The big ring (black tie for evening screenings, beachwear OK for afternoons) is the Grande Salle of the Festival Palace. Next door, in the Salle Jean Cocteau (dress informal), the French critics present their annual selection of films by new directors. The fair-ground booths are the cinemas along the Rue d'Antibes (come as you are, but preferably clothed), where a dozen films a day are hopefully offered for auction to international distributors.

Because they are ostensibly private, these showings are exempt from censorship. The erotic content is often high. Take last year, for instance. "After *Lolita*," said a typical handout, "comes an incestuous love affair—*Lollipop*." This sounded inviting but turned out to be tepid drivel. The next day, however, I saw a Swedish movie about incest—Vilgot Sjöman's *My Sister, My Love*—which was at once a work of art, exquisite and poised, and a masterpiece of eroticism. It was marred only by an odd stroke of shyness: In Scandinavia, it seems, men have pubic hair but not *genitalia*. I also remember an Anglo-Greek melodrama in

which, at ten-minute intervals, an unexplained thug with an eye patch appeared out of left screen, seized the nearest actress under 50, irrelevantly flogged her with what looked like dental floss, and then returned her to the otherwise uneventful plot. (I missed the supporting short, a documentary dealing with "the Cult of the Phallus among Indian Maidens.") Another item that should not go unrecorded is the Danish crazy comedy that began with a drunken fisherman romping home to assert his authority by leaping onto the kitchen sink and urinating—in color, back to camera—for a full 60 seconds. According to the narration, which was thoughtfully dubbed into English, he did this to prove a point: "The soul cannot forever be crushed in a dark taciturnity."

For a fortnight in May, Cannes is the film world in microcosm. Those who inhabit it sever all other allegiances as they dash blinking from one coal-black auditorium to the next. They read nothing but the daily *Festival Bulletin*, and revel in the punning of its gossip columnist. (Example: "If Omar Sharif marries, his wife will be called Langouste Sharif." *Homard* means lobster, and a



"And here's a get-well-or-else card from the Mafia."



langouste is a crayfish. This low do we sink.) And if Cannes is the world, the Carlton Hotel is its capital city.

The Martinez is more modern and just as luxe; the Walsdorff-Victoria has better food; and my own favorite, the Gray d'Albion, has prettier decor—all contemporary elegance at street level and classical comfort above. But the Carlton is the hub of the action, the quintessential scene, the place where the gossip rages and the vital deals are swung. Thin on the ground in Venice, the top stars still converge in bulk on Cannes, and the traffic is thickest in the Carlton lobby, through which everyone who is (or was, or would like to be, or would like to make) anyone must sooner or later pass. Everyone, that is, except Brigitte Bardot, who has boycotted Cannes for the past ten years. She turned up, unknown and uninvited, in 1956, and annoyed the festival authorities by getting more press coverage than anyone else. Irrked by their disapproval, she has calmly snubbed them ever since. The rumor in 1966 was that her minimum price for returning to Cannes was a *Légion d'honneur*.

The Carlton lobby is not without its transient maniacs, some of whom radiate the kind of glow that comes of intravenous consolation. Last year a haggard little man with happy eyes rushed out of the elevator and embraced me. He was wearing a silvery silk suit and I had never seen him before in my life. "Thank God you made it," he gasped. "There are some real nuts around here. Ten minutes ago I'm sitting in the bar with your pal X—" (he named a fairly well-known Continental director whom I'd

never met) "—and he's making like we're old buddies, birds of a feather, cha-cha-cha. Then all of a sudden he says will I go up to room 120 and kill the first person I see. So I figure what the hell, and I go up. And when the door opens, it's an eight-year-old child. *An eight-year-old child! In a cute little nightie with ribbons and everything!* What kind of a fink does he think I am?" "A potential P. R. O.," I was going to reply, "and you've failed the loyalty test"; but already he was lost in the crowd, his shimmering suit melting into the vinyl and sequins and gold lamé of the resident starlets.

In the Carlton bar and out on the adjoining sea-front terrace, the stars are giving interviews of carefully rehearsed candor, designed to flatter the journalist's ego while disclosing absolutely nothing of importance. Producers are haggling with potential distributors. The only thing that is really talking is money. Heavy-lidded men exchange shrugs with competitive blandness. "For reasons I cannot pin down," says a man at the next table, "it was not doing too well in Boston as of yesterday. But Düsseldorf is another story . . ." Rock Hudson ambles in and affably accepts a drink. Blue-chinned and tight-lipped, Jean-Luc Godard scans the scene, doesn't like the look of it, and pads briskly out. In a corner of the terrace Sammy Davis Jr. is publicizing a film that isn't even being shown at Cannes. At every table, watching and waiting, would-be or has-been, there are model-type actresses. Think twice before you take a pretty girl into the Carlton bar at festival time. It will instantly be assumed that she is longing

to be cast as the Spider Woman in *Naked Creeps from Outer Space*, and that you are her agent-cum-pimp.

The Carlton's private beach, across the road from the hotel, is where the photographers swarm, hoping to snap a starlet whose bikini has shed its top. These are photographers of a special breed, who haven't looked through a lens in years. Submerged in the throng, they brandish their cameras over their heads and click away at random. Last year their major target was a plump contender in fish-net briefs with a rose delicately clasped between her buttocks. Although the Carlton beach allures the crowds, a more select group favors the Plage Sportive a few hundred yards away. Here you can bask, swim and water-ski with people like Peter Ustinov, Jeanne Moreau and Tony Richardson. You can also see a bronzed middle-aged man who capers about with daisies in his beard, playing a barrel organ and flourishing posters that advocate nuclear disarmament. He goes to all the Mediterranean festivals, and claims to be one of God's spies.

The late Jean Cocteau, uncrowned king of the festival for many years and often enrolled in its jury, described it as "a nosegay of flags blended together by a sea breeze"—*un bouquet de drapeaux que le vent du large mélange*. A typical day at Cannes is full and frenetically international. It might go something like this:

9 A.M.: Private showing of Japanese film in Rue d'Antibes. Subject: cuckolded taxi driver who takes vengeance on his wife's lovers by pretending that she's dead and using her supposed ghost to blackmail them. Modern setting, medieval thinking.

11 A.M.: Official Swedish entry at Festival Palace. Glacial and literary. I slip out halfway through to attend press conference held by the director of last night's movie. Mob of critics firing wordy questions in six languages. Heat intense, enlightenment minimal.

12:30 P.M.: Promotion lunch at Eden Roc to publicize British entry. Overwhelmed by escapism, I choose freedom. But where to eat? In the center of Cannes, there's Mère Besson's place, modest in appearance but boasting a Michelin star for its aromatic Provençal cooking; and the gaudier Mandarin, where the Chinese menu features "Fish in Squirrel" and "Palm of Bear's Claw." The most reliable bistro is L'Esquinade. All three are within five minutes' stroll of the Festival Palace. Down at the port, where posh yachts and grimy fishing boats jostle democratically for anchorage, the specialty is seafood, for which the Voile au Vent charges more (and deservedly so) than the Coq Hardi. But I am bent on total escape, and drive eight miles westward to the coastal village of La Napoule. Here, in the shaded garden

of a restaurant called L'Oasis, I wolf a meal that fully merits two stars. A third is clearly in the offing: If granted, it will place L'Oasis among the 13 best tables in France.

2:30 P.M.: Public debate at the Hotel Martinez between writers and directors. Subject: Is Plot Essential to Motion Pictures? Supporters of straight narration include commercial film makers like Delbert Mann (*Marty*, *The Bachelor Party*), Jean Delannoy (*L'Eternel Retour*, *Symphonie Pastorale*) and Henri-Georges Clouzot (*Le Salaire de la Peur*, *Les Diaboliques*). Their argument: that films should tell a story that the public can understand. Their common enemy: Jean-Luc Godard, who maintains that the cinema of simple storytelling has had its day. "When you add it up, it only amounts to about ten percent of the sum total of moviemaking."

Delbert Mann says he dislikes exhibitionist directors. He prefers a good story that conveys an emotional experience. Godard ripostes: "Your kind of cinema prevents me from making my kind! American cinema has deteriorated at the heart. You and Paddy Chayefsky and people like you have accepted the system and don't try to change it. You have surrendered your responsibilities. You forget that cinema is not a part of you—you are a part of cinema."

Mann pleads guilty, but adds that cinema in the U.S. is a business, not an art, that compromise is necessary, etc., etc. Godard: "Of course a film must be sold to its audience. But I don't see why I should think about my audience on the same scale that Hitler did." The key exchange occurs when the conversation turns to *Last Year at Marienbad*:

Clouzot: Surely you agree, M. Godard, that films should have a beginning, a middle part and an end?

Godard: Yes, but not necessarily in that order.

5 P.M.: Czech film in the Salle Cocteau, chosen by the French critics. Brilliant, poetic and critical in depth of the society that sponsored it. Sharp lesson for the Western cinema.

7:45 P.M.: Official German entry at the Festival Palace. A film self-critical to the point of self-indulgence. Lots of brutality to prove how vicious brutality is.

9:30 P.M.: Private showing (Rue d'Antibes) of French erotic movie. Lesbians munching one another's breasts and being moved down by machine guns. Mostly hilarious and not seriously sinister.

11 P.M.: Supper at L'Aventura, a heavily beamed room with strolling musicians. The lamb cooked in herbs is costly but worth it.

12 midnight: Official gala at the Casino, given by one of the participating countries. Cold cuts, admission by invitation only, and obligatory black tie. One sips champagne, chats with a star or two and edges discreetly toward the

door. Darryl Zanuck and other entrepreneurs stay on to play the tables.

1 A.M.: Choice of two night clubs, both at the eastern end of town. Whisky-à-GoGo, a crowded cavern roofed with foliage, resembles a minor tropical airport where 50 flights have been postponed, the air conditioning has exploded and the Muzak has been turned up to maximum clamor. The other club is decorated like a Dodge City saloon and has a transvestite floorshow. Both are ridiculously expensive.

2 A.M.: Nightcap at a bar just off the Croisette with Richard Lester, who directed *A Hard Day's Night*, *Help!* and *The Knack*, which won the Golden Palm in 1965. He's now a member of the jury and relishes the job. "It's like marrying a woman who owns a liquor store," says this tireless addict of cinema in all its forms.

3 A.M.: To bed, with badly bruised eyeballs.

. . .

For the most part, movie critics are fanatical enthusiasts. They will travel

long distances and keep impossible hours on the outside chance of glimpsing a masterpiece. But you cannot blame them if at times they grow surly and discouraged. Every once in a while they may unearth a minority audience for an art movie; but they cannot compete with the advertising technique, the sheer saturation bombardment, that ensures a mass audience for a majority movie. It is packaged and presold before they ever see it. How can a critic hope to influence the making of films that cost more than—say—a million dollars? It is as if he were to send a postcard to General Motors, hinting that he would like them to make a raft next year, or a helicopter, instead of a car.

Yet for all their faults, Cannes and Venice justify the critic's choice of profession. Here are two festivals where all films are equal, and it is still possible for a handful of intelligent critics to change the taste of nations.



"And yet, as a businessman, I can't help but feel a grudging admiration."

Women as Angels *(continued from page 168)*

pretends to believe him, but secretly she envies him, as he swings himself and his briefcase off to work in the morning. The dark forest of their early days has become a maze of high buildings, but all the more exciting for that. Sometimes she hints that she, too, would like to go off in the morning, swinging a briefcase. Then he tells her that if an angel were to go into that jungle called Business, she would lose all her angelic qualities. Besides, if she went away, to whom would he come home? It comforts him, he says, to think of his own little angel safely at home waiting for him.

Result? Boldly expressed, women now find themselves in a situation absurd in its dichotomy. They cling to the angelic myth, out of date though it is, for it gives them the pleasant security of moral superiority. At the same time, they long to descend to man and meet him on his own level in the easy camaraderie of nonvirtue. Alas that our mothers insisted upon equal rights and at the same time did not realize that this meant giving up the privileges attendant upon being angels!

Still and all, perhaps most females are undecided as to which they should be, women or angels, and are waiting, as they have for centuries, to discover what men really want them to be. The delay is because men themselves do not know what they want women to be. In this limbo of indecision women please no one, neither themselves nor men. Who is to blame? Who but men? Yes, men! For it was man who began the dreaming about angels and once in the habit of dreaming went on to dream of other impossibilities. The confusions and absurdities of our modern world all come from the dreams of men. A man dreamed that he could save mankind from its own sins by dying on a cross, not knowing that none can save a soul except itself, and so the world lives on in sin. A man dreamed that the strong should help the weak, but instead the strong are only oppressed by the weak, who in their helplessness are the real oppressors. A man dreamed that by pen and ink he could set free the enslaved, but a hundred years have passed and equality is still only pen and ink. A man dreamed of a family of nations, in which each nation would have an equal voice with all others, but today that family rejects some among its own members and will not seat this one or that at the family table.

Dreaming is the folly that sets the world in turmoil, for men dream huge dreams they cannot bring to reality. Sentimental dreaming man, emotional, unstable, lacking the courage and persistence to make his dreams come true! Compare yourself, O man, to this rugged woman at your side, who if she does not

dream, at least will not believe a dream complete unless it is fulfilled.

Let us now pity man! He has suffered more from his own dreams than woman has, for when he insists upon her being an angel, he loses her as a woman. In his determination to lift her above him as an angel, he separates her from himself. She is isolated, but so is he. And he has corrupted her by his notions of her moral superiority as an angel so that she has become self-righteous, believing that she is indeed better than he, and worthy of all the privileges of being an angel. Inevitably, he becomes disgusted with her, and yet she is his creation. It was he who defined femininity as angelic and was able to confine woman in that definition because he held the power of money in his hands. The result of all this dreaming is that today man does not know what to do with woman outside of bed and kitchen. She has no place of her own in which to live and work. In the predicament, he defends himself by declaring that nowadays she may be whatever she wants to be, forgetting that after centuries of trying to be what he wants, she does not know how to be anything else.

And yet woman must again take man at his word. She must take thought for herself and discover what she wants to be and therefore what she was meant to be. First of all, she must discard the whole trashy dream of being an angel. She must face the truth that women are no better than men, not more delicate, not more "spiritual," etc., etc. She must face the truth and be glad of it. She must realize her own ability to think clearly, to act promptly, and with logic. She must remind herself that nature is impartial in allotting brains. The chances of inheritance are equal and the girl may inherit the superior mind. She is right to believe that dreams must be rejected unless they can be brought to performance. The world is suffering from too many dreams and too little performance. Let women mend the discrepancy, for men, it seems, cannot, at least as yet. It is a possibility that women can so mend, since the problems of our world are basically household problems—on a vast scale, it is true, but still having to do with feeding the hungry, healing the sick, educating the ignorant, not to mention general house cleaning. Women are used to the logistics of such administrations and need only to multiply figures and enlarge their horizons. Practical nondreamers, unsentimental by nature, weary of romance and pretense, they may be able if not to save the world, at least to make it run more efficiently and comfortably for us all.

Woman's problem will, of course, be man. When an individual woman gives up being a sweet and helpless angel, she

knows from experience that man goes into a sort of collapse. When instead of the creatures he has cherished as a dear old mother, a sweet silly little wife, a precious dependent daughter, all of whom he has struggled to feed and to protect, there appear brisk, efficient human beings, no longer to be tempted by furs, diamonds and mechanized houses, he will be utterly at a loss, at least for a time. What has he left to work for? Who needs him now? What in heaven's name has become of his angel? She is gone and in her place is this creature, this woman who likes to work, who thinks problems are meant to be solved, who is too impatient to bother about keeping wrinkles from her face, who lets her hair grow gray and refuses to follow fashions. She is hearty and life-loving, she is passionate and genuine and she likes politics as much as he does, because she enjoys a dirty and exciting game. She loathes angels and wants no privileges.

Yes, it will take time for men to get used to women. And women will, I fear, have an even harder time for a while ahead. For, accustomed to angels, men will not recognize women for what they really are and will not know how to enjoy them until the memories of angels have faded away. Men will be terrified, neurotic, angry, ferocious, depending upon their temperaments. "If women want equality, here it is," they will shout and will proceed to treat women as they never dreamed of treating angels or even other men. Women must be ready for this, and ready, too, to acknowledge their own follies, for without world experience they can scarcely expect immediately to know how to share the solving of problems on a world scale. They will tend to be dictatorial—bossy is the word—and nothing infuriates a bossy man more than a bossy woman. She must, therefore, be prepared for man's fury and learn to manage without being bossy.

There will be those women, of course, who cannot take it, and they will relapse into being angels again. Being angels for so long has weakened women's mental and moral fiber, too. But real women will be patient with themselves and with men. They will acknowledge their own mistakes, they will try again and again until someday men and women, working together in cooperation and with mutual respect, will find joy in possessions other than fur coats and fine cars and glittering diamonds—the common sense of a world at peace, for example, and mutual appreciation and understanding between nations and races, and economic stabilization and equality of opportunity. It may be that together man and woman can dream greater dreams than man could dream alone. It is possible.

Did I once say that women never dream? I was wrong. We do!



is about has been precisely nil.

Culture is about the question "Why?"—not "How?" In all the chromium ever used, there is less cultural content than in one sigh by one shaven-headed monk prostrated in the dust before some bloated, garish Buddha figure that to him signifies in a dim, abject way a once-glimpsed, perhaps imagined gleam of light where time ends and eternity begins.

Out of his scientific achievements contemporary man has created material resources beyond the wildest dreams of previous generations. The city-states of Renaissance Italy were, in terms of wealth, impoverished villages compared with their namesakes littered about the North American continent, each with its Main Street, offering in neon letters FOOD, BEAUTY, DRUGS and GASOLINE, the four pillars on which the great American Way of Life is built, the four horsemen of the 20th Century Apocalypse. More riches have been poured out just by Texas oil wells than ever were imagined in El Dorado.

With computers to think for him, conveyor belts to do his bidding, airplanes and motorcars to transport him; with his every want, real and imagined, instantly satisfied, and the prospect before him of

soon riding into the remotest skies and exploring the universe's farthest limits, contemporary man is in a position to lean back like any Athenian sage or Roman nobleman, feasting his mind on the subtleties of thought and his imagination on all the intricacies and nuances of sense and spirit.

And does he? *He has not put up one single building, written one book, painted one picture, composed one symphony or carved out one statue that can conceivably be of major artistic interest to posterity.* Of him there will remain not one single memorable sentence; at best a laugh, at the charlatanism he countenanced and the credulity he displayed. If the whole North American continent were to be submerged under the ocean tomorrow, mankind would lose nothing of significance in their cultural heritage save what has been brought to North America from elsewhere. *Culturally, this has been a barren time, indeed. There has been created not a culture but a cultural dust bowl.*

With our nuclear weapons capable of decomposing the earth itself, we are more powerful than human beings have ever been before. Richer, too; more mobile, roaring through the stratosphere, along highways ever broader. Healthier,

with pills for all ailments and conditions, plastic intestines as and when required. Lustier; appetites sterilized and packaged, scented and seasoned and protracted into middle age and even senility; old fellows, dentures chattering, avid still to grab available flesh. Better informed, with rotary presses to feed our minds, television screens to feed our eyes, and ah! such colors, such perfumes, such textures to feed our senses. Paperbacks enfolding the wisdom of the ages, Telstar to carry *The Beverly Hillbillies* to the uttermost parts of the earth; Muzak to cheer us along our way and psychiatrists to sort us out and banish ill thoughts and angst.

Whatever we want we can have. Travel by travelog without leaving home. Possess in our own chaste beds the sweetest and the sexiest ever to be photographed. Have on our shelves, for only a trifling down payment, all the knowledge, all the art, all the literature that ever was. There are no limits in the way of satisfying our hopes and desires, and, when they are satisfied, of promoting new ones. We have everything.

But culture?—no, surely not that. An explosion, perhaps, but scarcely a cultural one. Some other kind of explosion. Nuclear, it may be.



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personally, are acquainted with each other's ideas (for which they share a mutual respect) and agree on the following:

They accept a situational, or relativistic, approach to ethics. This rejects both absolutism (rigid rules) and anti-nomianism (absence of rules); it accepts rules as valid generalizations gained by human experience, but subjects them to change or rejection according to concrete circumstances. Similarly, both Hefner and Fletcher regard dogmatism as an evil because it leads to absolutism. Finally, they both regard the individual conscience as the supreme arbiter of ethical decisions, rejecting all attempts at organizing a codified "new morality" in opposition to the "old morality."

While the similarities between Hefner and Fletcher can be attributed in large measure to their common opposition to the imposition of authoritarianism, the differences lie in what constitutes for each the basis of human happiness—in short, what man is to do with his freedom of decision. This difference is a reflection of separate traditions: Fletcher, as a theologian, is in the tradition of

Biblical Christianity, with its emphasis on happiness as doing God's will through actively seeking the salvation of others. Hefner, a humanist in the tradition of rational secular democracy, sees happiness resulting from the individual pursuit of a fully productive and pleasurable life.

Since Fletcher and Hefner are spokesmen for similar but separate traditions, it is not surprising that they agree on some points and disagree on others.

Congratulations for getting into the subject of situation ethics! (My son showed me your comments.) Young people are already practicing it and they are grateful to hear that relativism has behind it a formal philosophy—that they are not alone. Freedom and responsibility, of course, are the keys to understanding situation ethics. And that is why it is a valuable guide for making decisions concerned with all human relationships. Young people need to know more about what situation ethics really means. Relativism is destructive if it means, "What is relevant to me?" But it is constructive if it means, "What guide

is there here for me, in what philosophers and theologians say about situation ethics, to help me make choices in the midst of chaos?"

Daphne Smith
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SEX AND THE HANDICAPPED

I am a 21-year-old girl who shares some of the problems of the young man who has been badly crippled by polio (August Forum). I can sympathize with him, but I would guess that his failure in *affaires d'amour* is more his fault than he realizes.

I am also physically handicapped. An accident in childhood left me supposedly paralyzed. I still have a visible disability, but for the most part my physical fight is won. But there is another battle the handicapped need to face—one much more difficult. This is the battle of self-acceptance. I have childhood memories of little boys throwing rocks at me, making fun of me, of children making cruel jokes about my leg braces. At the college where I am a senior, there are people who like to do these same things. These are people who don't even know my name. Among my friends, I have found that I have considerable control over the way I am treated—through my own attitude. If I treat my handicap lightly, others do, too. If I acted as though it made me different, others would, too. I can make people comfortable about it by being comfortable myself.

The point of discussing attitude in relation to the young man's resort to prostitution is this: I would guess that the girls get "out of the mood" more because of his attitude toward and handling of the long process of brace removal than because of the length of the process itself. If he could learn to joke about it, or make a game of it, he might be pleasantly surprised. He must still choose his dates carefully, for there are girls who are too petty to be able to care for someone "different." I have met their male counterparts. But the point is not to generalize.

What that young man needs is confidence. He admits to being afraid of rebuffs. That's got to go, because everybody gets them, male or female, handicapped or not. He gives the impression that he thinks that any rebuff would be due to his braces. Even if he weren't disabled; in fact, no matter what he was like, there would be girls who wouldn't care to go out with him. That's so terrible? In closing, I would say to him the same thing I say to the boys at the "juvenile prison" where I work part time: It's not all your fault that you are what you are, but it will be mostly your fault if you stay that way.

(Name and address
withheld by request)



"While I'm gone, you two nice people try to get better acquainted . . .!"

CENSORS AND BIGOTS

In the opinion of certain Southern whites, the thought of a Negro using the same washroom, drinking fountain or restaurant table as a white is "an outrage to public decency." The thought of a Negro moving into a white neighborhood is something that "will lead to moral decay." The thought of a Negro voting is a "perversion of a beautiful privilege." These whites believe that the Negro has "no redeeming social value."

The Supreme Court, quite correctly, ignores all these neurotic feelings and insists on enforcing the Fourteenth Amendment. But when sex enters the picture, what happens to the Court? The clear and unambiguous language of the First Amendment ("Congress shall make no law . . . abridging freedom of speech") is twisted and distorted and emerges as its own opposite ("Congress shall make some laws . . ."). I wish the Court would strive as hard for freedom from the censors' oppression as they do for freedom from the bigots' oppression.

Jake Marino
McHenry, Illinois

FREEDOM DRIVERS

For two years a group of 20 young people have been operating a modern equivalent in reverse of the Underground Railroad. Where the original Underground Railroad ran from South to North, carrying slaves to freedom, the modern Freedom Drivers run from North to South, carrying food, medical supplies, books and other needed materials to civil rights workers in seven Southern states. The Freedom Drivers have survived through gunfire, sabotage, beatings and arson, but the project is now in danger of collapsing from sheer lack of funds.

Some of the groups supplied by the Freedom Drivers are: Strike City—eight tents of striking Negroes who are demanding a raise from their present 30 cents an hour to \$1.25 an hour from the Andrews plantation in Mississippi; Selma Free Library—planned and built by Negro high school students who wanted to read unbiased books on world affairs, U.S. history and Africa; Benton County Quilting Co-op—set up by Negro women who wouldn't continue to work in near slavery as domestic servants. Freedom Drivers take them drapery remnants donated by a Chicago firm, which they reweave and sell. There are many similar projects, including several voter-registration drives, for which the Freedom Drivers are the main supply line.

None of the approximately 20 Freedom Drivers are paid. One of them, a 16-year-old, was beaten into insensibility at a Kentucky truck stop. Four of them were nearly lynched by the Klan in Mississippi, saved at the last moment by a sheriff who said, "Ain't no shooting in

my county going to bring down the FBI." Whenever a driver is forced to leave a truck unguarded, it is turned over and burned—the Klan watches our activities very carefully. We have lost six vehicles in two years. Now we have only one truck left and it is in severely damaged condition.

The story of this last truck is typical. We were on our way back from Mississippi, and we were followed. In Kentucky we were forced to stop for gas. Mark Forester went into the station to make a phone call to our security check point. I stayed by the truck, and another driver, Jeff Fox, was asleep in the van. Mark didn't come back when he should have, and in a sudden panic I ran to look for him without waking Jeff up. I found Mark by the side of the station, beaten and barely conscious. It took about ten minutes to get him up on his feet and walking toward the truck. In that time, the men who had beaten him put starter fluid into the oil line. Mark insisted on driving, saying that the need to concentrate on steering would help him stop shaking. We made only a few yards before the engine blew up. Mark ran back to the van and got the fire extinguisher to put out the fire be-

fore it could reach the gas tank. Mark and I both suffered burns, and that, together with his beating, kept Mark in a high fever for several days, during which time we had to live in the van, Jeff guarding us with a .38, until our associates in Chicago could raise the money for us to rent a car and come home. Now we are trying to raise enough money to get the truck running again. Can any of your readers help us?

Barbara Mitchell
Freedom Drivers
716 Main Street
Evanston, Illinois

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



ONLY GAME IN TOWN (continued from page 184)

table had waned and I saw a chance to recoup with a sure, small killing.

(Sigrid to Terry? Girl talk. I knew Georgie well enough to be sure that when he said no, what he meant was no.)

I made a bet.

The fever spread. Georgie was a well-known figure on the Strip and I heard that there was activity at the other hotels, too. The odds, however, were about the same everywhere.

One syndicate put up \$70,000 no to \$10,000 yes.

Almost everyone with whom I came into contact during the next few days had something down.

The odds were rising and I was glad I got in early.

"You're right about all the betting going on," said Georgie in the steam room that night. He laughed. "I thought sure you were putting me on."

"No," I said.

"All these half-wits," he scoffed. "I hope you ain't in."

"Me?" I said. "Of course not."

"Good," he said.

That Sunday morning, Sigrid Johnson and Georgie Benefit were married in the Emerald Room by the mayor of Las Vegas.

"What happened?" I asked him, after I had somehow managed to mumble congratulations.

"Don't ask me," Georgie replied in a daze. "It was just a spur on the moment. Like that."

I kissed the bride, although I felt like biting her.

The next day, I left Las Vegas.

All this happened over a year ago and Georgie Benefit vanished from my life.

• • •

Last Thursday afternoon, he phoned me from Atlantic City.

"Whatever happened to that there show you were supposed to be making up?" he asked. "I can't find it."

"That makes two of us," I said.

"No kidding, what?"

"I'm still working on it."

"Boy, it must be pretty long by now, huh?"

"How are you?"

"Not bad. Listen, I'm down here in a game—what I mean—a *big* game. What we call a Frank Buck."

"A what?"

"Big game."

"Oh, I thought you meant—never mind."

"You like to see some of it?"

"Sure."

"Come down, I'll fix you up with a suite at the Claridge. That's not where the game is, but it's where Sigrid likes so that's where we go."

"How is she?"

"You'll see."

I drove down and I am glad I did.

There was no game on Friday night, because two of the players, from Linden, New Jersey, are Orthodox and do not play on the Sabbath.

So it was dinner and the evening with Sigrid and Georgie at the Knife and Fork. They both looked marvelously fit. She dominated him completely, but he seemed to revel in it.

There was talk of Georgie's giving up gambling. Sigrid has her eye on an available ski lodge near Stowe, Vermont. She is thinking of a year-round resort with sauna baths and special diets.

"And maybe," said Georgie, wistfully, "one wheel in the back room."

"No," she said, taking the saltcellar out of his hand and putting it on the adjoining table.

"Just a thought," he said.

"You know what we agreed," said Sigrid. "No playing, no betting unless necessary and then only out of the state."

He protested. "But in this business you got to keep going, sweetheart. You can't start and stop. You lose edge."

"We'll talk about it," she said, and began asking me about what shows to see in New York.

Tonight. The big game he promised was big, all right, if you call a \$360,000 pot big.

Those steely boys were something to watch.

The session ended at two A.M. sharp, by prearrangement. Most places are closed by then, but there is a private open-all-night club Georgie goes to in Ventnor and that is where we have been.

I sat there drinking Vichy with a slice of lemon in it, but he got plastered fast, almost as if he were trying to do so. This was hard to understand, since it reversed the usual pattern I have noted—the losers get drunk and the winners do not. Georgie was a winner tonight.

"I'm glad you come down," he said.

"Thanks for asking me."

"What is it, like a year or more or what?"

"Just about."

"It seems longer."

"How do you like married life?" I asked.

"I just told you."

"You did?"

"I said it seems longer, didn't I?"

"You look well."

The compliment unnerved him. He pointed a cranky finger at me and said, "Look, buster. There's more to it—to life—than to look well all the time and that's all."

"Yes."

"I've got myself in one damn what-a-box here. Did you hear her before? All that about that Vermont?"

"I did."

"Where the hell is Vermont, anyway? Do you know?"

"Sure."

"Boy, can she find places!"

"Do you have to go to them?"

I had irritated him again.

"Yes," he said, mocking me. "I *do* have to go to them . . . What's a matter with you? You're married. You know how it is."

"What I know is that my wife and I always talk over things like that. Plans, moves."

"Talk, talk," he said. "But you notice how it always winds up *her* way?"

I considered this for a time and, stalling, said, "Well—"

"Always," he insisted, and I thought it best not to pursue the discussion.

He consumed another drink before continuing.

"You know what else she's in charge of?"

"What?"

"The bundle. The stash. You ought to see her, every day with the glasses on, and the pencils and papers. It's like she's handicapping money."

"How's she doing?"

"That's hard to say. We got more squirreled away than I ever had, but I can't lay my hands on it. I'm always short *usin'* money. Like take tonight, if I hadna come up there with them two pair, I'da been to the cleaners . . . And over the hotel, you know what we got? One double room. Did you hear me good? A double. Inside. Not on any ocean, even." He sighed and shook his head. "When I was *single* I never took a double. Always a suite. You remember, you saw. Now we're two, so we're in one room. Go dope it." He looked off and as he went on, seemed to be talking to himself as much as to me. "Her birthday, January the five, I bought her a rock. Not hot, regular. You know what she done with it? Took herself a refund and bought instead tax-exempts. She says because on them you don't need to carry insurance like on a rock." He looked back at me. "Where do you think she had me last week? Before we came up here? Guess."

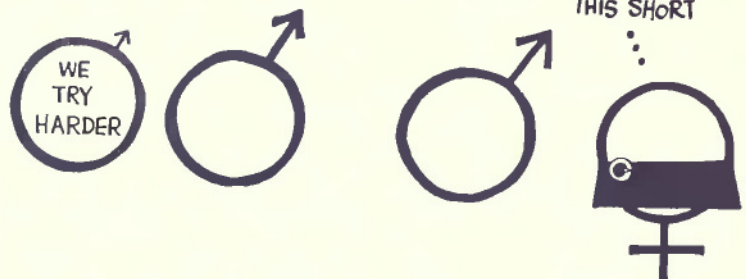
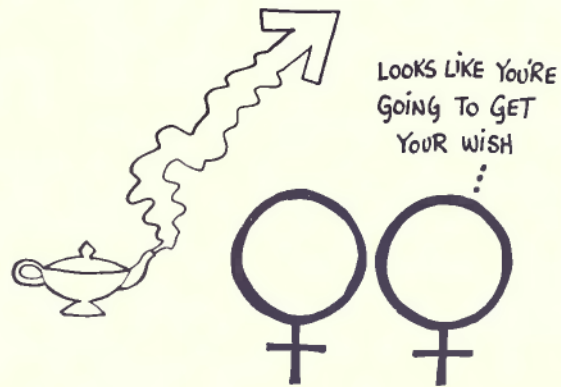
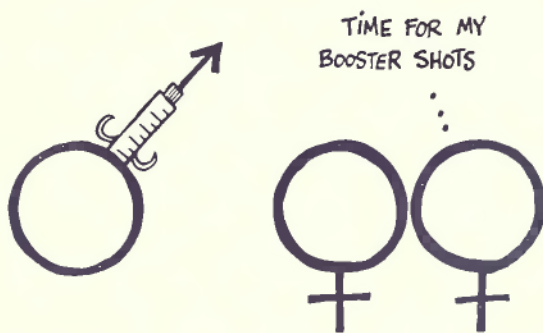
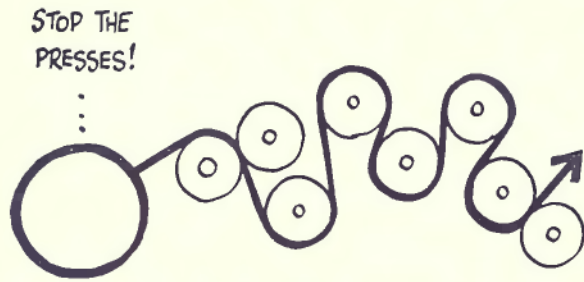
"No idea," I said.

"Down in D.C.," he exclaimed. "She said so long as we're this close we should go, because she's got to have a meeting with this Senator guy from Nevada because she don't like the law. She claims so long gambling ain't illegal out there and so long you're suppose to declare winnings, how come you can't deduct losses and what's going on around here anyways, and you call this fair, no, a rotten shame—and why is the Government such a dirty crook? I tell you she gets going she goes off like some kind of a runaway . . . And I don't get so many messages anymore. She says it's bad for me. I don't know. The whole thing—it's got

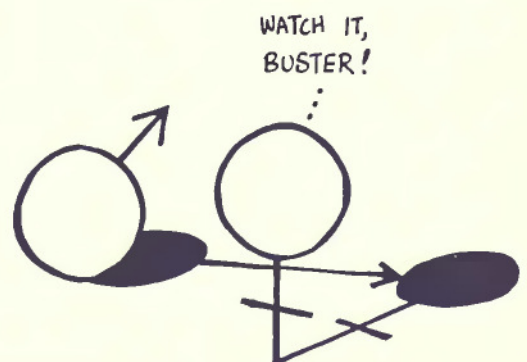
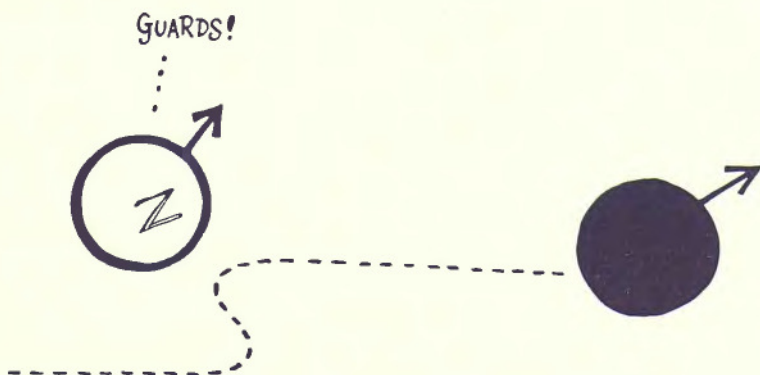
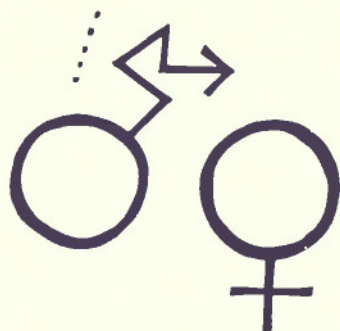
SYMBOLIC SEX

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humor By DON ADDIS



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me mashed. Every day I don't understand it more."

He frowned and pinched his eyes, wearily.

I asked, "Are you saying you're sorry you did it?"

He threw a swift furtive look over his shoulder, casing the nearby booths for possible eavesdroppers. When he turned back to me, he was testy again.

"Hold it down, you mind? Boy, you got some loud voice, y'know it?"

"It's that bloody jukebox," I explained.

"Screaming around. How do you know who's maybe on the carie?"

"Nobody."

"Anyhow," he said (so quietly, I could barely hear him), "did you hear me say anything about that? About sorry?"

"No."

"All right, then. Don't start in."

"All right."

"In fact, how about stay off altogether? What's it *your* business?"

I was beginning to get nervy myself, and said, "It is, in a way."

"In what way?"

"It cost me some money. That's business, isn't it?"

He studied the tabletop, and said, "I know."

"I got suckered into a bet and I lost."

"How do you mean suckered?"

"I asked you, remember? And you told me there was nothing in it. That was the horse's mouth as far as I was concerned."

"When I told you how it was," he said deliberately, "that's how it was."

"Yes."

"You mean no, huh?"

"Why?"

"The way you said yes."

"No."

"I give you my word," he said.

"That's good enough for me, Georgie."

"I'll tell you the truth, though, the whole truth and nothing but the truth: It's been on my mind. You've. That's why I asked you down here. The real reason."

"Why?"

"What'd you drop on me?"

"What's the difference? I'm sorry I mentioned it. This late at night, I get jumpy."

"How much?" he insisted.

"Listen," I said. "After watching those pots tonight, it seems like postage stamps."

"How much?"

I thought back.

"Fifteen hundred," I said, abashed.

He reached into his pocket, brought forth a hefty pack of folded bills, found three 500s and pushed them toward me.

"There's no interest money, you notice," he said. "But I'm picking up your tab at the hotel so that ought to about square it."

I demurred, saying, "No, look. A bet's a bet."

"Pick up your money before somebody else does." As I hesitated, he snapped, "Pick it up!"

I did so.

"Put it away," he added, "and hear me out. After I finish telling you—if you want to give it me back—I'll take it."

I pocketed the money and said, "Thanks."

We left the club and walked the three blocks to the sea in silence. When we reached the nearly deserted boardwalk, we proceeded to the rail. Georgie took six deep breaths and exhaled each forcefully.

"Greatest air in the world," he said. "Have some. On me."

We started toward Atlantic City.

"We're not going to walk all the way, are we?" I asked.

"You can use it," he said. "No wonder you can't finish your work. Your blood's got no circulation."

We walked.

"So," he said. "Here goes. The night you mentioned to me how there was this talk around? We were eating Chinese. You were wearing a white tie with gray stripes."

"How do you remember stuff like that?"

"That's my business, to remember. Anyway, I swear to you that was the first I heard. But not the last. For the next few days—that's *all* I heard. Then Tiny—you know, the fat captain—he scoops me there's been a bet put down. Now, look. You got to keep it in your mind who am I and what's my pitch. From that minute on, the only thing I could hear clicking around in my head was the stakes and the odds and the layoffs, percentages. So I kept on listening and—"

He stopped talking as a young couple walking hand in hand came within earshot. When they had passed and were well out of range, he continued.

"—the next thing I hear they're laying five to one. And every kind of a clown is bugging me for information."

"Including me."

"I didn't mean you."

"Go ahead."

"I figure I'll have some fun a little, so I get Terry—you know, Sigrid's roommate—to spill it around the barbershop how *Sigrid* says we're gonna. Wham—there's all of a sudden a stack of fresh money around . . . What's a matter? You feel all right?"

"Sure, why?"

"You got red. I noticed from the lamppost. Maybe too much walking?"

"Nothing. Keep going."

"And great odds," he said, picking up the thread of his account. "From there on in, I lose control. I admit it. The day

I heard seven to one—I couldn't stop myself. I shilled a bet and started in hustling for more. It wasn't hard to find. In three days, I put down thirty-five Gs and my odds averaged up around eight to one."

"Wait a second. You put down thirty-five and you hadn't asked her yet?"

"Sure not. That was the gamble. The kick. What do you take me for? Some kind of a sure shot schmo? It was a *bet*."

"What if she'd turned you down?"

"I'da lost."

"But you didn't."

"I'll say not. I hit it for two-eighty and even with after the commissions I still had better than a quarter. I would call it no doubt my best week I ever had."

He began to walk faster, and it was some time before I could slow him down.

"How do you figure I'm entitled to mine back?" I asked.

"Because," he said. "I shoulda touted you off. Those other characters—they were pros mostly—or everyday bettors—

or else strangers. You were just a plain babes in the woods."

"Oh, I don't know," I said, bristling at the description.

"I know," he said. "A light white pigeon. I knew it all the time that you were in. Then when I said to you how I hope you ain't, that meant for you to get out. But I forgot you didn't speak the language. Like me in that Monte Carlo, Europe there. So take it and keep it and I'm glad to have it off my mind. You."

When we reached the front of the Claridge, he seemed reluctant to stop, and kept walking. We traversed the paths of the wide plaza in front of the hotel.

He said, "I'm sorry I got mad before, when you asked me am I sorry I done it. Married. You were right. I shouldna done it. Never."

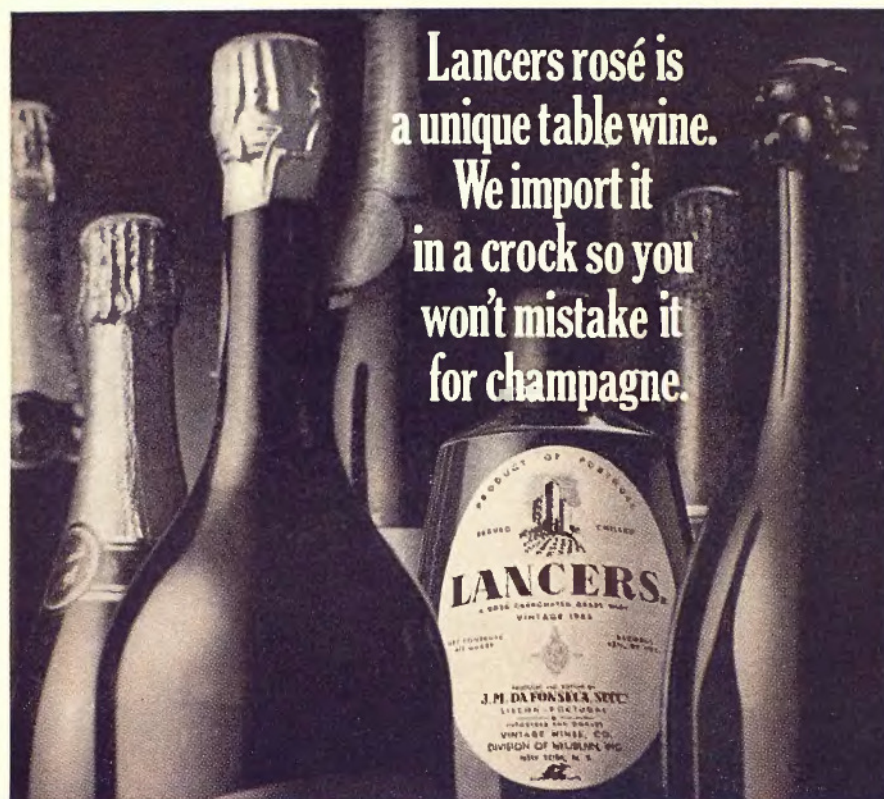
"I didn't say—"

"It was wrong. All wrong. For me and for her and everything. I knew it at the time, even."

"Why did you, then?"



"Yoo-hoo—where are you . . . ?!"



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He stopped in his tracks and looked at me.

"The odds!" he said reverently. "I couldn't stand off them odds! Could I?"

"Well," I said, "maybe you'll get used to it. Many men do."

We walked again, more slowly than before.

"Not me," he said. "I wasn't built for it. Like take right now. What I used to do like take right now is to get in bed with a beer and a few magazines and unwind and think over my game and what I done right or wrong or good or bad. And in between, read and figure the next day. Like that . . . But you know how it's different like take right now?"

"No."

He glanced up at the hotel, closed his eyes for a moment and shuddered.

"I'll go on up and she'll hear me come in. She gets up, gets out of bed, gets her glasses and her pencils—gives me a glass of that kind of skim milk stuff and starts in on me. I got to tell her the whole game and who played and who did how and won or lost and how much and why. It's not too bad when I come in on top, but *boy*—the times if I'm tapped out! She gets mad or if not cries or whatever and it's something terrible on the nerves. She's got me playing for winning and that's even *more* terrible on the nerves."

It was my turn, and all I could come up with was a lame, "Maybe things'll be better in Vermont."

"Vermont!" he said, and spat. "You should only live so long. That's one I can keep pushing off till forever."

"I'm not so sure," I said. "The way she sounded at dinner last night—pretty determined."

"Yeah? Well, that's me, too—pretty determine." The volume of his tone was increasing with each word. "If she *stays* hipped on that, she can go—only with-out me!"

"You mean you'd bust up?"

"Damn right," he said wildly.

"Divorce?"

"Why not? They do it every day, don't they?"

We had again reached the front of the hotel and, this time, went in.

I picked up my key at the desk and left an early call. Georgie had his key in his pocket.

We left the elevator together, on the 11th floor, and stood for a moment in the hallway. We shook hands.

"Thanks for everything," I said.

"You're welcome."

"It'll never happen."

"What never?"

"Divorce."

"You want to bet?" he asked, his eyes narrowing.

"No," I said, and let go his hand. "No, I don't."



SHRINKING FERRARI (continued from page 187)

if every part of the real thing had been scaled down by some scientific process, perfectly and without distortion. Photographs alone can't do the model justice, so I'll try to describe the car in detail, and let you judge for yourself whether it's worth the price.

Normally, Baigent likes to have a good look at the car he's going to copy, even if he later has to work from drawings or photos; he says it's the only way to make sure that he can properly capture the essential character of the car. In this case, he was lucky in that he was able to work from the actual car from start to finish, but even this created difficulties of its own. The chassis, for instance—have you ever tried to find the chassis of a Ferrari? The only solution was to crawl under and over the car, painstakingly measuring everywhere to establish the precise shape of the chassis. This was reproduced exactly with welded metal tubing, to form a basis for the rest of the model. Next came the suspension, with all parts made to scale and, more important, working properly, too. Not only were the coil springs the right size and shape, but they deformed by the right amount when they were loaded. Steering gear, too, worked the same way it did on the original, with proper geometry and gearing ratios. The wheels carry correct brake disks with working calipers made to be powered by compressed air; the knockoff wire wheels really do knock on and off; they have proper splined hubs and their spokes are properly graduated, being thicker at the hub than at the wheel rim. And naturally, the spare wheel is interchangeable with the others. The tires were made by Baigent in molds he himself constructed, using a mixture of high-cling rubber, supplied by Avon itself, that was identical with that used in the original tires.

The engine is extraordinary; and not only is its exterior perfect, with all the components and auxiliaries exactly reproduced (including the alloy carburetors with polished air intakes and the crackle-finished cam covers with raised fins and the name Ferrari embossed on each of them), but all the moving parts inside work as well. The radiator in front of the engine is made up of 160 separate leaves and contains 48 tubes, all so carefully made that the whole system will hold water under pressure.

The clutch works, too, and the gearbox is enough to make you disbelieve your own eyes. Not only are all the wheels made to scale from the actual box, with working synchromesh on all forward speeds, but the selector mechanism is there, too, so that you can change gear by using the immaculate model gearshift. All the nuts and bolts on the box itself and on the inspection

plates are to scale and workable—and the gear teeth are surface-hardened to minimize wear, just as they are on the real thing.

The differential end of the transmission setup has been handled with similar care. At one stage, Baigent thought of having the crown wheel specially made, and asked for a cost estimate from a famous precision engineering firm. They quoted a price of \$420 for the wheel, including \$140 in drafting charges alone, and said the job would take months. So Baigent, doing all the cutting and hardening, made it himself—in two days.

The body is hand-beaten in thin metal, though Baigent admits that the metal is thicker than scale. To be accurate in this respect would have meant a very fragile body, and the effect of clumsy hands picking up the model would have been equivalent to a nasty shunt in the real thing. Also, very thin metal wouldn't have taken the exact shape so well. But most people couldn't tell the difference without a micrometer; I know I couldn't. All the doors and the trunk lid have scale-model working catches, the doors having a second catch to stop their flying open at speed. Door checks prevent them from slamming shut once they're opened, and the trunk lid stays up of its own accord, giving access to the carpeted trunk and to the spare-wheel locker. The bumpers, air intake and head-lamp rims and door handles are all made from chromium plate, but chrome plating proved too brittle for the windscreen and window frames, so these were hand-beaten from solid silver. The windows were molded by Baigent, as were the head-lamp lenses, which have the correct relief patterning on their front.

The carpeting and headlining inside the car are original-perfect. The seats were made from the remaining pieces of the leather used in the real Ferrari and,

besides being impeccably shaped, they're correctly sprung. The crackle-finished dashboard contains a full set of instruments with authentic-looking glass dials, and a full set of switches, too. The three-layered steering wheel has alloy spokes, the proper Nardi insert (this was a long time in the making, as the wooden rim sections had to be turned by hand and kept breaking before they could be fitted onto the metal insert) and the famed Ferrari prancing horse on the horn button. The doors have working handles on the inside and the windows wind up and down, while the leather pockets in the bottom of each door, made from the same skins as the seats, are authentically elasticized.

The immaculate exterior paint work has been sprayed on, with the paint—supplied by Ferrari—used on the original car. The Ferrari badge on the front of the hood is a perfect replica, even when seen through a magnifying glass.

But I've saved the best for the last. The model is designed to be displayed on a special rotating stand. The wheels are mounted on rollers, and the stand rotates slowly to give an all-round view of the model. An electric motor on the stand drives the model's engine through a universally jointed drive shaft; there is a cable that carries power to a two-volt transformer, which in turn powers all the model's electrical equipment. This means that when the power is on, you can drive the engine of the car, working the clutch, gearbox and final drive in the proper manner. You can brake, and you can steer the car with the steering wheel. Not only that, but you can switch on any of 30 lights in the car, from the special three-volt head-lamp bulbs to courtesy lights and lights in the instrument dials. The directional signals work from switches on the dashboard and the head-lamp flasher is operated from the steering-column control; the twin horns work, too. Brake lights function when the brakes are used, and the windscreen



"The door is over here, sir!"



"You're getting nowhere, see? She just doesn't dig you. Then alluva sudden, from out of nowhere, a voice says, 'Have you tried new FRAM, the Ivy League deodorant?'"

wipers are driven by their own tiny motor, hand-wound by Baigent and fitted carefully under the hood. And, most fantastic of all, the speedometer and tachometer actually work, with the former showing the speed at which the rear wheels are turning on the rollers and the latter indicating the engine revolutions—these on dials about as big as the head of a pushpin (the tachometer has to contain a solenoid and three bulbs in that space). There's also an electric heating element, fan and thermostat that keep the inside of the model at a steady 75 degrees for the comfort of driver and passenger.

And before you say that \$12,600 is a lot of money to pay for any model, even one as incredible as this, let me point out something. Even though you *could* buy a pretty good used Ferrari for that much money, just bear in mind that the model took 11,000 hours to build—over three and a half years of hard, highly skilled effort to produce a creation of real beauty. Ferrari himself doesn't make them that carefully.

Mind you, this model is something out of the ordinary even for Baigent; nor-

mally, he doesn't spend that much time on a model, but he was anxious to make this one unique. He usually doesn't make more than one model of a particular car, though he has made other Ferraris, such as the beautiful model of driver Innes Ireland's GTO he did for the Rosebud racing people. But he won't make another Ferrari to the 250 GT standard, although he might produce a similar model of another make if someone asks him to. His next model will be a replica of Tommy Rose's vintage Le Mans Bentley, and I, for one, can't wait to see it. I think Baigent prefers to make models of the older cars, since you can see the workmanship that goes into them more easily. Most of the fantastic work that's gone into the Ferrari, for instance, is hidden by the beautiful bodywork, and you don't realize what's there until it's all explained to you. In that respect, Baigent told me that a Rolls-Royce Ghost is the one he *really* wants to duplicate. I only wish I could afford to commission it—the result would certainly be worth seeing.

BIG SPENDERS

(continued from page 197)

the house. Rolls-Royce stock models are available everywhere in showrooms for \$25,000. The most casual art robberies in Hillsborough, the elect San Francisco suburb, run to a minimal half million. De Pinna, the ready-to-wear house of feminine fashion on Fifth Avenue, recommends an assortment of \$3000 dresses for the impulse buyer who hasn't the time required for more costly selection, and Van Cleef & Arpels will be glad to show you a million dollars' worth of cabochon emeralds in a velvet tray the size of a butter plate. The election to the U.S. Senate of Robert Kennedy reportedly cost \$1,500,000, a considerable increase over the going price in the Seventies in Nevada and Montana.

Yet, and despite these ever-proliferating facilities for sharing the wealth—and their catalog is practically without end—possessors of truly massive fortunes such as those of the Mellons, Fords and Rockefellers have found personal expenditures to be of no avail in stemming the tidal wave of their incomes and have been forced to seek refuge in charities, family foundations and other benevolences to take money off their hands.

In light of these melancholy revelations, it may be instructive if not actually profitable to review a few of the devices for personal gratification evoked by a generation of grandees too proud to seek cowardly sanctuary in good works and whose collective imagination transcended mere family foundations for the disposal of truly towering amounts of scratch.

The business of being a magnifico got under way in the United States in the high-rolling times that immediately followed the close of the Civil War. Enormous fortunes were being built from the opening and development of the West and from the industrial processes that had been given wartime impetus from the railroads which, from then until the turn of the century, were the principal preoccupation of the American people. Politics were more corrupt than they have ever been since. Moral standards were on a par with politics. Tastes among men and women of means were flamboyant and there were few inhibitions to their gratification. The Reconstruction period has enjoyed the conspicuous disfavor of posterity to a degree probably unparalleled by any other single period in history, unless possibly it was the reign of Nero, with which it was sometimes compared. The historical bibliography of the last half of the 19th Century bristles with the literature of specific disapproval: *The Tragic Years*, *The Dreadful Decade*, *The Lords of Creation*, *A Certain Rich Man* and the like. But those who lived at the time

thought it was simply wonderful.

Perhaps symbolic of the careless attitude toward money in the years immediately after Appomattox was that of New York's most elegant gambler, a Lorenzo of the green eyeshades named John Morrissey. Morrissey's sumptuously upholstered gaming rooms on 24th Street opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel annoyed his fastidious neighbors, who claimed he lowered the moral tone of the place and who glared their disapproval at Mrs. Morrissey, a blameless lady, when she attended opera at the Academy of Music. On a strictly to-hell-with-you basis, Morrissey forthwith ran for Congress and got himself elected by a liberal majority. Just to show it was no trick at all, he had himself re-elected by an even greater plurality and, to celebrate his vindication at the polls, ordered from Lemaire of Paris a pair of opera glasses for his wife. They set something of a record—being framed in a lyrelike arrangement of diamonds and sapphires that cost \$75,000; through them Mrs. Morrissey was happy to glare right back at her social detractors with the most expensive imaginable disdain.

New York newspaper readers of the 1920s and early 1930s, as long as the celebrated Beaux Arts Ball lasted as the most spectacular charity function of the Gotham season, were from year to year kept abreast of the progress, in the direction of the next Beaux Arts Ball, of an otherwise little-publicized gentlewoman named Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken. From time immemorial, Mrs. Menken had been the floral centerpiece around which the Beaux Arts revolved. Her appearance climaxed its inevitable midnight pageant, and what she was to wear was the central theme of the publicity that surrounded the event.

Mrs. Menken's costumes for this annual event were for many years confected for her by the Brooks Costuming Company. Popular legend maintained that each year, the morning after the Beaux Arts Ball, Brooks and Mrs. Menken started working on what she would wear 364 nights from then. Throughout the ensuing months such newspaper columnists as Nancy Randolph, Helen Worden and Cholly Knickerbocker, when other inspiration lagged, reported on the progress of the creation under construction. Invariably, the official publicity releases for the Beaux Arts committee placed the cost of Mrs. Menken's one-night appearance at \$25,000. The figure varied little from year to year, and her eventual appearance in feathers, furs, sequins, aigrettes, electric lights, court trains, peacock feathers, flounces, fans and diamonds did little to discredit the publicity. As long as the Beaux Arts lasted, first at the Astor Hotel and later

at the uptown Waldorf, Mrs. Menken's \$25,000 moment was institutional in the New York social calendar.

Thirty years after the Beaux Arts passed into history, Arthur Menken of Santa Barbara, California, was at pains to discount the reported costliness of his mother's fancy-dress attire.

"She never paid anything like the fortunes the gowns were supposed to cost," he wrote. "These sums were the dream of the press agents for the ball and the hotels where they were held. She wore and paid for nothing more costly than Florenz Ziegfeld bought for top showgirls like Irene Marcellus. Mother may have spent \$10,000 on the theory that the publicity would help the Beaux Arts, which, together with the Alliance Française, was her favorite charity. The publicity probably cost my father, who was a hard-working lawyer, some of his conservative clients."

Nevertheless, the legend of Mrs. Menken is well established in the folklore of an older New York.

"I'll never forget the year she appeared in an outfit that resembled the feathers of a peacock in full fan formation," wrote Eve Brown many years

afterward, "and then, at the height of the pageant which was held on a huge stage in the Astor ballroom, she pressed a button and her entire person promptly burst into blazing glory like a Times Square electric sign. The result was beyond Ziegfeld's wildest dreams."

The idea of lighting up like a Times Square electric sign might not seem completely irresistible to Mrs. Gloria Guinness, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney or any of a later generation of New York and London hostesses notable for the opulence of their personal attire, but the basic reality of expensive radiance is still valid. It is virtually impossible for a woman to spend really important money for clothes and not get some sort of return on her investment.

Being a well-dressed woman has always been a preoccupation. Being a *best-dressed* woman is a career. Most of the women who annually make the lists of the internationally best-dressed are known for little else. Clothes are the essence of their being, a way of life and a professional attitude. A secondary aspect of making the best-dressed lists may be that of a status symbol for husbands, one that is so well recognized that it has a



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bidding price, although there is no record of a transaction being consummated. Eleanor Lambert, who annually compiles the accepted list of the ten best-dressed women in the United States, has declined offers as high as \$50,000 to include the name of an aspirant, which puts at least a tentative value on the nomination, or perhaps a point from which to start bidding.

Sometimes it turns out that the simplest pleasures are the most expensive of all. Witness Paul D. Cravath's personalized brook. Many a countryman living in Maine, Vermont or Pennsylvania, where small brooks are commonplace, has built his home astride a modest stream for the pleasure of living near running water. Cravath, an eminent New York corporation lawyer of the 1920s who added social prestige to his professional *réclame*, built himself a \$300,000 country place on the North Shore of Long Island, only to find, after it was completed, that he had neglected a detail. He wanted a nice lively brook running through his living room.

"What kind of a brook do you want?" inquired the Cravath architect when summoned to resolve the crisis. "One that mutters, babbles, murmurs or purls? The last one costs more than the others."

"I'll take all four," said Cravath, and got them. The bill was another \$75,000.

Oversight also figured in the construction of Mrs. Richard Cadwalader's *Savarona*, the largest private yacht in the world. *Savarona*, built at Kiel, was 408 feet long—half as long as the *Queen Mary*—and included in its decorative economy half a mile of gold-plated plumbing and a house organ two stories tall. It cost \$5,000,000. When it came time for Mrs. Cadwalader to accept delivery, it appeared that through some oversight there had been no elevators included in its design. That a Philadelphia Main Line Cadwalader should be forced to walk between decks was unthinkable.

There was a hitch, however, when it appeared that installing elevators in a seagoing vessel was somewhat more complicated than in a grounded home. There were structural considerations, stresses and strains. In short, the project was ill-advised. No matter: Mrs. Cadwalader wanted elevators, and back went *Savarona* to the shipyards at Kiel. When delivered at long last, it had elevators, and the total bill was \$6,000,000 instead of \$5,000,000.

Obviously almost illimitable vistas are open to what Henry Sell, himself a debonair magnifico in a minor key, calls expensive cheerfulness in the fields of real estate and fine art. The late Andrew Mellon, while Secretary of the Treasury, purchased in a single lot a cool \$21,000,000 worth of paintings from the

Russian government's inexhaustible supply at The Hermitage in Leningrad.

When Addison Mizner built at Palm Beach the *pied-à-terre* known as El Mirasol for E. T. Stotesbury, the Philadelphia partner in Drexel and Company and New York partner in Morgan & Co., a premises that topped by a liberal margin the conventional or basic \$1,000,000, he was so forgetful of moneyed matters that he neglected to send Stotesbury a bill. Stotesbury had to look him up and ask for an accounting. Even when submitting the accounts for the main structure of El Mirasol, Mizner contrived to forget to charge for a 40-car garage that had been included at the last minute.

The Palm Beach hideaway of oilman Joshua Cosden called *Playa Riente*—built by Mizner at a cost of \$1,800,000—boasted a \$500,000 carpet in the currency of 1923, which might well be figured at three times as much today. *Mar-a-lago*, the Palm Beach cottage of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, included as the merest detail of its decor a marble-and-gold dining table costing \$1,000,000 but which inconvenienced its owner by requiring a fixed number of guests, just 36, and being unavailable to either expansion or diminution. One of the plumbing fixtures of the Long Island residence of Mrs. Clarence Mackay, whose husband had at one time owned *Postal Telegraph*, was a sunken bathtub carved from a single block of rare off-yellow Carrara marble at a cost of \$25,000.

In keeping with the liberal philosophy of the Palm Beach Twenties, there remains today as a museum owned by the state of Florida across from Key Biscayne the whim of an heir to the Deering harvester fortune who undertook to build *Villa Vizcaya* out of what had until then been a mangrove swamp. This palatial caprice was forwarded without regard to expense by Burrill Hoffman, a Beaux Arts graduate from Paris who created gardens filled with classic statuary, balustrades, courtyards, waterways and canals overhung with trailing orchids, through which guests floated aboard electrically powered gondolas imported from Venice.

Deering had suggested at the initial stage of the project that perhaps \$4,000,000 might be regarded as the target sum to cover construction, but somewhere along the way money ran out and the architect submitted a revised estimate of \$6,000,000. Deering batted no eye, but said to be sure there were plenty of parrots and orchids in the swamp, and it might be a good thing to wire Venice for another hundred electric gondolas.

Obviously, the advent of the motorcar offered lush potentialities for ostentation where once the horse and his attendant vehicles and amenities had been sumptuous status symbols. No stables could

have pretensions to style with fewer than 20 types of carriage available to every possible social and practical contingency. In the stables of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the names of the occupants of mahogany box stalls were inscribed in raised letters of 14-kt. gold. The O. H. P. Belmont horses who, at Newport, lived under the same roof with their owner, occupied stables designed by the celebrated architect Richard Hunt and at night were bedded down on Irish-linen sheets with the Belmont coat of arms hand-embroidered in the corners. Harnesses with solid-silver fittings were a commonplace and ladies' vanities in the more luxurious turnouts supplied by Tiffany could run to \$5000.

The golden age of automobile ostentation was in the years before mass production robbed individual marques of the custom-built elegance and cachet of social distinction. The most costly Rolls-Royces, Bentleys, Hispano-Suizas, Isotta-Fraschinis and Duesenbergs had price tags up to \$25,000, or the equivalent of \$75,000 in today's inflated currency. In a valiant attempt to outprice and upstage Rolls-Royce, Ettore Bugatti, an Italian perfectionist, designed a car to be known as La Royale, whose chassis alone sold for \$30,000, so that a finished car with fittings and bodywork couldn't be had for less than \$40,000. The bonnet dimension from windshield to radiator was an even seven feet, and a lifetime guarantee of free service went with each car, of which only seven were eventually outshopped.

While all other great luxury cars have fallen before the onslaughts of time and the assembly line, Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Mercedes-Benz have continued to supply an outlet for patrons who prefer a car costing upwards of \$20,000.

The most expensive car ever shown in California and one which, in world comparatives, ranked as the peer of Andrew Mellon's \$40,000 land yacht (built exclusively of the products of Mellon enterprises) and Sir Bernard Docker's \$35,000 gold-plated Daimler was recently exhibited at the annual Pebble Beach *concours d'élégance* at Del Monte Lodge. It was a Phantom V Rolls-Royce owned by Martin Martyn of Beverly Hills, a son-in-law of Spyros Skouras, which had cost its owner a tidy \$54,000. The body was designed by Osmond Francis Rivers, who for many years had been chief designer to the house of Hooper and architect of many cars used by the British royal family. The two-tone black-and-beige body was built by the Paris firm of Henri Chapron, one of the last great bespoke bodybuilders still in business. It required more than a year to complete and, to supervise the work, three trips to the Continent were made by Rivers, and

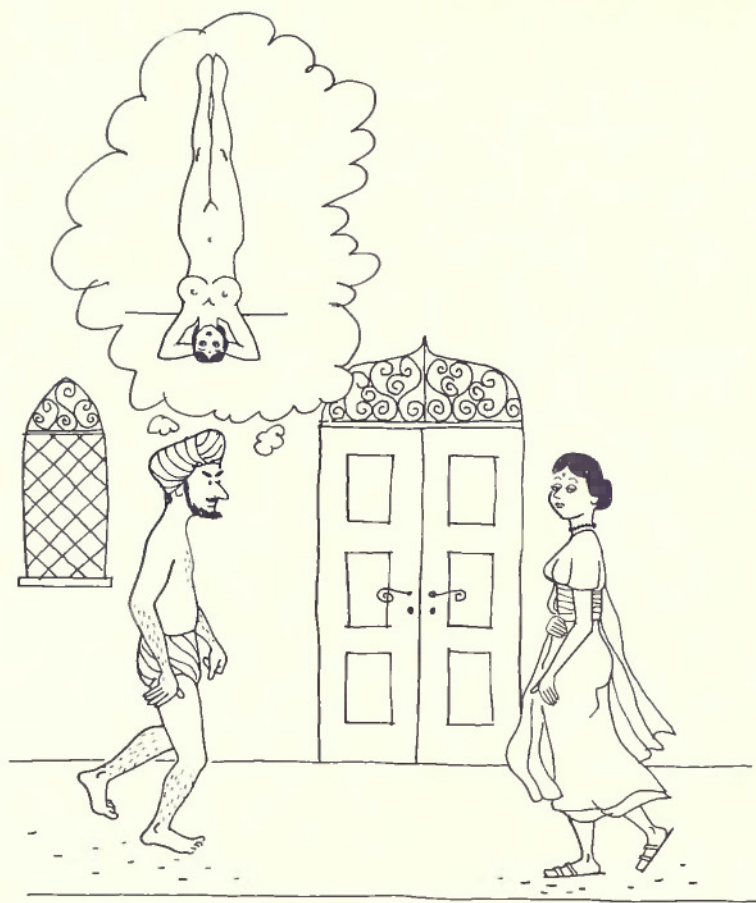
as many from the United States by Mrs. Martyn. A working bar was furnished with drinking tools from Van Cleef & Arpels and glasses and decanters by Baccarat. There was an air-conditioned humidor for the owner's Upmann specials, radio reception controllable from each seat and a locked compartment for the owner's binoculars and parasol on race days. "It has an English soul and a French body," said Mrs. Martyn, dusting around with a small dustcloth sewn from matched minkskins.

One of the most accessible avenues to big spending, although somewhat in abeyance in a lean and calorie-conscious generation, has been that of sensational gastronomy. It began with Trimalchio, the Roman grandee who expressed surprise when his steward informed him that he had recently purchased the Island of Sicily, and lasted at least through the age of Diamond Jim Brady; American practitioners of expensive eating and drinking need take a back seat to none in the souffléed record.

Perhaps the first practitioner of 14-kt. entertaining in New York was August Belmont, the town's foremost Lorenzo of the post-Civil War era and American representative of the House of Rothschild. Belmont entertained spacioously at

his palatial mansion on lower Fifth Avenue, and an index of his sumptuous and baronial manner has survived in the item that his wine bill alone was \$20,000 a month, perhaps the equivalent of half a million dollars a year in today's currency. Even more notable than his cellar was the distinguished character of the wine butler, who was none other than Belmont's father-in-law, Commodore Matthew C. Perry, who had opened the ports of Japan to foreign trade. "Won't you be a good fellow and bring up another dozen of the Rapid madeira." Belmont would address the retired hero if the footmen were otherwise engaged. "Try and not shake them on the stairs." And the good-natured old gentleman would shortly reappear, laden with bottles and happy to help empty them.

No less splendid a host was an equally resounding grandee in the person of William Collins Whitney, founder of the Whitney family fortunes and perhaps the most dazzling and cultivated spender of his time. When he was Secretary of the Navy in the Cleveland Administration, he enlivened a Cabinet meeting that was prolonged into the luncheon hour by having sent in from Harvey's, a notable Washington restaurant of the time, a light collation consisting of 200



gallons of terrapin Maryland and 80 cases of Moët et Chandon champagne. Whitney entertained on a scale that was breath-taking even in a New York well indoctrinated in Babylonian devisings of luxury; and when he achieved the ultimate zenith of a gentleman's ambition of two continents and his horse Volodyovski won the English Derby, his delight was made tangible 5000 miles away. From London he commanded that all drinks of any sort and all meal checks for the evening at the clubhouse at the Saratoga track back home should be charged to him. It was a \$12,000 gesture.

Gastronomy and ostentation often went hand in hand, never more demonstrably than when the Bradley-Martin family departed New York to self-imposed exile when the city raised their taxes after the excitement caused by their now-celebrated costume ball at the Waldorf. On the eve of their departure for England, the Bradley-Martins entertained 86 guests at a dinner where, according to the *New York World's* contemporary account, the total wealth of the 40 gentlemen present "was more than most men can grasp." There were at least a dozen guests worth better than \$10,000,000 each and twice as many who were estimated to be worth \$5,000,000 each on the metaphorical hoof. "There were necklaces worth \$100,000 each on several throats (Mrs. George Gould was obviously not present) and enough diamonds to fit out all the crowned heads of Europe and have some left over for Asia and Africa."

What Oscar of the Waldorf served at this "delirium of wealth and idyl of luxury and magnificence" isn't recorded, but the amount of the bill has survived. The Bradley-Martins departed on a note of assured affluence, their last supper having cost \$116.28 a plate. The year was 1897, when the dollar was worth four and a half times what it is today.

Keeping up with the Joneses, gastronomically speaking, in these heroic times required aspirants for recognition in the spending sweepstakes to put their best foot forward. Perhaps maddened with jealousy of the Bradley-Martins, Randolph Guggenheimer, president of the New York Municipal Council, soon thereafter staged a rival dinner to which were bidden 40 members of the Tammany elite and their wives. It, too, was held at the Waldorf, where, although the weather outside was so cold that the Hudson River was frozen over and cab horses were being felled by scores on the icy pavements, the guests were divested of their furs amidst clustering hothouse roses in a bower where summer prevailed. Hothouse grapes depended from an overhead network of vines artistically

interwoven at \$10 a bunch, while song-birds trilled from golden cages. A pool in the center of the tables was banked in rare blooms from the shop of Wadley & Smythe, the Fifth Avenue florist: orchids, acacias, American Beauty roses with prodigiously long stems, and lilies. Souvenirs from Tiffany, inseparable from any consequential dinner party of the era, were elaborately jeweled matchboxes for the gentlemen and equally gem-encrusted perfume vials for the ladies.

The Waldorf chef, Xavier Keunsmeyer, had gone all out for elegance. The menu began with a variety of ornate hors d'oeuvres, followed by Lynnhavens in cocktail sauce. Then came a clear turtle soup with generous infusions of sherry, and the fish course was the then-new and very fashionable lobster newburg. Purists might have caviled at three fish dishes in succession, but not the Guggenheimer guests, who went on to a columbine of chicken, mountain sheep with chestnut puree, diamondback terrapin à la Baltimore and canvasback duck roasted by a secret recipe the Waldorf had procured from the estate of Uncle Sam Ward, the prince of gastronomes. There followed, as a coda, fresh hothouse strawberries, a great triumph in 1898, bonbons, fruits and coffee. Wines of superb vintages had been served with each successive course, and the cognac was a Grande Fine with the magic comet year date of 1811.

It was no secret by the time the demitasses were filled that Guggenheimer had topped the Bradley-Martins. His dinner assayed out at \$250 a plate.

But if it were possible to top William C. Whitney, Randolph Guggenheimer and the Bradley-Martins, the man to do it was Diamond Jim Brady, the railroad-equipment salesman and uncontested big eater and big spender of the lobster-palace era at the turn of the century. Singlehandedly, Brady could have kept any one of the gilded traps of Broadway in business; but he spread his patronage around, and the Waldorf, Shanley's, Rector's, Martin's, Bustanoby's, Sherry's, Delmonico's and the Gilsey House basked in the refulgence of his approval.

When it became, for a variety of reasons, prudent for Brady to close his racing stable, he summoned 50 representatives of the stage and sporting worlds to say farewell to his favorite horse, Gold Heels. Instead of imitating the widely ridiculed C. K. G. Billings "Horseback Dinner," where the guests had dined in the saddle and waiters attired as grooms had passed the champagne in saddlebags, Brady wisely had Gold Heels present at dinner in a rose-garlanded,

life-size effigy so lifelike that many of the guests petted it throughout the evening.

The dinner was held on the Holland House roof and lasted from four o'clock on Sunday afternoon until nine the next morning, when some of the guests had to go to work. More than 500 bottles of Mumm's were consumed, which averaged out at close to a case per guest on the assumption that some of those present, like their host, didn't drink at all. The favors were diamond-studded stop watches for the men, with which to clock their favorites at Belmont, and diamond brooches for the ladies. The 50 trinkets contributed \$60,000 toward the stunning over-all cost of dinner, which was a certified \$105,000.

Most of the expenditures of money listed in this brief survey were made in the direction of tangibles and/or their incidental servicing and achievement. Few lavish outlays seem to be in the record for the gratification of abstractions, and surely none surpasses in costliness the piece of his mind that was spoken by Allan Ryan, son of Thomas Fortune Ryan. The elder Ryan's first wife, Allan Ryan's mother, died in 1917—whereupon Thomas Fortune, who was then 66, remarried only 17 days after his first wife's death. The romance did not commend itself to Allan Ryan, who said for the record that it was "one of the most disrespectful, disgraceful and indecent things I've ever heard of."

The older Ryan at once rewrote his will, cutting Allan off from his \$135,000,000 estate with a bequest of nothing more than two black-pearl evening studs. Ryan's sentiments had cost something more than the rate charged by either Western Union or Postal Telegraph at the time: \$10,000,000 a word for 13 words.

In taking leave of this select but gallant company of men and women (who had heedful regard for Gene Fowler's aphorism: "Money is something to be thrown off the back platform of moving trains"), let us pause to salute Montana's peerless Senator William Andrews Clark. Emerging from the wars of the copper kings many times a millionaire, Clark was wishful of the toga. It was a time when the United States Senate was the most desirable rich-man's club in the world and membership was highly prized by the gold and silver nabobs of Montana and Nevada. As a precaution at electiontime, Clark undertook to furnish free drinking whiskey for the entire population of Butte, a city of 45,000. A misplaced comma in Clark's thinking provided whiskey not for 45,000 but for a population of 450,000. It was said to be an unforgettable occasion.



PLAYBACK (continued from page 220)

give me new limbs. Even before, my right arm was not the one I was born with.

Why can't you answer? Surely that is a simple question!

What do you mean—you do not know what I look like? You must have saved something!

The head?

The brain, then?

Not even—oh, no . . . I

. . .

I am sorry. Was I away a long time?

Let me get a grip on myself. (Ha! Very funny!) I am Survey Pilot First Class Vincent William Freeburg. I was born in Port Lyot, Mars, on 21 August, 1895. I have one—no, two children . . .

Please let me have that again, slowly. My training prepared me for any conceivable reality; I can face whatever you tell me. But slowly.

. . .

Well, it could be worse. I'm not really dead. I know who I am. I even think I know what I am.

I am a—a recording, in some incredibly sophisticated storage device. You must have caught my psyche, my soul, when the ship turned into plasma. Even though I cannot imagine how it was done, it makes sense. After all, a primitive man could never understand how

we record a symphony . . .

All my memories are trapped in a tape or a crystal, as they once were trapped in the cells of my vaporized brain. And not only my memories. ME. I. MYSELF—VINCE WILLBURG, PILOT SECOND CLASS.

Well, what happens next?

Please say that again. I do not understand.

Oh, wonderful! You can do even that?

There is a word for it, a name . . .

The multitudinous seas incarnadine. No. Not quite.

Incarnadine, incarnadine . . .

REINCARNATION!!

Yes, yes, I understand. I must give you the basic plan, the design. Watch my thoughts very carefully.

I will start at the top.

The head, now. It is oval—so. The upper part is covered with hair. Mine was br—er, blue.

The eyes. They are very important. You have seen them in other animals? Good, that saves trouble. Can you show me some? Yes, those will do.

Now the mouth. Strange, I must have looked at it a thousand times when I was shaving, but somehow—

Not so round—narrower.

Oh no, not that way—it runs across the face, horizontally . . .

Now, let's see . . . there's something between the eyes and the mouth.

Stupid of me. I'll never be a cadet if I can't even remember that . . .

Of course—NOSE! A little longer, I think.

There's something else—something I've forgotten. That head looks raw, unfinished. It's not me, Billy Vinceburg, the smartest kid in the block.

But *that* isn't my name—I'm not a boy. I'm a Master Pilot with 20 years in the space service, and I'm trying to rebuild my body. Why do my thoughts keep going out of focus? Help me, please!

That monstrosity? Is that what I told you I looked like? Erase it. We must start again.

The head, now. It is perfectly spherical, and weareth a runcible cap . . .

Too difficult. Begin somewhere else. Ah, I know—

The thighbone is connected to the shinbone. The shinbone is connected to the thighbone. The thighbone is connected to the shinbone. The shinbone . . .

All fading. Too late, too late. Something wrong with the playback. Thank you for trying. My name is . . . my name is . . .

Mother—where are you?

Mama—Mama!

Maaaaaaa



"God bless the old gentleman.
He simply thrives on controversy."

he was not an Eliot or a Ciardi, the other truth, that he was a sort of transistorized pimp, keeper of an electronic bawdy-house. At such times he returned to basic-basic. Major premise: The human animal has a compelling sex drive. Minor premise: The world has too many people to feed. But there was a complicating factor, an intrusion of unruly human drives into the syllogism. Granting the logic, the world's people coupled joyously and forgot the pill, were too impatient for the old-fashioned pessary, or—in transports of romantic attachment—actually *wanted* unplanned (and hence unauthorized) children; and all the bedrooms burst and blossomed. Conclusion: Forget about the dangers of the sex drive. Find a better way to sate it. Find a something that, as part of the artificial controlling of the total environment, would make each human's sex life a thing of instant perfection.

And the something better was the House where each man created his own subjective perfection. Splendid, thought

Katzenherr at this point in his musing. Then, reassured that the work he did was as important in its way as any number of sonnet sequences, he was able to go on with his duties.

Yet he thought the proceedings were ludicrously comic. He could not help it. It was the poet in him, and at month's end it made him irritable as he stalked the hall with the faint sounds of oscillator squeals and ragged breathing from beyond the cubicle doors.

He was not a very good poet, for he was able to intuit more than his talents would allow him to express, but he did have perception, and he could see the grotesque comedy in the House. The patrons came up the winding path through the trees and flower beds and, lulled in part by their surroundings but even more by their own internal wish, allowed themselves to be soothed and deceived still more by the cup of lyserge and the Muzak drone in the waiting room. Split from the real world, they manufactured a world of their own. He let himself into the waiting room and

looked at their faces. That slim boy in blue walking shorts swallowing his cup of instant schizophrenia. The round-eyed man, already bemused, who fed coins into the dispenser and received the plastic coded key that would activate his Chatty Hedy. He tried to guess from the play of expression on their blurred faces what remembered bedroom they would think themselves entering, what imagined love words the mannequin would hum into their ears. The tapes had only four sounds—a "white" hiss as they entered, a five-minute 420-cycle whine for conversation, an ecstatic *eeep!* and an infrasonic drone diminishing at the end. It was the mind of the patron that put meaning into the electronic squeal, just as it was his mind that painted features on the caricature of a face and saw landscapes in the abstract play of light on the walls. Love, thought Katzenherr wryly, like beauty, is in the mind of the observer, but he could not help wondering what sorts of love their minds had made, and on impulse he went through the service passage to the exit lounge and waited for the round-eyed man to come out.

It was a failure, as all his previous experiments had been failures. He administered the antidotes for the lyserge and questioned the man closely, but he was disappointed. What the man had had was as meaningless to Katzenherr as intercourse with a Japanese doll. So he returned to his office and fretted. But not for long, because it was the end of the month, and his leave papers and tickets were waiting on his desk. At this time, Katzenherr appreciated his success most of all. As a Project Chief for the Population Control Administration, he possessed the privilege of real love. Not often. Not easily. But once a month he turned his affairs over to his deputy, packed a bag, caught the southbound jet and spent the weekend that made up for all the rest.

An hour after the end of his working day he was airborne. Strain was gone. He sipped a cocktail and stretched, yawned, smiled to himself with an anticipation of delight. At journey's end, his Helen was waiting, beautiful, bright, loving Helen, and he would be with her that night. There, among the pleasant gardens where she lived, bringing her his gift of violets from the dispenser outside her door, Katzenherr would expend his budget of rapture. He was too contented to despise, but he could not help feeling a gentle contempt for the patrons of his House, who would live out their lives gulled by an electronic sham and never know true delights of love.

Any more than would he.



"I need help."



CEPHALOTRON

(continued from page 222)

model, the purchaser receives a lifetime supply of food. This special food must be inserted in the area called MOUTH twice daily. At the same time, if the user will insert the con-sensual connecting line into the receptacle in LEFT COLLARBONE, he will be able to experience taste as the Cephalotron ingests its food. Only those who have tried this experiment can understand the incredible sensation produced.

The LEFT COLLARBONE is likewise the input-output connection for RIGHT EYE and LEFT EYE. These devices employ light sensitivity to register the forms of nearby objects. Through them, you can, in fact, observe yourself in a way you never imagined before. And remember, folks, every genuine Cephalotron model is equipped with *two* eyes in working condition, to give you true binocular vision. So do not accept one-eyed imitations.

Input-output connection for NOSE is also located in LEFT COLLARBONE. NOSE is a mechanism that receives odor sensation, and you will discover yourself undergoing some truly strange olfactory experiences in its use. A miracle of bio-engineering has succeeded in relocating the erotic reaction pattern, commonly known as sex, from the now nonexistent sacral area to the NOSE area. Here you will discover a powerful primeval excitation of a thermal kind that has to be undergone to be believed!

LEFT COLLARBONE lead, again, connects with the pain-sensitive CHN area. You have heard of the strange creatures scattered throughout the galaxies—often insignificant creatures—who enjoy the ancient, Freud-famous negative pleasure sometimes known as pain. Thanks to certain refinements in CHN, the new improved model Cephalotron is 30 percent more sensitive to pain. (See the manual for ways of producing this sensation—astonish your friends with a surprise demonstration.)

LEFT COLLARBONE connection is also related to the activity described as talking. Sounds produced in the vocal cord and larynx (interior parts) are processed through sophisticated circuitry in the MOUTH area and issue forth as audible, voicelike vibrations. By use of the synchronized aural mechanism called EAR, you will be able to converse with your Cephalotron or teach it to talk for you, in your very own tone of voice and with your own inflections.

RIGHT COLLARBONE con-passional insert relates to all thought functions within the device. Discover and learn to identify the opposite states of pleasure as opposed to displeasure, courage as opposed to fear, love as opposed to hate. For true sophisticates, the most interesting



"... but before enrolling you as a student, we must exact a pledge that you will never use your great strength to achieve evil ends."

thought state, however, is that produced by consciousness of deterioration. Thus, you can presample those ancient awarenesses called old age and fear of death.

But in addition to their amusement possibilities, Cephalotrons are educational as well. They are an unexcelled means of re-creating cultural traditions and psychological and physical "sets" of the distant past.

Cephalotrons are perfectly safe for the young. The only original weapon attached was a set of sharp, skeletal teeth, but these are not included in the present model. The MOUTH assembly is fitted with harmless, hydraulic pseudo teeth.

Thanks to bio-miniaturization, Cephalotrons take up little space, are economical to own and—another attraction—are considered by many designers an exciting touch added to the decor of your environment. For the fashion-conscious, Cephalotrons are now available in a smart pinkish-beige hue, a striking ebony, a suave yellow or a mellow brown. Why not buy yourself a Cephalotron today? Better yet, buy two.

End of script.

Important note to broadcasters: Cephalotrons are selected, processed and marketed by Exo-Export under exclusive license from the Anthro-po-Conservation Agency of UniState. Each specimen is field-chosen, hunted down and captured under supervision by government inspectors, in the natural habitat of the Mutant Reserves. The portion to be formed into a Cephalotron is then literally disembodied. The finished product is a result of subsequent careful testing, extraction, and the best in bio-engineering. Please keep in mind that the entire Cephalotron project is an altruistic, nonprofit enterprise. All net proceeds—after cost-plus deductions and UniState-approved added profit incentive—are used for the operating expenses of the Atomic-Mutant Reserves. *Your* efforts can thus aid UniState to preserve a kind of life that has a real historical interest—and at the same time can help alleviate much of the suffering of these unfortunate humanoid creatures.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (continued from page 169)

and private vanity, which is called good conscience, human respect, self-esteem, so true is it that there are in each man two men, he who acts and he who criticizes. Inner life is the perpetual wheedling, by the man who acts, of the man who criticizes. If you refrain from doing something vile, if you show over-consideration in something, do you know why? It is to be able to tell yourself, as you look into your mirror, "This is the man, the wonderful man, who did that." How many women there are who blush at compliments made to them by others, but make themselves yet more extravagant compliments in private. How many poets who bow low before others stand up tall when they are alone, and discover genius in their own eyes, their own heads! How many people dress for their own self-admiration, smile to see themselves smile—speak in order to marvel at their own words—practice virtue for the sake of self-esteem! Have you never been childish enough to practice attitudes that were becoming to you, sufficiently enamored of yourself to kiss your own hand, just to see what it feels like? I can talk about pride as an expert, and I shall write a fine chapter about it someday.

Modesty is the proudest kind of groveling.

Oh, a woman, what a wonderful thing! Add two wings and you have an angel! I love to dream of her contours. I love to dream of the charm of her smiles, of the softness of her white arms, the shape of her thighs, her attitude as she bends her head.

The so-called pleasure one takes in doing a good deed is a lie; it is no different from the pleasure felt by a man who is digesting. Heroism is different. But I say that when you have given a coin to a beggar and then say that you are happy, you are an impostor; you are deceiving yourself. Every good deed is more than three quarters pride; that leaves one quarter to account for interestedness, irresistible animal impulse, need, actual appetite.

If I were to write a book, it would be on the turpitudes of great men—I am glad that great men were capable of them.

Modesty in art is an idea that can have come only from a fool. Art in its

most immodest flights is "modest" if it is beautiful, if it is great. A nude woman is not immodest; a hand that hides, a veil that covers, a fold that is made—those are immodest.

When you write, you feel how it must be, you know that at such a spot a certain thing is needed, at another spot something else; you compose pictures for yourself that you see, you have rather the feeling that you are going to bring something to flower; you feel it in your heart like the distant echo of all the passions you are going to create; and the inability to render all that is the eternal despair of those who write; the poverty of languages, which have scarcely one word for a hundred thoughts; the weakness of man, who cannot find approximations—and to me particularly; it is an eternal anguish.

O my God, my God, why did you cause me to be born with so much ambition? For it is certainly ambition that I have. When I was ten, I was already thinking of fame—I began to compose as soon as I knew how to write; I painted ravishing pictures for myself—I dreamed of a hall, brightly lighted and glittering with gold, of hands that were clapping, of shouts, of wreaths. They call "Author! Author!"—the author is myself, of course, he has my name, he is me, me, me; they seek me out in the corridors, in the boxes, they lean out to see me; the curtain goes up; I step forward—ecstasy! They are looking at you, admiring you, envying you, almost loving you!

When you have read the Marquis de Sade and have recovered from your daz- zlement, you begin to wonder whether it isn't all true, whether everything he teaches isn't the truth—and this is be- cause you cannot resist the hypothesis of limitless mastery and magnificent powers that he makes us dream of.

A joke is the most powerful thing there is, the most terrible; it is irresist- ible. There is no appeal from it, either to reason or to feeling—a thing derided is a thing dead; a laughing man is stronger than a suffering man. Voltaire was the king of his century because he knew how to laugh—his entire genius was only that; that was everything.

The Marquis de Sade forgot two things: anthropophagy and savage beasts—which proves that the greatest men are still small; and above all, he should have made fun of vice, too; he did not, and that is his mistake!

I can understand all vices, all crimes; I can understand ferocity, stealing, etc. Only baseness revolts me. Perhaps if I saw those other things, I would feel the same about them.



"Psst! How tall am I?"

Christianity is on its deathbed. We defend it out of opposition to all the philanthropic and philosophical nonsense that we are fed up with, but when someone comes along and talks to us about dogma, about pure religion, we feel ourselves sons of Voltaire.

Nobody loves praise more than I, and praise bores me.

Ah! my pride, my pride, no one realizes the extent of it, neither my family nor my friends nor myself—After all, perhaps I am mistaken in ascribing everything to it. As I write this page, I feel that I am not saying what I want to say, I haven't found the proper outlet for my thoughts. I am now in a strange position, just finished school and about to go out into what is called the world. All the memories of my past life come back to me, and I relive my eight years of school. But it seems to me like 20 years ago that I first entered the building one afternoon at three o'clock, wearing a blue jacket. It was a period of inconceivable boredom and stupid dreariness, punctuated by spasms of buffoonery. I will write that story someday, for I yearn to tell myself about myself—everything I do, I do to please myself. If I write something, it is to be able to read myself; if I dress, it is to look well in my own eyes; I smile at myself in the mirror to be amia-

ble to myself. Such is the motive of all my actions; have I a better friend than myself? If I judge myself favorably, I also judge myself pitilessly, for there are days when I aspire to the reputation of the obscurest vaudevillian; I exalt myself and I humble myself, so that I am never at my true level.

When I began this, I wanted to make it a faithful copy of what I thought and felt, and that didn't happen a single time, so greatly does man lie to himself. When you look at yourself in the mirror, your face is reversed; it is quite simply impossible to speak truthfully when you write something. You arouse your own feelings, you laugh at yourself, smirk at yourself; sometimes you have opposing thoughts during the writing of a single sentence. Hurry, and you spoil everything; hold yourself back, and you over-complicate and go slack.

What I lack above all is taste; I mean I grasp and feel things en bloc, synthetically, without noticing details. I like tutti, the full orchestra, anything that looms up or stands out I perceive; otherwise, not. Texture and inner structure escape me.

Be a useful man: a chemist, a mechanic, a bootblack. They achieve results, and that is what the majority wants. Phi-

losophy gives no results—it is all thought—poetry, on the contrary, is all action, images of actions or of feelings—poetry is a world—it has its seas, its streams to quench our thirst—philosophy is parched with the dust of the nothingness of all its systems. Don't tell me that a priest is not useful, that a poet is not useful, or that an astronomer is more so. Perhaps there will come a fine day when all modern science will collapse and will be laughed at—I hope so.

I love to see humanity humbled. That spectacle cheers me when I am tired.

There is a rather stupid axiom that says that the word renders the thought—it would be more truthful to say that it distorts it. Do you ever utter a sentence just as you think it? Will you write a novel as you have conceived it? If sentences really rendered thoughts!—What effect would be produced on you by pictures if you saw them as a sequence of brush strokes? I could sing you vague, delightful tunes that I have in my head and make you feel the passions that I think of; but I could tell you all my reveries, and you will know nothing about them—because there are no words to express them. Art is nothing but this strange translation of thought by form.



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DIALOG (continued from page 136)

ghettos. But I still think there is a difference between the Jew driven out of Russia or Poland and the Negro fighting for his life, his identity, in Watts, Cleveland and Chicago.

Those Jewish victims of hate in northern Europe had no organizations they could turn to, as the Negro has—a whole spectrum, from SNCC and CORE to King's S. C. L. C., the NAACP, not to mention all the contesting black nationalist groups. As the Jews went from Poland to America, the Negro can go from hopelessly white America to an America he is fighting to change and where a hell of a struggle is going on North and South.

A good example is Fannie Lou Hamer, the Mississippi sharecropper's wife who's been in the middle of the voter registration fight. I think the Fannie Lou Hamers are your answer to, Where can the Negro go? From no freedom to some freedom to, hopefully, full freedom is where the Negro can go in America.

I know he's not there yet—we're not there yet, not by several city blocks, like the blocks in Watts and the ghettos of Chicago—we're at the *some*-freedom second stage. I realize, if you have to qualify freedom, it's like saying, we've got a pretty good race horse—if only he had a fourth leg! I realize time is running out. Hope, for millions of young Negroes, for acceptance from the white man as fellow *men*, is running out fast. And I'm not saying, Be patient. I think the only way to galvanize what hope is left is to be impatient. But some hope is there. I know it's hard for the unemployed in Watts to see it, or the voteless in Mississippi and Alabama. You can't eat hope. You can't pay your rent with hope. But it's there. Maybe that's what our argument is about—is there any hope for the Negro in a white-majority society? Or, to put it another way, is there no place for the white who genuinely despises the color line, in the so-called Negro revolution?

BALDWIN: You're very persuasive. And very moving, too. Perhaps I've talked too much about "Where can the Negro go?" It wasn't I who was planning to go anywhere. I wasn't thinking about my generation at all, in fact. Our children are being murdered. This has been very much on my mind. I didn't realize how much. And some of us have been trying—despairingly—to figure out what to do to save at least a remnant on that day when we are forced to realize that there is no hope for us here, no hope at all. As far as I am concerned, when my countrymen can set dogs on children and blow children up in Sunday school, the holocaust is not far off. And, more than that—if I'm to be honest—one can't but feel, no matter how deeply one distrusts the feeling, that the holocaust, the total leveling, salvation by fire, "no remission

of sins save by the shedding of blood," may be the only hope.

Well. Let me quarrel, provisionally, anyway, with your principal assumption. You say that the Jews in Russia, Poland, etc., had the power of the state against them—a power which was often, if not always, reinforced by the Christian Church. Which raises the by-no-means-trivial question of the precise relation of this Church to the Judaeo-Christian ethic you spoke of earlier. But the American Negro, here, you say, has the power of the state behind him, at least the Federal power. This is a very attractive formulation and it would make me very happy to be able to accept it. But I am forced to question it. I am not sure that the implied contrast between the European states and America can be made so quickly; and it seems very clear to me that what we must here call the American state is of a ferocious complexity and is at war with itself. If the real power of the state is behind the Negro, then it is impossible to explain why the people feel free to victimize the Negro as they do. Power, after all, is power; and the very definition of power is that it controls action. It may indeed be true, and this is our hope, that the aspirations of the state are sympathetic to the Negro's claims; and it may again be true that the highest intelligence operative in the state recognizes their urgency. But I think it is also true that the structure of the state, and the habits and presumed self-interest of the citizens constitute the mightiest of bulwarks against social change, particularly a social change so radical and so deep. This is why I am less impressed than you are by the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act—it is my impression that these rights were guaranteed me by the Constitution over a hundred years ago.

Fannie Lou Hamer impresses me very much, indeed. I know her a little, and I don't think anyone can possibly admire her more than I. But she doesn't own General Motors or General Electric, nor does she yet have any relevant existence for them. Her power is entirely moral. But this is not a power which her countrymen, in the main or at this moment, feel themselves free to respect. They consider that they have, materially, too much to lose. We have not discussed the economic structure of the American state in relation to the American Negro, but it is very clear that the problem of his presence can scarcely begin to be resolved without a radical alteration of that structure. Of course, these present days, to suggest that social problems can have economic ramifications, or that the Negro's present and continuing plight is due, to an incalculable degree, to the fact that he began his life in the West as a source of cheap labor, is to leave one-

self open to the charge of communism (which has become, simply, a know-nothing term). But facts are facts, and they outlast labels.

Finally, however, I certainly agree with you and Mrs. Hamer—I must. The question, for me, isn't whether or not there's any hope for a Negro in a white-majority society; the question is whether or not the society is able to free itself of these obsolete terms and become, in effect, and joyously, color-blind. If the society can't do this, then there's no hope for anybody in it—which answers, it seems to me, your last question concerning the role of white liberals. I've had very hard things to say about liberals, but I'm bound to say that I was never thinking of you or people like you. I was thinking of that vast army of people whose convictions are mere quotations and whose good will costs them nothing, who are always presuming to lecture the Negro on his table manners and who are hurt, to the point of vindictiveness, whenever their utterly useless good will is questioned. I think you owe it to me, as my friend, to fight me, to let me get away with nothing, to force me to be clear, to force me to be honest, to allow me to take no refuge in rage or in despair, or in the peculiar form of complacency sometimes known as Negro militancy. And, of course, I owe you the same. This means that we're certainly going to hurt each other's feelings from time to time. But that's one of the ways in which people learn from each other. And we're tough.

SCHULBERG: OK, Jimmy. I've been listening to you, carefully; and since I agree with so much of what you say, it may be that to make my point about the difference between the predicament of the Jew in czarist Russia and the predicament of the Negro in late-20th Century America I have overstated or oversimplified my argument. "A ferocious complexity" is a phrase I accept for the conditions of our present-day society. That is a much more accurate description of our common dilemma than to say that Federal power is on the side of the Negro or that the Negro has no place to go and that all hope is gone. I don't want to be trapped into saying that because Johnson shrewdly adopts the slogan *We Shall Overcome* or pushes new voting laws through Congress, all is sweetness and light and the American dream has at last come true. Every hour I spend in Watts—and I have logged hundreds of hours there with my writers' class; I know—I see with my own eyes that the American dream is an ugly nightmare along what we call Charcoal Alley Number One. I still don't know whether we have the guts, the imagination, the generosity, the empathy—yes, and the sense of self-preservation—to break through and cure that nightmare.

But I wonder if we can cure it by



"Don't be a damn fool. Of course we take prisoners!"

putting black against white as the Muslims have been preaching and the white segregationists keep trying to do. And I'm not talking only of the Ku Kluxers but the real-estate boards who draw a color line across our cities. I'm talking about the people who voted for Proposition 13, a know-nothing prejudiced proposition to repeal a law favoring racial justice in the real-estate field. I am against white nationalists and black nationalists, but I think I have more sympathy for the latter, because they are the inevitable outgrowth of the former. They are the children of despair and neglect and centuries of racial hatred. I think the Negro revolution needs as its ally the white democratic revolution. I think I understand the call for black power, but I don't think ten percent of the population—make that five percent, because the other five percent are probably Uncle Toms—can ever win its battle without the enlightened whites who are just as much against the *status quo*, the power structure, as are the militant Negroes.

I think the militant Negro movement is a welcome test of our sincerity—it cuts through our hypocrisy and it may even save us from our most dangerous enemy within, complacency. I think our society could eventually fall apart from smugness and complacency and that it's toughened by criticism. I think we should stop kidding ourselves. Look at our affluent Los Angeles, with Watts festering in unemployment and frustration—hell, it's one city, *divisible*, with liberty and justice for *some*. As long as we have a mayor and a police department whose attitude toward the ghetto is almost identical to the attitude of the Nazis toward the Warsaw ghetto, what looks like lawlessness—criminality—to the outside is more like self-defense and self-determination to the inside. That may be dangerous talk, but societies can be strengthened and even saved by dangerous talk and tough criticism. Sure, it makes a lot of people mad, but that's good.

I was talking publicly against Proposition 13. I took along your book *The Fire Next Time*, and I read aloud from it. I closed my talk with it. I passed on to public audiences in Southern California the warning that if they didn't bestir themselves in behalf of Negro *social* rights—not just civil rights but what I call *soul* rights, full acceptance of Negroes into all the streams of our national life—they would face the fire next time. To the shame of California, Proposition 13 passed, about two to one, even with Governor Brown and the state administration trying to defeat it. And, sure enough, the fires lit up the skies in Los Angeles in August 1965. And next time, unless much more is done than is being done, the Negro may sweep into the white communities that deny them jobs

and transportation and decent schools and hospitals and pride.

So I agree with 90 percent or maybe 95 percent of what you say. But where I disagree, where I want to pull you over to my side and away from what seems to me a tendency to the Negro-isolationist side, is to urge you, beg you, to keep on thinking in terms of your own happy phrase, “joyously color-blind”—against falling into the danger of looking at the world as if it is inevitably, hopelessly, bloodedly divided between black and white. I know it may seem more realistic to think that way, to think negatively and pessimistically that the white man had his chance and goofed—irretrievably goofed. But that leaves out the millions of whites who keep fighting against job discrimination, housing and school discrimination, *facto* and *de facto*, and the whites who have been dying and hurting with their Negro friends in Selma, in Mississippi, in Chicago. If those are what the Klan and the hoodlums of Cicero call “white niggers,” then I hope the “white niggers” have the “white bastards” outnumbered in America.

BALDWIN: No, Budd—

SCHULBERG: I am appealing as man to man, writer to writer, not for anybody to say to me—as Dick Gregory said when I said, “I agree with you”—“We don't need you white liberals to agree with us.” I notice he's a little more careful when he gets on TV and plays coy, but that's what he said to me: “We don't need you white liberals to agree with us.” Maybe that is what this dialog is finally about. There are millions, scores of millions of bigoted whites. Does Dick Gregory really want to join us in fighting them? Or does he want to lump us all together as “white devils” à la Elijah Muhammad? That's what I'm calling on you for, as an influential American writer—to make the choice.

BALDWIN: Yes, I see. I don't know what happened between you and Dick, so I won't talk about that. Dick's a friend of mine. But I must say, if I'm to be honest, that I have no difficulty at all in understanding how even an almost totally, or even absolutely totally, unchauvinistic Negro can yet be driven, in a given hour, on a given day, to saying, and saying with venom, “You whites!” He may, at the next moment, embrace you and apologize—I've been there, and I know. But, Budd, we live with pain and rage—with pain and rage. And it's got to come out—for your health as a white man, for my health as a black man. That's the only way we'll ever be free. We *are* attempting, after all, to break a very, very long silence. And we've always known that what lived in this silence was hideous and full of danger; we have to grow—

SCHULBERG: Grow from there. I am not “you white” and you and Gregory are not “you blacks.” Are we to be a society

of people—all kinds of people—or not? Not a “Great Society” the way L. B. J. keeps cheerleading us on. That's the post-graduate course. Have we matriculated as a *society*?

BALDWIN: That's the dilemma, the American problem. At the moment we have no society at all. Look at what happened with Proposition 13, for example. You mentioned it earlier. I was in California at the time, you remember. Well, of course, out there in that American El Dorado, that unmitigated horror of a place, of course, good, clean, empty American clowns like Reagan and Murphy would be very popular. Ain't a damn thing paid for out there; they're all living in terror of the poorhouse. American backbone! If your Cadillac and your swimming pool aren't paid for and you know you can't go any farther West—the next stop is Tokyo, God help us, which is East—then, of course, any black boy or Mexican coming anywhere *near* your monstrously mortgaged joint, which is *all you have*, is an intolerable threat. And it's on this level the country lives, *that's* our society. Then, when the riots come, they tremble for their unpaid-for swimming pools and ask, “What does the Negro want?” and all *that* bullshit, and ask the Negro to respect the law. *What* law? The law which has just robbed him of any possibility of moving out of the ghetto and beats him and brutalizes him, in order to protect their swimming pools? Those riots are always blamed on Negroes, but they're not the Negro's fault. Negro “looters”—who's looting whom, I'd like to know—

SCHULBERG: Wait a minute. Jimmy, this is something I feel I can talk about firsthand. I mean I swim in those swimming pools and I also have sweated out a lot of time on East 103rd Street in the heart of Watts, on murderously hot days when the older unemployed wander through the vacant lots and the restless, unemployed kids cluster on street corners and dream of the momentary manhood they enjoyed—it's crazy, but maybe enjoyed *is* the word—under the guns of the National Guard. In a piece I wrote about it for the *Los Angeles Times*—a piece that provoked a hundred love letters and a score of hate letters—I wrote that there are candles flickering in the darkness of Watts but that the funk is deep; and I said that it was not Negro funk but white funk, white know-nothingism; and I said that, to crib from *Marat*, unless we pick ourselves up by the hair, turn ourselves inside out and re-examine our sick city—our sick society—with new eyes, we will be inviting riots which are actually deeply rooted rebellions. That piece I wrote was put up on the bulletin board of the Westminster Neighborhood Center and the Watts Happening Coffee House. In fact, they're still up there; and I honestly believe if we can't live up to what I wrote

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—and Jimmy, I know how big an *if* that is—if we can't match our performance to our promises, if we can't live up to our noble words from the Declaration of Independence to the Emancipation Proclamation to the new voting laws, this could be the beginning of our decline and fall, even deserves to be. And I'll help you write the epitaph!

Our society will die on the rack of injustice to Negroes if we don't solve it. We're only arguing now about whether we're going to have a Negro explosion against the "white devils" or a common effort of Negroes and whites to solve it. I don't want to sound melodramatic, but we just may be facing the democratic last stand. And I can only pray—not to God but to Sandburg's *The People, Yes*—that somehow we emerge from this battle in better shape than either Custer or the Sioux.

BALDWIN: In this society, more than any other I can think of, with the exception of the Third Reich, one needs precisely an affirmation of the possibility of human life. And what I am trying to say when I say it doesn't matter what you think or what I think—I obviously don't mean that literally—is that what happens

to us is less important than what happens to our children, all our children. We can take care of ourselves, more or less. In my case, certainly, it's mainly less, but that's all right. I'm not profoundly concerned about your being a Jew or my being a Negro. We can take these facts as given. But our being American—that's something else, which is yet to be achieved. Or defined.

All that jazz, *Negro, Jewish*—it's pure bullshit. These terms are used to hide from every one of us, including, at this moment, you and me, the *real* disaster in this country—the failure of morality that is produced by a failure of identity. **SCHULBERG:** Jimmy, if I follow you, when you speak about a failure of identity, I think you're reaching for something I was hoping we could get around to—I mean Negritude and the positive aspects of black nationalism and the new call for black power, which doesn't seem to panic me as much as it may some other people. It may not necessarily mean the Mau Mau screaming for "white blood" in frightened and prejudiced suburbia; it may simply be the search for self-esteem, self-respect, dignity and pride, and the Negro's fair share of the total power. After all, the

Irish were once awfully low on the racist totem pole. There used to be signs that read NO IRISH ALLOWED; but in New York they built up a full head of steam of Irish power through Tammany Hall. Black power is an emotional phrase that represents an emotional movement that is still groping for its own definition. It may even be that through black power and a period of frustration, confusion and rejection on the part of the would-be white ally, we meet together again on a higher plane of integration.

Now if I say I can see positive aspects to black nationalism, in which the black man goes searching back to his African roots in order to find out who he is—an identity which you say the Jew brought with him intact from Europe but which has been denied the Afro-American—and if I say that I can understand the appeal of black power to young black people who have felt their identity crushed and denied in a world of white power—if I can see how qualities of leadership and self-respect can be developed under the new flag of black power even if the honest feelings of sympathetic whites are hurt or even trampled in the process—then it may seem as if I am arguing not only with you but with myself, that I am arguing for an interracial struggle against the persistent, virulent bigotry, and at the same time being too permissive toward the recent phenomenon called, but not yet clearly understood as, black power. I am inclined to say, if that be ambivalence, make the most of it. I want to see an America that lives up to its promises, not its lies and hypocrisies. I want, for my own preservation as well as yours, an America joyously color-blind. But it may be that the new generation of Negroes, who even reject the term Negro and follow the charismatic Malcolm X in calling themselves black men or Afro-Americans, must find themselves through their own religions, societies, organizations, as the Jews and the Irish and the other minorities did, in order to cope with white America from a stronger position. That is what I mean by the possibility of meeting together on a higher plane of integration. **BALDWIN:** For many years, aided by what can only be described, alas, as a handful of whites, who are looked on with great suspicion and hostility by the majority of whites, Negroes have been attempting to awaken the sleeping conscience of this unhappy nation. They have not succeeded. When a movement realizes that its tactics have failed, it is forced to evolve new tactics. As for racism in reverse, the hatred and bitterness to which this phrase has reference is felt most deeply by those who consider themselves helpless, who see no way of changing their condition. Also, it is worth pointing out, this racism in reverse, unlike the other, is absolutely impotent, and does not bother white people at all—until, of course, the ghetto explodes and they

We are trapped in massive moral contradiction. We will perish if we cannot resolve it. I cannot believe that we are fighting in Vietnam for freedom, for example. There are many, many reasons that I find myself unable to believe this,

SCHULBERG: Jimmy, the hour is late, both literally and figuratively. I agree that you and I, as abstractions, as symbols, either become responsible for this country or we let it go by default. And we cannot build an honest definition of America until we accept the "ferocious complexity" as

SCHULBERG: Jimmy, if we fail to turn ourselves inside out, if we are unable to live with and not merely wax rhetorical about liberty and justice for all, if we fail to resolve our massive contradictions, then I agree with you that we could go under. But before we go our fatal, separate ways, I think we must try once and for all the unprecedented social experiment of living together. The clock is ticking.



"I've always been a leg man myself."

"Who there?"

"Is this the old nigger woman who tells things?"

"Yes," said Auntie Gopher, "but you got to have five dollars, Man."

"Open the damn door," said Stogey. "I'll give you five dollars. I want you should tell me things."

So she turned on the lurid lamps in her cluttered living room and she accepted money after examining the bill suspiciously. She made big Bruce Stogey sit beyond a card table across from her.

Auntie Gopher sighed and moaned; she gabbled unintelligibly; she pressed Stogey's soiled wide white palm between her own trembling fat black ones; she sighed and mumbled little yeas and nays. She said, "Yes, Lord . . . no, Lord . . . Ain't that the truth! . . . No, no!" She mouthed interjections and interdictions until Bruce Stogey wanted to throttle her.

He told her that he would slap her face unless she got busy.

"I got to have time, Mister Man."

"You had plenty of time, old woman! You go ahead and tell me my five-dollar fortune, or I'll break your neck."

Already he was sorry that he had heeded casual conversation in the Gator Bar . . . people who had spoken in wondering accents about Auntie Gopher and the necromancies she practiced.

"How you think you're going to do it? No cards, no dice. You hain't got you no glass ball, like a gypsy at the carnival. How you aim to tell me anything?"

She told Bruce, "I just *knows*. I just knows by the feel of people. I gets their condition."

"I been wasting my time for fifteen minutes. *You* been wasting it. You better up and *get* my condition."

And so at last she got it, and she told him.

He arose, he kicked the card table halfway to the ceiling and it came down with a splintering crash.

Auntie Gopher sat back and glared at Bruce Stogey with hate in her small bright eyes. She breathed heavily and rubbed a knee that had been bruised by the card-table leg as it hurtled up and away.

"You old devil! What you mean, telling me a thing like that?"

"It's true," she gasped. "I got to tell you what I *sees*. You come here—you ask me—"

"I hain't never going to get killed by no falling tree!" cried Bruce Stogey.

The old woman said nothing—she sat watching him with awful eyes.

"You hear me? You hear—?" For a moment he felt impelled to knock her evil head off her shoulders. And certain-

ly he was going to take his five dollars back. This was a bad section—the only bad section in Coquina Beach—but there weren't many po-lice around this town. He didn't care what kind of outcry the old Nigger made. He would be gone by the time any help could arrive.

Bruce reached over, he seized the weak arm inside the gaudy sleeve. He twisted her arm until she mourned like a dog that has been hit by a car. He took his five dollars and went out, slamming Auntie Gopher's front door so hard that glass smashed and fell tinkling.

Her terror and pain found voice behind him, but he paid no attention. He strode in his might, across a vacant lot behind the signboard and over to the Seaboard railroad tracks. He walked along the tracks for a way.

. . .

Killed by a falling tree . . . those were words he did not appreciate. No matter how he fought the whole wide world, that nasty woman had put a fear within his soul.

Only one fear had he admitted before this. Friends or relatives of a man he mutilated on Friday night—someone might shoot him in the back.

You couldn't guard against a thing like that. You might be walking alone, striding some twisty road amid palmetto scrub, and then a shot would ring out. You might hear it before you died, but you would be dead before you hit the ground. Bruce Stogey had known of men being killed in that fashion. He didn't fancy such a thing for himself.

Killed by a falling tree . . .

That had happened to his very own father, Kermit Stogey. It was back in the time of World War Two, when men were clearing land for a big new training base. Folks had yelled . . . there came a wind . . . a big pine trembled and tilted, but it tilted in the wrong direction. Lumbermen scattered and fled, and Kermit Stogey slipped on wet clay.

It had been something to haunt his son's recollection, for Bruce had seen it happen as he crouched, torturing a frog in front of a tent door, at no great distance from the scene.

Later on Bruce heard about his grandfather, Old Grover. Same thing: It happened purely like that. Except in the case of Old Grover it was a cypress and was said to have occurred over around Wauchula somewhere. Old Grover had tried to get out of the way; but he stubbed his toe against a root, and the hard lovely trunk of the cypress plastered him amid the ooze.

. . .

Bruce left the railway tracks and went over to Route 41.

. . . Sweat was larding him. He cursed

both his father and his grandfather. Heaven knew—maybe there was a great-grandfather, too, whom he had not known about—also killed by a falling tree.

Once upon a time, within the fastnesses of this young man's primitive soul, there dwelt a tiny awareness of beauty. He had realized, any moment when he cared to consider it, that wonder and compulsion ruled the lonely subtropical forests. Trees . . . they were so pretty and so green . . . yet they could kill you.

Until this hour he had felt impervious to such a prevailing fright. Falling trees might smash the Stogeyes of earlier generations; they could not touch Bruce.

He had begun working in a camp when he was only 13. He worked with turpentine crews and road crews as well; but any honest love he gave—and that was precious little—he gave to the timberland. Now he recognized that he must fear trees and hate them.

He had beaten men often before this. He was a bad actor, especially when drunk. He had been sentenced to stockades and road gangs in various counties, had served time, had worked along highways with tough guards watching him speculatively as they balanced their shotguns. His soldiering experience was only a distasteful few months' incident, terminated by a dishonorable discharge. The United States Government spat out Bruce Stogey off its hands and let him return to the swamps and somber woodlands.

Glad I got my five dollars back. He smiled, recollecting how Auntie Gopher had wailed as he squeezed her arm. He owned other money in his pockets also . . . liquor still buzzed in his brain . . .

There was a street lamp at a crossroad. Bruce stopped under the lamp. He stood there, a towering grim figure in soiled T-shirt and spotted khaki pants. He drew scraps of bills out of his pockets and counted them. Only \$26: That wasn't much, he couldn't go far on that.

But go he must. He was afraid to return to his job with a crew cutting pine southeast of the Myakka State Park. No longer was he restrained by a secret dread that someone might plant a bullet between his shoulder blades—some friend or brother-in-law, perhaps, of the man whose nose he had torn, whose jaw and ribs he had fractured. He was fearful now of the trees themselves. He must go from them—far, far away, where there were no pines or cypresses or even gnarly live oaks to swat him down.

He had little to leave behind: some clothes, an old foot locker full of odds and ends in the shack where, until Friday night, he had bunked with other men.

Probably he was lucky to miss another stockade sentence this time. And lucky that he only had to pay a fine. That hundred dollars and costs—he hated to think of it. But it was only money, after all: He could get more. He had always been



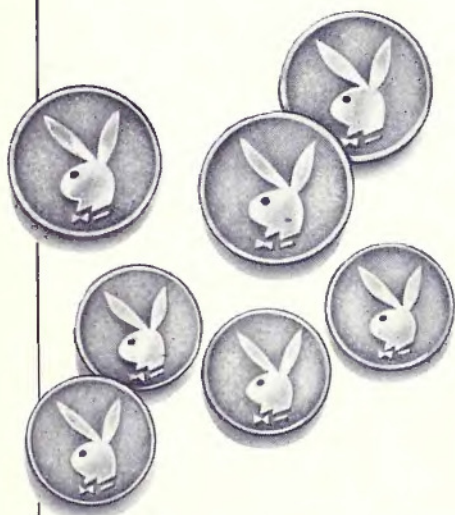
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quixotic. Glowing, sparkling, gleaming.
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BOTTOMS UP. Playboy mugs set spirits soaring. White frolicking Femlin kicks up her heels on black ceramic. MM320, 10-oz. coffee mug, \$2.50. MM319, 22-oz. beer mug, \$5.



MATCHLESS PAIR. Playboy lighter tucks into the playmate cigarette case for organization inside her purse. Black or white soft glove leather with Rabbit-patterned lining. JY208, \$6.



PRESTIGE FOR THE PACK. Flick, cigarette pops to the top of Playboy's unique cigarette box. Solid American walnut; natural finish, holds a full pack, regular or king. MM325, \$12.50.



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TEAMING UP. Playboy's warm-up shirts are the newest action-ready gear for guys and gals. Machine washable cotton with double-brushed fleece interior. Black or white, S, M, L, XL sizes. WA106, short sleeve, \$4.50. WA107, long sleeve, \$5.





DROP A HINT. Fasten the playmate necklace around her neck to show she's yours. The wily Rabbit on black enamel is sure to win her over. JY205, \$3.50.



THE BARE ESSENTIAL. In essence, this is the fragrance that brings out the playmate in her, turns on the playboy in you! Half-ounce of Playboy's own perfume. T200, \$15.

SOAK IT UP! Thirsty cotton terry cloth makes great wrapping post pool, shower, sauna. MM326, the Playboy bath kilt, one size fits all, \$5. MM327, playmate's side-button bath sari in S, M, L sizes, \$6.



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS SWEATER. Set for a double life, here, two great looks. To wear with the mock-turtle neck, or without as a handsome V-neck classic. Finest flat knit zephyr wool in navy, wine, gold or forest green. S, M, L, XL sizes. Subtle Rabbit-stitched insignia. Comes in storage bag, WA105, \$30.

Playboy's perfectly balanced putter has custom grip, steel shaft, solid brass head. MM321, \$22.

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The Playboy card case keeps his credit cards, driver's license easily accessible. Cash slips into a deep continental pocket. Black top grain cowhide, Rabbit-patterned lining. JY108, \$7.50.



PACK IT FLAT. The Playboy money fold banishes the bulging pocket. Boasts two inside slots for credit and business cards. Black or olive mellow-touch leather. JY107, \$5.

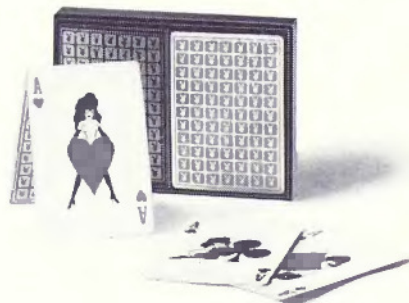


CHRISTMAS CLINCHER. The Playboy key chain makes fine fastening for the keys to his kingdom. Finished in fine black enamel. JY105, \$3.50.



ON THE CUFF. Handsome Playboy cuff links to match his tie tac. JY102, \$5.

TACTFUL SOLUTION. The Playboy tie tac seems clever strategy if he's hard to fit and hard to please. Sly Rabbit on black enamel. JY101, \$2.50.



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able to get money whenever he wanted to. He was powerful enough for that.

(Trees were more powerful. They waited on either side of the Tamiami Trail . . . pines and cabbage palms . . . he passed them warily, admitting their menace when shadows swooped and the cars went by.)

Bruce Stogey turned every now and then and flapped his hand, trying to hitchhike as the lights tore past him. Nobody stopped. He cursed the drivers and shambled on until he found a lighted filling station. He stood in nearby gloom and waited. He didn't have to wait long.

A car stopped for gas. It was a shining convertible and there were two tourists, both men, in the front seat. They ordered their gas; the attendant started to put it in. Stogey could see that the men had a bottle of whiskey and were drinking from it.

So he approached the men, moving slowly, trying to put all threat out of his manner and all supplication into his voice.

"Please, Captain—"

The driver broke off his conversation about their bad luck at gambling in Miami and asked Bruce Stogey what he wanted.

"Please, Captain. Just a ride up to my place."

"Where is that?"

"Just about nine miles up the road. My wife's mighty sick . . ."

The tourists looked at each other . . . the driver shrugged. What was the difference? It was nearly midnight, but they were two against one, they had nothing to fear.

"OK, Mac." The driver nodded toward the rear seat and Bruce climbed in.

. . . They were passing through the countryside some miles farther on. Bruce arose in the rear. He leaned his weight against the front seat and, reaching past the astonished driver, turned the keys in the ignition, withdrew them and put the keys in his pocket.

Dumbfounded and terrified, the driver guided the coasting car to a halt beside the ditch, while his partner twisted and tussled with Bruce Stogey. It was an easy thing . . . laughable, it was accomplished so readily. Bruce rapped his elbow against the passenger's head and then turned his brief attention to the driver . . . Then he went through their pockets. Later investigation would reveal that he made a haul of only \$365 in currency. He flung the two unconscious men into a shallow ditch and heard water squash amid weeds when they struck. He got them out of the way before the lights of cars ahead or behind could come upon him. He climbed over into the front, started the engine and drove on.

He drove to a point north of Parrish and then turned off on a side road, where he examined his spoils . . . suitcases. He tore them open . . . yes, he had been right in judging that one of the men was nearly as tall as he, although much fatter. There were slacks: fine powder-blue slacks, never worn before, probably purchased at some expensive shop in Miami Beach.

Stogey took off his own soiled clothes and dressed himself more or less properly in new attire. A sport shirt too tight across the chest, too loose around the middle, but it would do. He turned down the cuffs on the trousers . . . everything was all right, but he didn't want to keep this car too long.

He progressed to Tampa and abandoned the convertible on a nearly empty parking lot in the heart of town. He walked to the bus terminal with a stolen topcoat over his arm. He carried one of the suitcases; he had managed to force the fastenings back together again.

A bus left for New York at 1:45 A.M., and Bruce was on it. He arrived in New York at 4:40 the second morning.

At last there were no trees.

. . .

Oh, yes, piddling little planes and others could be observed, leading their well-kept lives along the avenues. But men were not apt to go acutting those.

Bruce hung around the West 42nd Street area for a while. Later, his money drained away through grotesque debaucheries in off-color hotels, he decided to move to another section of town. En route, he observed Central Park for the first time and saw trees clogging the entire landscape. He measured their height and girth with respect and with fear. Central Park was a good place to stay away from.

That night, in a Bronx barroom he observed a well-dressed young man plying himself with liquor because, as the young man announced to the listening world, a blonde named Peggy had gone away with her husband to California.

(California? Bruce Stogey didn't want to go there: He had heard about the redwoods. Once he worked alongside a man who had served his lumbering apprenticeship in a redwood forest. Sequoias, the man called them, and his description of their vast trunks was enough to make a gibbering idiot out of anyone who carried such fear locked inside his thick skull and his thicker chest.)

Bruce would never go to California where the redwoods grew. But he did follow the tipsy young man down an ill-lit street, and he did slap his huge hand across the young man's sputtering face, and he did strike this resisting doll until it resisted no longer.

Seventy-three dollars from that one; \$16 on Friday night; \$222 on Sunday night (that was the old foreign gentleman who was a friend of the bartender's, and he was generous to casual strangers like Bruce Stogey—he even bought Stogey a beer ten minutes before the giant attacked him).

Thus Bruce found a career, and so he pursued it throughout the Bronx, then into the West Side precincts of Manhattan again and over into midnight caverns on Second and Third Avenues—practically untenanted in the late hours—and always, of course, devoid of any trees except small ones.

He acquired a comfortable wardrobe; he enjoyed buying bright neckties and plaid jackets. He kept himself reasonably well groomed: No one would take him for a mugger. He was wise enough to vary the neighborhoods where he operated from week to week, and he developed a technique all his own. He would not permit his victims to see him. This required more imagination than Stogey might have displayed in earlier years. It was a strain, but it paid off.

He waited in darkest doorways and areaways. Sometimes the intended victim turned in the wrong direction after leaving the bar where Bruce had spotted him; but there were always another bar and another victim; he could try again. Eventually the result would be the same: the lightning forward step, the big hand flattened over the face, stifling all outcry and eyesight. A punch at the base of the brain . . . he tried to be careful, he tried not to punch too hard. The times when he killed men—he was honestly sorry to read about it in the papers the next day.

The Big Mugger: That was what they called him. For of those many who recovered, all could sing their dread chorus about the colossal energies of the bandit who came upon them so slyly and from behind. They could recollect the pressure of his herculean hand, the steady silence in which he operated. That was all they knew about him.

Bruce Stogey carried a fine wallet of alligator hide. In this receptacle were his Social Security card and the driver's license that he had taken out the previous August, when he had to drive a log truck at Kissimmee. These scraps of identification and probity served him well. Several times he was questioned by the police, who throughout these nervous weeks were apt to question any man of sizable proportions whom they saw strolling the streets at night.

Who? . . . Me, Captain? . . . Sure enough, I'm from Florida. Just up here on a little vacation.

Thus, each time his wallet and money were returned to him politely by the cops, and he was cautioned about



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"Go home, McCarthy!"

wandering in bad neighborhoods at a late hour. No telling what might happen to an out-of-towner bent on visiting the dank fleshpots of the metropolis for the first time!

So it went, until a night in early January when Bruce selected as his customer one Whitey Thomas—a colored man of sawed-off dimensions, but a wrestler of note. The assault occurred about two o'clock in the morning. It was in a block on East 110th Street . . . Whitey Thomas, through the persuasion of his compact frame and his knowledge of wrestling, was able to resist strenuously. Finally, he got Bruce Stogey's finger between his jaws and bit it to the bone.

Undoubtedly, Thomas would have been killed but for a fortuitous alarm of fire. A glistening mass of scarlet and silver came howling east in 110th Street, sound and fury blazing ahead. The lights of the fire truck and the roar of its rocketing approach were enough to send Bruce Stogey fleeing.

Whitey Thomas picked himself up off the sidewalk and staggered to Julio's bar at 110th and Park Avenue, and there he gave his story to two patrolmen of a 23rd Precinct car when next they came creeping past.

. . . Look—here was even blood on his necktie. He knew well enough that he had bitten the man's finger. He had chewed it severely . . .

Now, on this Tuesday, the fourth of January, something else was known about the Big Mugger: He had a sore finger or

thumb. Patrolmen of the 23rd Precinct, and other precincts as well, were duly apprised. This was information especially applicable to those on the four-to-twelve or the Late Tour; but it was duly noted down by Patrolmen Murray Hershon and Bouncey Carroll as they cruised through the Day Tour along Fifth and Madison Avenues in Car 322.

They first spotted Bruce Stogey when he stood picking his teeth in front of a small restaurant near 98th and Madison.

"Pretty big guy."

"Sure is."

"Notice anything about his hand?"

"No, there were people in the way. Let's go around again."

So they drove around the block, and by the time they came back through heavy truck traffic to Madison Avenue, Bruce Stogey had reached the corner of 96th Street.

He walked proudly and slowly in his new camel's-hair coat—dark-faced, brutal-jawed, but impeccable in attire when judged by the standards of those who find their joy and their culture amid sordid surroundings.

Said Patrolman Carroll, "He's no mugger . . . I wish I had a coat like that . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Hershon, "Hasn't he got a bandage on his hand?"

At just that moment, the bandage went out of sight, for Bruce Stogey had pulled on his new brown gloves; and that was a job—forcing the wounded finger, all wadded with its home-

constructed wrappings, into the glove.

The green-and-white car stopped quickly outside a row of parked autos. Carroll opened the door on the right.

"Just a minute," he called. "Can we talk to you?" and he slipped between the parked cars.

By this time, Bruce Stogey was remembering well the bandage on his finger. He pretended to take no notice, he walked faster. Perhaps if he ignored the po-lice—

He was walking west toward Central Park, and there were trees . . . he saw them ahead: gray tufts of wintry fuzz against the sky . . . and trees had brought a doom to his father and to his grandfather, and—for all he knew—to other Stogeys in the wilderness camps of an earlier century . . . Perspiration was welling beneath the band of his hat.

"Listen, you!" cried the officer, who did not like to be ignored. Then, in nervousness and quick fright at that glimpse of dangerous trees, Bruce Stogey began to run.

Carroll on foot, Hershon in the car—they chased him west along the block. Patrolman Hershon brought the car to a screeching halt before he reached Fifth Avenue; he leaped out to head off the fugitive.

But Bruce Stogey would not be headed off—not yet—and he swung into a narrow arway that cuts between the respective buildings of 1150 Fifth Avenue and 7 East 96th Street. He scrambled hugely into this passage and thudded across the cold bare pavement where there were only ash cans to restrain him, and not many of those.

The patrolmen closed in behind.

"No," said the rear elevator man to the cook who worked for Mr. and Mrs. Neeman in the top floor of the apartment building at 1150 Fifth Avenue. "No, please. It'll make an awful mess in the elevator. Just push it out of the window into the court, and the boys can take care of it downstairs."

So they did, Mr. Neeman and the cook . . . They had the dining-room window wide open. Old Mr. Neeman put his head out cautiously and saw that the rear courtyard 15 stories below was safely deserted.

"OK, let's give it a shove."

So they gave it a shove, and down it plummeted—once so pretty and so green, but drier now, with needles stiff and prickly, and little scraps of tinsel caught in the branches. Down it sailed, nearly two weeks after Christmas; and they had got rid of it, and the nine-foot Christmas tree drove its three-and-a-half-inch butt against the skull of Bruce Stogey as he came running there.



TAHITI (continued from page 212)

a double take from even the sated Tahitian male; as he discovers that the *vahine* of today has embraced many of the conveniences of civilization with a gusto she formerly reserved for *tamure* dancing and lovemaking, while still retaining her legendary approachability, her existential delight in the transitory and her historic unconcern for such non-Tahitian institutions as chastity and marriage; as all these discoveries wash over him, our man about Papeete may well decide—as many have before him—that the *vahine*, 1966 style, is an infinitely more attractive version of her 19th Century cousin.

On closer look, he might begin to notice that even the smallest details set these girls off from the run-of-the-globe female. Each seems to boast the loose-limbed grace of the pearl diver and the liquid, unabashed sensuousness of the *tamure* dancer. The *vahine* walks effortlessly and erect, hips and shoulders swaying with feline fluidity, head high with pride in her body's agility, yet without a trace of the concomitant hauteur one might expect to encounter in a similarly endowed *jeune fille* in Paris, London or Hollywood. Her clothes reflect neither the *haut monde* style-consciousness of the Manhattan secretary nor the studied simplicity of the Stockholm *svenska*.

Like everything else in her sun-kissed life, her dress is an unpretentious response to the benign exigencies of paradise: a simple cotton shift, usually in *pareu*, the boldly patterned cloth that adorns not only the girls of Tahiti but their tables, chairs, doorways, windows, beds and automobiles as well.

While the *vahine* avoids cosmetic alchemy—save, perhaps, a touch of lipstick on a big night out—she will go to elaborate lengths to select and position the flower she'll wear over her ear: perhaps a frangipani, *tiare Tahiti* or hibiscus, perfectly placed to complement, but not outshine, her own natural beauty. On this sexually straightforward island, despite what the guidebooks say, the ear flower has a social as well as an aesthetic function. Behind the left ear, it indicates that the *vahine* is unattached, and by extension, willing and even eager to strike up a conversation—and, chances are, a great deal more—with an interested male. Worn behind the right ear, the flower indicates that she's married or otherwise committed. Perhaps because the committed don't wish to advertise, or perhaps because there are few enduring commitments in Tahiti, left-ear flowers predominate.

As our man continues his stroll, it will probably occur to him by degrees that

more than just their faces and figures set these girls off from their city cousins abroad. Universally, they're smiling, laughing, even singing. Gone is the furrowed brow of the Gotham career woman, the ice-blue coolness of the Berlin *Fräuleinwunder*, the tight-lipped reserve of the Paris fashion model. In Tahiti, many of the *vahines* work—as waitresses in Papeete's restaurants, as clerks in the musty caverns of the French administrative labyrinth, as chambermaids and even bartenders at the tourist hotels—but none of them has ever been known to worry about working.

Papeete, where virtually everything in Tahiti takes place, is a city in transition. Since 1961, with the opening of a jet-age airport at nearby Faaa (all three a's are pronounced), its population has almost doubled—to about 26,000. In the process the town has grown, for better or worse, from a quiet port village in an out-of-the-way corner of the world to a bustling city-in-the-rough, humming with construction activity and center of a vast network of airline connections and military apparatus. *C'est la guerre*, rather than the jet-propelled tourist, that has wrought the metamorphosis. After France lost her African colonies, the entire French overseas military operation—encompassing perhaps 8000 men, the redoubtable French Foreign Legion and all the French atomic paraphernalia—



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was transferred to Polynesia, with headquarters in Tahiti. The gallants of the F.F.L. are now digging sewers around Papeete, and the once-serene archipelago of Mururoa, some 775 miles southeast of Tahiti, is suffering the indignation of the French atomic bomb.

The swell of soldiers in Papeete has precipitated a major construction boom: building means jobs; jobs, money; and money in Tahiti—while it lasts—means only good times. Not surprisingly, the New York effect daily draws *vahines* from “the districts” (anywhere in Tahiti outside Papeete) in search of employment, bright lights, good times—and men. Not a few of these newcomers are married women who have simply walked out on their Tahitian husbands—many of whom still think a weekly wife beating is the best proof of conjugal devotion—to seek less-taxing liaisons. In addition, the little interisland schooners fortnightly disgorge their share of anxious and well-starved young girls from the out islands: the Marquesas, Gambiers, Australs and Tuamotus. The attraction of Papeete now is such that connoisseurs of femininity need spend only a few afternoons at one of the strategic sidewalk tables of the waterfront Vaima Bar to appraise virtually every available *vahine* on the island—and most likely, to strike up several rewarding acquaintances as well.

The *vahine's* candor in sexual matters is legendary. Ever since Captain Cook, she has been educating the inhibitions out of those who have had the good fortune to come in contact with her. Anchoring the Endeavour off Tahiti in 1769, Cook was somewhat prepared, from Wallis' experiences, for the orgy of good will that followed. Still, he sounded more like a Victorian housemother than a latter-day salt when he wrote in his log that the girls of Tahiti “have entered into a resolution of enjoying free liberty in love without being troubled or disturbed by its consequences. They amuse themselves by dancing indecent dances in which they give full liberty to their desires, express the most indecent ideas in conversation without the least emotion, and delight in such conversation beyond any other. Chastity indeed is but little valued. The men will readily offer their young women—even their own daughters—to strangers, and think it very strange if you refuse them.” Cook appropriately christened the palm-shaded black-sand spit near his anchorage “Point Venus.”

Perhaps subsequent long nights at sea gave him pause to reappraise his feelings about the *vahine's* attitude toward sex, for after his second visit to Tahiti (he ultimately returned for thirds and even fourths), he concluded: “One ought not to be too severe upon these people. Incontinence in the unmarried can hardly be called a vice, since neither the state nor individuals are injured by it.”

This is precisely the attitude of today's *vahine*, and one she can well articulate—if not in words, in the unmistakable sign language of deeds. The candor of her loose little island, her upbringing and virtually her every experience have taught this kinetic creature to regard sex as an appetite to be gratified as instinctively—and sometimes as frequently—as hunger or thirst. For her, sex is life itself: neither fetish nor phobia, but all-embracing and—as Cook noted—freely indulged and joyfully discussed. In fact, one 19th Century linguistic observer delicately concluded: “The predominant theme of conversation, from youth to old age, is the coition of the sexes.”

Her sexual garrulousness is enhanced by a language uniquely equipped for such banter. The most insignificant street-corner chatter, literally translated from Tahitian into English, is likely to emerge a steaming stream of obscenity—the fault of English, not of Tahitian, which with Freudian gusto rejoices in the intimate connection between sexual phenomena and everyday life. Certainly, in no other language could the *vahine* convey as pithily as she does with her own word *tirāu* the information that “a pair of giant sea turtles has been seen copulating.”

In addition to being weaned on a conversational diet of erotica, the young *vahine*, long before she has learned to write her own name, has been taught to emulate—precisely, provocatively and proudly—the motions of sexual intercourse, in the pelvic metronomy of the *tamure*, Captain Cook's “indecent” dance. And she certainly knows its significance, for in the wall-less one- or two-room home in which she is raised, Western concepts of privacy are as foreign as television—which, incidentally, was introduced to Papeete a year ago. Before she reaches puberty, every major scene in the life cycle—copulation, birth, marriage, death—is acted out before her unblinking brown eyes, to be stored away in the vast repository of her practical experience with the photographically descriptive accuracy that all Tahitian girls seem to possess.

Not surprisingly, virginity is a concept foreign to Tahiti. A *vahine's* arrival at puberty usually signals the commencement of frequent sexual dalliance, sometimes virtually beneath the benevolently averted eyes of her elders. Underlying her frisky concupiscence is an attitude—perfectly understandable, considering her casual regard for sexual activity—that has precipitated some of the most caustic Western criticism of *la vie Tahitienne*. For the *vahine*, sex often has little or nothing to do with love. In fact, it is customarily no more than a delightful and inexpensive diversion, a scintillating counterpoint to the languid and worry-free boredom of endless days—and 12-hour nights—in paradise. Following the

tradition of young girls everywhere, at a given time she may or may not be in love. If she is, chances are she'll confine herself to her boyfriend, but more out of convenience than devotion; and if she's not, her sex life drifts on independently, caught up in a tide of impulses she's secure enough not to swim against. Her affairs usually generate more heat than warmth, a trait that works decidedly to the advantage of tourist and transient, but that has discomfited a few visitors who benefited from her casual sexual heritage but weren't able to reconcile her unemotional approach to sex with their own.

A corollary of the *vahine's* objective sexual outlook is her unwillingness to engage in the games of loveplay. None of the traditional prerequisites—save the presence of the all-important chemistry—are necessary to take her: She prefers her entree sans hors d'oeuvres. Lip kissing and the caressing of the breasts she ordinarily regards with the same puzzled tolerance she has for bikini tops and bathroom doors—diverting and curious evidence of a manifest refusal to see life as it really is.

And unlike the all-too-common bastion of American female virtue, the *vahine* seldom succumbs under protracted, ritual siege. Nor, of course, does she invariably consent to a bald-faced proposition. But when a similarly inclined gentleman happens to strike her fancy, there's no need for the peekaboo parlor game of seductive hide-and-seek so popular elsewhere. The *vahine* voices her mating call with disarming directness. If the electricity is there—and the volatile environs of Papeete are quite conducive to sparks—nothing remains but the consummation of the friendship.

A vast amount of unfettered lovemaking naturally produces its side effects. In any boisterous port city, even more so in the heady atmosphere of Papeete, the uncautious traveler faces the possible discovery that he has left town with an unpleasant token of a lady's esteem. Though almost every *vahine* is spotless, visitors who plan to frequent the waterfront bars and change partners regularly should proceed with caution.

Contraception, involving preparation for a nonevent fully nine months off, contradicts the *vahine's* *aita pe'a pe'a* philosophy and she employs it only infrequently. However, anthropologists have noted that in this and other sexually free cultures—for reasons unknown—the prospects of a young girl's pregnancy seem proportionately less than her constant indulgence would call for. Surprisingly few Tahitian girls become pregnant before they reach 18. She who does—like her older sister—faces none of the quiet desperation confronting the single American girl similarly bestowed. The *vahine* reacts to such a situation with a serenity borne of the knowledge that the

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"Where did we go wrong, Mother? Where did we go wrong?"

ancient culture of her id-happy island has amply provided for just such contingencies. If she loves the father, or even if she just wants his baby, she may have the child with no stigmas attached, to raise it herself or—if she's not ready to curtail her pursuit of pleasure—to present it to a favorite older relative. Despite missionary efforts to enshrine the small, Western-style family, the *vahine* maintains her loyalty to a larger clan of relatives. The shifting of children among these kinsmen has always been common, the women of Tahiti having long ago learned that tender, loving care is necessary to raise a healthy child but the biological mother is not.

When the *vahine* doesn't love the father or desire his baby, abortion is available and frequently employed. The method is far from clinical—a homemade abortifacient of roots and herbs—but is easy to procure, relatively painless and, if taken soon enough, invariably effective. It's not unusual for a *vahine* to have had half a dozen such treatments before she reaches 25, and almost every Tahitian girl has at least one.

If by Western standards the *vahine* becomes a sexually mature woman long before her time, much of her remains indefinitely in childhood. Traits that mark sophistication in the European girl—her *ambiance* of sexuality and her security in her femininity—are in the *vahine* more instinctive than understood. For the rest, her outlook on life is without greed or guile—comparable to that of an unsophisticated, charming child.

For instance, she's often afraid of the dark. She may speak five languages fluently and have studied psychology at the local secondary school, but that doesn't shake her belief that the night air is crawling with *tupapa'u*, semitransparent ghosts (or minions of the Devil, for those who've been converted), who take a lecherous delight in startling young girls by pawing at them invisibly. At a party, she'll probably ask her escort to hold her hand and accompany her to the woods while she relieves herself.

As the inquisitive bachelor will discover anon, her docile exterior also hides a pent-up volcano of passion and fury. Provoked to eruption, she'll square off against an opponent—not with the ineffectuality that generally characterizes the fair sex in combat but in the bare-knuckled attitude of John L. Sullivan. The *vahine* has been fighting with her fists since she was old enough to clench them; unless her opponent boasts a similar background, he should outweigh her by at least 40 pounds to emerge victorious—or even upright—from a serious intramural tiff.

Visitors accustomed to the thing-oriented preoccupations of the American city girl will also find the *vahine* heart-warmingly unobsessed with possessions. On her benevolent island of abun-

dance, where few have ever lacked the essentials of life and where the essentials of life are only a prerequisite to happiness and the pursuit of pleasure, the accumulation of material goods becomes not a *raison d'être* but an inexplicable eccentricity. Moreover, the *vahine's* communal family heritage has long taught her that anything worth while—food, wealth, happiness, sex—is to be shared, in an attempt to achieve the ancient Polynesian ideal that “no head or shoulders shall be above any other.”

Not only in her view of matters material but in her temporal sense she departs dramatically from Western standards. The *vahine* lives in an endless present, untroubled by either memories of the past or speculations of the future. When she says “the other day” she may mean anything from “this morning” to “15 years ago.” “Tomorrow” may mean “next week” or “never”—the two being quite synonymous. Perhaps uniquely among the women of the world, she lives for the moment, unmindful of either her landfalls or her destination. Pop hedonists who have established this attitude as the pinnacle of cool would profit from a field trip to Tahiti. Hers is a point of view at once enchanting and disturbing.

Naturally, all the *vahine's* glitter isn't gold. Vast chambers of the labyrinth of her mind—a three-dimensional maze perfused with glacier-slow moods and protean emotions—remain forever closed to the Western visitor, at best beguilingly enigmatic, at worst perplexing, incomprehensible, distressing. Her carefree, nonchalant attitude can also support a callous disregard for the grimmer realities of life. Her ideal that “no head or shoulders shall be above any other,” while assuring equity, can do so often only at the expense of originality and initiative. Her basking in the moment can breed a blithe disregard for the future effects of present actions—resulting in occasional misfortune. Even her apparent lack of materialism is misleading. Her well-meaning disdain for property unfortunately often extends not only to her own possessions but to those of others. And the veneer of her unconcern for material goods masks a childlike fascination with glittering trinkets—transistor radios, studded motorcycle jackets and the like—the latter-day counterparts of the shiny nails that captivated her ancestors. The charm of her ingenuity—at sewing boldly patterned bedspreads or arranging flowers—sometimes fades with the realization that there's only one type of bedspread, one floral arrangement, which, beautiful as they are, share a machine-tooled similarity.

Happily, however, the girls themselves stand out from one another almost as distinctly as they contrast with their cousins around the world.

Two centuries of boisterously enthusiastic racial mingling—product of Tahiti's

strategic location, a large influx of foreign labor and its longtime reputation as a haven for the artist, castoff, beachcomber and bum—have forged in its females an exotic ethnic amalgam, uniquely combining Polynesian *joie de vivre*, European sophistication and Oriental serenity. Tahiti's 46,000 inhabitants probably boast the blood of every ethnic group in the world, but its women, like all Gaul, are divided into three parts: Polynesian, French and Chinese. In many cases, of course, they have blended, producing such delicate hybrids as the Chinese-*tahitiennes*, certainly among the most beautiful women in the world. These subtle variations are too plentiful to detail, but the armchair voyager can still gain a fair mastery of the broad spectrum of Tahitian beauty by interpolating from the three primary hues.

Of the trio, the true Tahitian has contributed most to the melting pot, and as a consequence, she's disappearing. Even considering the constant influx of females into Papeete, no more than five percent of its girls are pure Polynesian. The true *tahitiienne* belongs to Rubens and Gauguin. Her smoothly molded features at once exude innocence, mystery and the passionate grace of the hibiscus. Her face is circular, rather than oval; lips arching and bee-stung; raven hair waist-length when she lets down her topknot. By contemporary standards, her limbs, waist, ankles and calves are almost masculine.

An evening with a Tahitian *vahine* might well start, after cocktails, at your own hotel with an immobilizing Tahitian *tamaaraa*—an endless feast of pig, breadfruit, bananas and fish, painstakingly cooked in a stone-lined underground *hima*—and followed by the colorful *tamure* of a hula-skirted local troupe. If your *vahine* knows the dance and can interpret the movements for you, so much the better. Thence *en ville*, where she may direct you to the starkly unpretentious confines of the Bar Lea, where tourists are seldom seen, the music never spoken, and the music, atmosphere and clientele are all authentically Tahitian. If the rigors of the Bar Lea don't exhaust her, she may coax you on to a waterfront stroll, past the glowing charcoal fires of the brochette vendors, whose skewered bits of marinated meat are perfect for that late-evening snack before you wind your way back to your hotel for a final *punch rhum à deux*. No hotel in Tahiti, incidentally, would even consider questioning a resident's right to a female guest—whether for an evening or for the length of his stay.

The French girl in Tahiti is seen more often than her scant number—hardly 800—would justify. She lives almost exclusively in Papeete, and by virtue of her multilinguality, her affiliation with ruling officialdom and her undeniable attractiveness, she's likely to be

found decorating the counters of most of the airline offices, hotels and gift shops—eager to serve the male traveler in a business way; and if her ear flower is portside and her antennae receiving favorably, ready to strike up a more familiar relationship as well. Besides a Tahitian world view, the Papeete *française* has the manifold virtues of her Parisian sisters—*Harper's Bazaar* face, lithe limbs, pixy features, an aura of sexuality, an instinctive sense of *haut monde*—and a flair for the dramatic. You might meet her in the market at five on a Sunday morning (incredibly enough, the most active hour of the Tahitian week), hair cut à la Bardot, clad in a brief halter and hip-hugging toreadors—and dragging a 20-pound tuna on a *purau* thong. At a more reasonable hour, the feteful meeting might occur when you encounter her bikini-clad figure lounging poolside at the Hotel Taaone—one of her favorite hangouts, possibly because of its excellent French cuisine. Among the *françaises*, even the *gamine* and freckle-faced nymphet, hardly past the French-imposed age of consent (for all practical purposes, 16), has the sexual attraction of a mature, sophisticated woman. A lifetime of speaking French—whose vowels, especially the acrobatic “u,” require much less jaw wagging than English, but rely much more on tongue and lips—has made the French girl’s mouth, whether

drawn up in a tight-lipped, elfin smile or pursed into a provocative pout, the most expressive part of her decidedly expressive body.

The best of all possible whirls with her might begin over a late-afternoon *café au lait* at the red-and-white sidewalk tables of the Manava Snackbar—which commands an incomparable, if slightly unnerving, view of the early-evening crazy quilt of traffic on the Rue de Gaulle. (Tahitian traffic, she won’t have to point out, is unlike any other. It consists mainly of motorized two-wheelers, a sprinkling of preposterous French autos such as the Citroën *deux chevaux*, and a vocal minority of disembodied American cars transmogrified into open station wagons capable of carrying an entire Tahitian family, the neighborhood children, all the household furniture and animals, and an outrigger full of bread-fruit and fish.) After a leisurely aperitif, your *française* may wish to sample *Escar-gots à la bourguignonne* and Marseillain bouillabaisse in the cathedral-side garden of Cercle le Bougainville. From there, after coffee and a liqueur, a ten-mile sea-side drive brings you to the charming outdoor dance terrace of Au Vieux Montmartre, in the district of Punaauia, a dozen miles from Papeete, the gold coast of Tahiti and former residence of Gauguin. She’s probably more attuned to the Boston monkey than to the *tamure*,

and before the evening is spent may persuade you to head back to town to the aural wonders of the Bounty Club. After several hours in the high-infidelity atmosphere of this frisky *discothèque*, you’ll probably both be ready to stroll out into the quiet of the night and search the horizon for the Southern Cross—an obscure constellation that “blazes” only in travel brochures—and for your hotel.

Though she numbers several thousand, the third member of Tahiti’s female triumvirate, the Chinese girl, has only begun to assert herself. Her ancestors arrived in Tahiti in several waves commencing in the 1860s, but for almost a century, the traditional Oriental notion that women should be neither seen nor heard prevailed against the Tahitian attitude that girls are to be enjoyed, with all five senses, to the frontiers of the imagination. However, in the last few years, French colonial legislation—still somewhat discriminatory against the *chinoise*—has encouraged her to look for companionship, and possible permanent liaisons, outside her own race. The ancestral barriers are crumbling, and she is seeking pleasures and men with a deliberation evidencing her eagerness to make up for generations of lost time. You’ll see her petite, exquisitely formed figure whisk by on a Solex (roughly equivalent to an American bicycle with a one-cylinder motor on the front fender),

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[illegible]

"First of all, Kendall, let me say I can't remember when I've enjoyed a presentation more!"

months. Though no foreigners are supposed to remain in French Polynesia for more than half a year, the number of permanent *popa'a* in Tahiti attests to the Gallic flexibility of this rule.

For the self-assured bachelor with time on his hands, getting to Tahiti is easier than staying there. Jets depart almost daily from Los Angeles, Honolulu and Acapulco, and anyone who possesses a vaccination certificate, a passport and the round-trip fare (\$750 from L. A., whether direct or via Hawaii) can spend ten days on the island without even the formality of a visa. When buying your ticket, incidentally, make sure you ask for a stopover at scenic, unspoiled Bora-Bora: Because of a quirk in the air map, it's free, and since no jet stops there, you get a round-trip island excursion from Papeete by DC-4. On application, either in Tahiti or on the mainland, tourist visas of up to three months are granted, usually renewable for another three

The likelihood of becoming *fiu* is more than remote during a short sojourn, however, and the male visitor will be quite happy to stay with the positive *embarras du choix* in the midst of Tahiti's tropical abundance. Certainly in few places in the world is love as free or as frequent, the life as easy or as enjoyable, the atmosphere as fertile or as frank, the girls as varied or as available. And in the words of longtime Tahitians Charles Nordoff and James Norman Hall, co-authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty*: "There remains the charm of living among people whose outlook upon life is basically different from our own; of living with a simplicity foreign to anything in one's experience, amid surroundings of a beauty unreal both in actuality and in retrospect."

TRUTH ABOUT ORLIK (continued from page 165)

knowledge that we were outgeneraled, outmaneuvered, outwitted, outclassed—everything but outnumbered—and deserved to be cut to tassels. Some of us half hoped that we might be; the best of officers is apt to feel that way when orders make neither rhyme nor reason.

A child playing tag could have countered the tactics whereby the 47th Battalion was cut off at Galoria. The enemy led Orlik to believe that he had tempted them out into the open. (I do not say "led us to believe"; the very drummer boys were not deceived.) The fighting on the plateau was fitful and sporadic. I saw that, yard by yard, we were being drawn forward, and mentioned this to Orlik. "I am well aware of it, Major," he said. "We shall charge them at the mouth of Galor Pass and wipe them out in the valley."

I said, "But, sir, Galor Pass, so-called, is not a pass at all, but a cul-de-sac."

"You are mistaken. Ordnance survey has it distinctly as a *pass*."

"Reconnaissance insists it's a blind alley," I said.

"Ordnance is quite clear on the point. And even if it were a cul-de-sac, Major? So much the better. We shall have them in a trap—one thousand heavy infantry, fully equipped, to their four hundred irregulars. We shall overwhelm them, Major."

In the late afternoon, the Galorians broke and ran. Orlik ordered a charge, and we pursued them through a short,

narrow defile, down into a kind of stony amphitheater, roughly oval, about a mile long and half a mile across at its widest part. Ordnance was right; Galor was a pass—for mountaineers who can climb like goats. And reconnaissance was right; Galor was a cul-de-sac—for booted infantrymen. We fired volley after volley after them as they swarmed up the cliffs in the fading light, and brought down half a dozen. Then they were gone. As cease-fire sounded, there was a tremendous explosion in our rear, and a rumble of falling rock.

The Galorians had blown up the mouth of the defile. That is to say, they had toppled down a huge mass of overhanging stone from the lip of a high precipice, and so caught the 47th Battalion bodily; lock, stock and barrel; bag and baggage.

"Well, sir?" I said to Orlik.

He said, "Tomorrow we must look about us and, if necessary, fortify and hold our position until relieved."

"Hold our position, sir?" I said. "Our position is holding us."

"We may congratulate ourselves on having got in our ammunition, provisions and medical supplies," said he.

"I rather imagine, sir, that the Galorians particularly wanted us to bring these things—held the door open for them, so to speak."

"Are you insinuating that I walked into a trap, Major Hieron?"

"I insinuate nothing, sir," I said. "I

merely indicate that we are trapped."

"We will fortify and hold until relieved," said Orlik.

I discussed the matter, then, with the lieutenant colonel of engineers, who swore bitterly and said, "What does the madman want? Abatis, scarps and counterscarps, palisades, fraises, parapets and banquettes—or something? Where does he think we are? I can fill a few hundred sandbags if he likes, by scraping these rocks. But . . . goddamn it all, man, doesn't he know the first thing about the Galorians?"

"Not if it isn't in the official handbooks."

"That sortie of theirs, today, was a joke. It isn't their style at all. A firm rest and a long, cool shot—that's their specialty. You've heard tales of their marksmanship. I dare say?"

I said, "I've heard that at the age of eleven, a Galorian boy is sent out alone with a rifle and four rounds of ammunition. He is expected to bring home a wild goat, a bear, and an eagle shot on the wing. The fourth round is in case of emergencies. If the boy comes home with less than the prescribed bag, he is horribly humiliated. So I've heard."

"It's true. They use a small hard-nosed bullet and a whacking great charge of powder. Half a mile is spitting distance to a Galorian sharpshooter. Did you hear any bullets whistling past your ear today?"

"Now that I come to think of it, no."

"You wouldn't have, because they simply don't miss. They aren't a bloodthirsty people. They just want our ammunition, and some sugar and flour and stuff. That ape of an Orlik has violated what they call 'immemorial usage.' Everybody who passes this way gives the Galorians something or other—if only a handful of salt. It wouldn't be too late now, I imagine."

"I can just see Orlik 'paying tribute' to mountaineers!" I said.

"Well," said the engineer, "we don't stand a dog's chance. We can't climb those cliffs, and it'll take me a month to shift that rockfall. The quartermaster tells me we have grub enough for about a fortnight, stretching it a bit . . . There's plenty of water, if that's any consolation. Listen, Hieron, why don't you have an accident cleaning your pistol, and shoot him in the head? We'll stand by you."

"I can't," I said. "Much as I personally despise the man, I've sworn my oath."

"I was only joking," the lieutenant colonel said. But I knew that he was not joking.

. . .

As the sun came over the rim of the stone fish kettle in which we were imprisoned, a brown-clad man seemed to run like a fly down the sheer face of the rock, and came toward us. He was a typi-



"Now we're getting somewhere!"

cal Galorian—tall, thin, pale-eyed and dignified—but was unarmed. In the lingua franca of the Combined Nations, he asked to speak to our commander. Colonel Orlik looked at him with distaste and asked him what he wanted.

The Galorian said, "You have violated our neutrality, but perhaps it was a mistake. You have killed one hundred and three of our men. We shall therefore kill one hundred and three of your men—no less, but no more. Then, if you will pay us a little compensation, we will convey you with ropes over the cliffs and set you down safely on the western plateau."

"What?" shouted Colonel Orlik.

"A hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, and whatever salt, sugar, flour and tobacco you can spare. If you wish us not to take life for life, you will please pay us double this quantity of goods."

Orlik said, "A lucky day, indeed, when a colonel of the Combined Nations discusses terms with a dirty hillman! Take him away."

"But, sir, please to reconsider. Your main column is twenty days' march away. Tomorrow, the next day, it will be engaged, left, right and center by shock troops of the Allied Powers—with artillery. You cannot be relieved for a month, two months; and if we choose, we can——"

"Not another word! If you were not a messenger, I'd have you shot like a dog. Away with him!"

The Galorian sighed, bowed and left the tent.

Two hours later, the sniping began. There never was such marksmanship. Between seven o'clock and noon, the Galorians fired some 40 shots from extreme range, and every shot told. We counted 36 dead—shot clean through the head—and 4 wounded. I told the company commanders to let their men reply with an occasional volley, for morale's sake; but it was powder and shot thrown away. The mountaineers were picking us off at their leisure. Soon, the entire battalion was cringing behind whatever cover we could improvise, praying for nightfall. The lieutenant colonel of engineers said to me, "Orlik really is out of his mind. He's walking around with the executive sergeant, poking his fingers into messins and asking, 'Any complaints?' It's all over the battalion that he could settle for some ammo and provisions, and the temper of the men's ugly, damned ugly."

An old senior captain said, "I can hold my fellows another day, perhaps two. After that, I can't answer for 'em. I hope I know my duty; but frankly, Adjutant, my heart isn't in this. It's womanish perversity, wanton waste of life!"

I told him that he was wasting his breath. "Law and tradition will justify



*"It's not as if I were looking for sex or drugs.
All I want is a lousy glass of beer."*

our staying and getting wiped out; whereas capitulation is open to criticism. You've been in hopeless situations before. Make the best of this one. Keep your men to whatever dead ground you can find, and keep your fingers crossed."

The senior captain growled that it was not a question of making the best of a bad job. "Orlik hasn't merely thrown us away—he's given the enemy a new ally, and a valuable ally; and he's lost us the whole campaign, most likely."

The captain of reconnaissance said, "I've been over this terrain with a fine comb, and there's no way out. I could climb some of those cliffs if I were making a holiday of it, with alpenstocks and ropes, and hooks and stuff. But not otherwise. For God's sake, Hicron, see what you can do with Orlik. Otherwise, we'll have no alternative but to protest en masse, every man jack of us officers. Do something—anything!"

By the end of the following day, our casualties numbered 103.

The sniping stopped. The thin brown mountaineer came into camp again and, bowing to Orlik, said, "The blood count is even. Must this go on, sir? We can still be friends."

Orlik replied, "Go back and tell your verminous friends that if they do not show us a way out of this rattrap, I shall come up there and kill every male mem-

ber of your tribe over the age of fourteen. Go!"

This brings me to that part of the Galorian affair to which I am the only living witness, and concerning which I have until now kept a tight mouth.

• • •

The battalion executive sergeant came to me and gave me a bit of paper upon which one Rifleman Sant, No. 228-9892, had written a request for a private interview with the commanding officer. The document was initialed by the company sergeant and the company officer. According to procedure—upon which Orlik insisted even in these circumstances—I, as adjutant, was to have Sant marched in and then, if I saw fit, put him on C.O.'s orders.

I said, "Any idea of what this man wants, Executive Sergeant?"

"No, sir. According to regulations, the man's entitled to a private interview. Legally entitled."

"Yes. Is he one of these barrack-room lawyers? He'd better not be, for his own sake, you know."

"Yes, sir, I know. No, sir, I don't think he is. I'm told he's funny in the head."

"In what way?"

"He has dreams, sir, that sometimes come true."

"Piffle!"

"Yes, sir. It seems he's had a dream 303

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about the commanding officer. Won't say what it is, sir, but insists it's very important."

"Do his dreams come true, Executive Sergeant?"

"I don't know, sir. They say so. But a rifleman will say anything."

"March him in, anyway."

Sant marched in smartly enough and stood at attention, a big blond fellow with a great broad face and simple gray eyes. I said to him, "You must first state your business to me."

"Sir." He looked troubled. "Permission to speak, sir?"

"Go on, man, go on."

"It's about a dream I had last night, sir."

"Last night. June third. Proceed. But if this is frivolous, I'll have your hide."

"Yes, sir. I dreamed that I was walking about the camp here with you, sir. Only I wasn't *me*—I was Colonel Orlik."

"Oh, indeed? And what were you thinking of?"

The man's embarrassment was painful to see. He said, "Nothing, sir. I was trying to think of something, but I couldn't think of anything at all. I . . . it was only in the dream, sir . . . I, I mean the colonel, was thinking of my mother. Beg pardon, sir; I was saying to myself, 'Mummy, help me, help me,' and playing with a picture of an old lady."

"You are out of your mind."

"Yes, sir. The picture was in a locket. My identity disk on a gold chain was a locket, and this colored picture of this pretty old lady inside it was my mother. My hands were behind my back, and I was turning the locket round and round, and saying, 'Mummy, help me.' You, sir, excuse me, sir, were walking behind me. We went left, and then right to where some new sandbags were up, and I noticed that one of the top bags was torn. The dirt had run out and there was a kind of hollow place on top, about as big as my two hands. And I said, 'Slovenly, that!' Then my identity bracelet fell off and came open. You picked it up and handed it to me. I said, 'That is a portrait of my mother, Major Hieron.' Then I turned to look over the parapet where the bag was torn . . ."

I asked, "And then?"

"Then I wasn't there anymore. I was somebody else, somewhere else, thinking in a different language."

"What language?"

"I don't know, sir. I was only *thinking* in it. I was—I'm sorry, sir, it was only in the dream—a Galorian, up there in the rocks. But I was an outlaw Galorian, a thief, one of a little tribe of bandits, sir. And I was hidden in the rocks, looking down the barrel of a long rifle. The sun was at my back, and going down, and I was thinking to myself that soon it wouldn't be light enough to shoot by; but I'd killed five of us that day, I was thinking. I was uncomfortable, sir, and

thirsty. I had been eating goat-meat sausage and sheep's-milk cheese, and drinking some kind of honey beer, and I wanted a cold drink of water. I looked at that little waterfall at the narrow end of this valley, sir, and wanted some of it."

"And woke up thirsty, I dare say?"

"No, sir. I found myself laughing to myself and thinking what fools we—the 47th Heavies, sir—were. What fools we were. And what fools the other Galorians were, too. Because I knew a secret only the outlaws knew. I saw in my mind's eye—that is, the mind's eye of the person I was inside of in my dream—the back of the waterfall. Behind the waterfall I saw a cave with two branches. One branch—the one on the right—led down into an underground lake. But the other went up and up. Thousands and thousands of years ago, the people who built the ruined temple above the citadel—"

I said, "What the devil is the man talking about?"

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "I knew that above the citadel up there, there's a ruined temple, avoided because it is haunted. The people who built that, ever so long ago, cut a back way in and out of the temple, leading to a long, long cave that led right down the mountain to here, sir. They even cut steps in the rock, sir. The cave leads from here to a stone door in the courtyard of the temple. The bandit tribe know of it, sir—it's their secret, handed down from father to son. But nobody else knows. And so I was thinking that if the people in the valley knew about this, they could come up quietly by night and a couple of hundred men could take Galoria. Then I saw a star."

"What star?"

"I was looking down my rifle, toward our camp, sir; and just at the top of a parapet of sandbags, where there was a tiny little hollow, I saw a gold star, which I knew was a badge on an officer's helmet. My sights were on this star, sir. My rifle was on a rest of rock, and perfectly steady. I couldn't miss. I fired, and as I fired I *knew* that my bullet would hit that star dead center . . . And then I—me, myself, you see, sir—I knew that that star was the colonel's star, and the mountaineer's bullet had hit it clean in the middle and gone right through."

"And then?"

"Then I woke up, sir."

"And you felt a need to tell us all about this, is that it?"

"I don't know, sir . . . I just thought . . ."

"You thought what?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you often dream like that?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"And . . . ?"

"I don't know, sir."

I thought, *It doesn't take a fortune-teller to interpret that dream of yours, my friend. You want to get out of this*

valley. I don't blame you. You want to shoot the colonel. I don't blame you. I said, "You are a half-witted fool. You will keep this balderdash to yourself and not repeat it to a living soul."

"Yes, sir."

"It is lucky for you that I do not permit you to take up the commanding officer's morning with this tripe. He'd put you on field punishment for wasting his time."

"Yes, sir."

"Report to the medical officer and ask him to give you a powerful purgative."

"Yes, sir."

"Fall in!"

When the rifleman was gone, the executive sergeant said, "I warned him to think better of it, sir."

"A fine time for dreaming!"

"Those were my words to the man, sir."

We listened. The 47th was pouring bullets into the surrounding crags. Tension was drawing tighter. The executive sergeant said, "We can't take very many more days of this, sir, can we?"

I said, "I am sure that Colonel Orlik has a plan maturing."

"Yes, sir," said he, knowing as well as I that, behind Orlik's square, stern, handsome, brooding face, there was something like the Nothing the rifleman had felt in his dream.

Late that afternoon, Orlik said to me, "Let us have a look at our defenses." He led me from barricade to makeshift barricade. It was impossible not to envy his air of assured knowledge and his confident demeanor. He strode ahead, his hands behind him under the skirt of his tunic. We were approaching H Company's lines when I saw something flash and heard it tinkle on the dusty ground.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, and stooped to pick it up. It was Orlik's identity bracelet. The chain was of gold, as I had often observed; but I had never guessed that the tag was a hinged locket. It had come open in falling, and I saw that it contained a pretty miniature, in oils, of a doll-like old lady, all pink and silvery white, with turquoise eyes.

As I handed it to him he reddened, snapped the locket shut, replaced the bracelet on his right wrist and said, coloring slightly, "That is a portrait of my mother, Major Hieron."

"A most charming—" I began.

But Orlik shouted, "Hey! What's this? What the devil's this?" And he pointed to one of the top sandbags on a parapet. It had been carelessly packed, in the first place. Now, a rip in the sack- ing had let out a quantity of earth, so that the bag was slightly indented in the middle. As a sergeant sprang to attention, and several riflemen stood, staring, Orlik said, "Slovenly! Slovenly!"

As he turned back to the parapet to point, I said, "Pardon me, sir. May I borrow your helmet for a moment?" In-

stinct made me blurt it out; if I had thought twice, I might have kept silent. He took off his helmet and handed it to me. Orlik preferred to be seen bareheaded, having a lofty, leonine head. Feeling slightly foolish, I hung the helmet on the little vinewood cane officers always carried in those days, and raised it to cover the indentation in the sandbag.

Orlik opened his mouth to speak, but then there was a loud *clank!* as of a cowbell, and the helmet went spinning away. A soldier picked it up and brought it back to Orlik, who turned it over and over in his hands. A mountaineer's bullet had struck it in the center of the gold-painted star in front and passed right through. Orlik said, "You see the danger of slovenliness. You see the necessity of keeping your heads down. I hope this demonstration convinces you." And they gaped at him as if he had arranged the whole matter.

Walking on, carrying the perforated helmet by its chin strap (the ragged edge of the bullet hole in front would have scratched his forehead), he said, "I'll have it filed smooth, but I shall leave the holes. It will be a memento."

I think I knew, in that moment, that Orlik was earmarked for the Hall of Fame. I simply said, "After sunset, Colonel, I think I'll sniff around a little with reccy."

He said, "Yes, Hieron, try your luck with reconnaissance, by all means. But take care. I can't afford to lose you just yet."

"Thanks," I said, and went to see the captain. I said to him, "Reccy, I have an idea, a wild idea. Something about that waterfall—perhaps the way it falls, I don't know what—suggests to my mind the possibility of a cave behind it. Can we go and look?"

He replied, "I don't see why not. I've often come across caves behind waterfalls. I don't see what good it'd do us if there were such a cave. Still, let's go and have a look."

After dark, the mountaineers fired only at exposed lights. We made our way to the waterfall at the narrow end of the valley. The reconnaissance captain went through the waterfall first, with a rope about his waist and a waterproof ground sheet over his head. I followed. We found ourselves in a low, damp cave. The falling water formed a curtain behind which it was safe to strike a light.

"Goddamn me to hell!" cried reccy. "Do you see what I see?"

I said, "I see stairs."

"Come on, then!"

Thus, before dawn, I shook Orlik awake and whispered, "I've found a way through. Beyond the waterfall—a series of passages that lead up to a place within the walls of the Galoria citadel itself! Let me pick three hundred men and I can take it tomorrow night."

"Why only three hundred?" he asked.

"Because," I said, "if the Galorians see

that the whole battalion has disappeared, they'll wonder where to. Let the majority keep up a noisy fire from down here. Pretend to storm one of the slopes. When I break out our flag up there, then you follow with the rest—"

"Yes, yes, yes," said this extraordinary fellow, testily, as if I were interrupting some well-conceived train of thought. "Yes, yes, yes. I had considered that. It is a question of detail, of detail, of that minute detail without close attention to which the most deeply laid plan may miscarry . . ."

So I planted the green-and-gold banner of the Combined Nations in the Galorian citadel. Orlik followed with the rest of the 47th Heavy Infantry.

And in Galoria, Orlik and I quarreled. His imbecile condescension was more than I could bear. I said to him, at last, "You utter ass, you are not even entitled to wear those holes in your silly

helmet! I wish I had dropped dead before I remembered Sant's dream and acted on it!"

"Remembered what?"

I told him, then, of that strange double-bodied—or disembodied—vision of Rifleman Sant on the night of June third. He said, "And Executive Sergeant Allory was a witness to this most unlikely business, Major Hieron?"

"He was."

"Inconveniently for you, he was killed in the first assault on the citadel."

"Are you calling me a liar, sir?"

"No, no. I think you are a little excited. You have no other witnesses, then?"

"There's Sant himself, of course, if he's still alive."

Orlik sent for an executive sergeant. "Find one Rifleman Sant."

"That would be the one they call 'Dreamer' Sant, sir? H Company, Number 228-9892."

I said, "That is he."

Sant came at last. "Stand easy," said Orlik. "Major Hieron tells me that you have been in the habit of dreaming about me. Eh?"

"Not in the habit, sir. Only that once."

"Only which once?"

Sant counted on his fingers, and said, "June third, sir."

"Oh," said Orlik, turning over a little pile of duty sheets. "I do not ask you, Sant, what you dreamed. I only ask you if you did."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"On the night of June third?"

"Yes, sir."

"Attention!" Orlik shouted, and the unhappy rifleman stiffened. "Executive Sergeant, I call you to witness that this impudent fellow actually affirms that he dreamed dreams on the night of June third!"

"Yes, sir," said the executive sergeant.

"And at what time did you dream these dreams of yours, Sant? Speak up!"

"Around about one in the morning, I think, sir."

"You were asleep, then?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"But I have it here in the duty sheet that you were on guard duty at Subsection F on that date, from 2400 to 0400 hours."

"Ye . . . yes, sir."

"Then you confess that you were asleep on sentry duty whilst on active service?"

"I . . . I must have dozed off for a minute, sir. I'd had a double spell—"

"I'm sorry to hear it, very sorry, indeed. You know that the law provides only one punishment for the offense you confess to having committed?"

Sant said, hoarsely, "Yes, sir."

"Executive Sergeant," said Orlik, "take away this man's side arms and place him under close arrest. Charge: sleeping on sentry duty whilst on active service and in line of battle. He has pleaded guilty. Have you anything to say, Sant?"

"It was only for a minute, sir. Please, sir, I've got an old mother."

"Take him away."

Alone with Orlik, I said, "You swine! And at the sandbags you were whimpering to yourself, 'Help me, Mummy, help me!'"

His face became damp and gray. He moistened his lips and said, "Hieron, I have given you ample credit in dispatches. What is it you want of me?"

The anger was drained out of me. I said, "Let that poor devil go, and let us say no more about the matter."

"So be it," he said, and did as I asked. And I have said nothing but good of Orlik until this moment.



"I want to see 'The World's Greatest Producer'!"

GOD BLESS THE GENTILE (continued from page 188)

of its own accord. The Germans hated the Versailles Treaty, they hated the inflation and the unemployment, conditions for which there were not any viable short-range solutions. But anti-Semitism cuts through the economic and political and historical abstractions, and pins a faceless, ubiquitous enemy to the wall. Thus the Nazis found the devil who caused their troubles: the Jew.

This is not a process Hitler invented. Anti-Semites have a natural facility for this maneuver. My friends, let's face it—anti-Semitism cannot possibly be explained; it can merely be recounted.

In 1913, Tom Watson of Georgia, an old Populist who was then out of elective office, regained political power with the anti-Semitism he poured forth in his newspaper, *The Weekly Jeffersonian*. Georgia was literally destitute. The price of cotton had dropped to five cents a pound. Farmers burned it for fuel. The average wage in the mill villages was 20 cents an hour for an 11-hour day. Then on Confederate Memorial Day, April 26, 1913, someone murdered a little factory girl named Mary Phagan. The police arrested her boss, Leo Frank, the superintendent of the National Pencil Company, the last man to see Mary alive, when she had come that Saturday noon to collect her pay. Leo Frank, in Tom Watson's hands, soon became the symbol of everything that oppressed Georgia. He was the Northern employer, the Jewish capitalist, the college-educated snob who desecrated virgins. That Frank was innocent made no difference: that his trial judge doubted his guilt, that two justices of the Georgia Court of Appeals doubted, that Justices Holmes and Hughes of the United States Supreme Court doubted, that Governor John Slaton doubted to the degree that he commuted the sentence made no difference.

Whipped on by the talented polemics of Watson, a well-trained band of men calling themselves the Knights of Mary Phagan broke into the Milledgeville Prison, seized Frank, drove him 170 miles over backwoods roads and hanged him from an oak tree near the house in which Mary Phagan had been born. Tom Watson went to the Senate after campaigning on the Leo Frank case.

More than contributing to the agony of the innocent Leo Frank, Tom Watson also sparked the only European-type pogrom America has experienced. A boycott of epidemic proportions drove 100 Jewish families from Georgia. Physical intimidation of Jews was commonplace for the next few years.

Tom Watson of Georgia is an excellent example of the factors involved that make a man an anti-Semite: an alcoholic with a hacking cough; a politician whose influence wanes; a small merchant for whom the competition is too tough; the

fellow who can't keep a decent job. Give him the panacea—anti-Semitism—and each is on his way. As an active anti-Semite, he suddenly feels an attachment for a cause as old as history itself. Yesterday he was a nobody—today he is a warrior ready to do battle for mankind against a "shrewd" eternal race.

And why the Jews?

There are Jews who have assayed better answers than I can offer. Shmyra Levin wrote, "Where planes meet, friction begins." The Jews and the Christians "met" long ago. The Jew bears an identity with every step of the Christian's way: with his birth, his marriage, his Church and his death. The Jew is identified with the Man on the Cross, his birth, his death, his Second Coming, and with the life everlasting.

Chaim Weizmann said, "We are a cinder in their eye." And Sigmund Freud, expanding on his theory of the Oedipus complex, theorized: "The Jews had a father religion and the Christians a son religion and the subconscious wish is to kill the father from time to time."

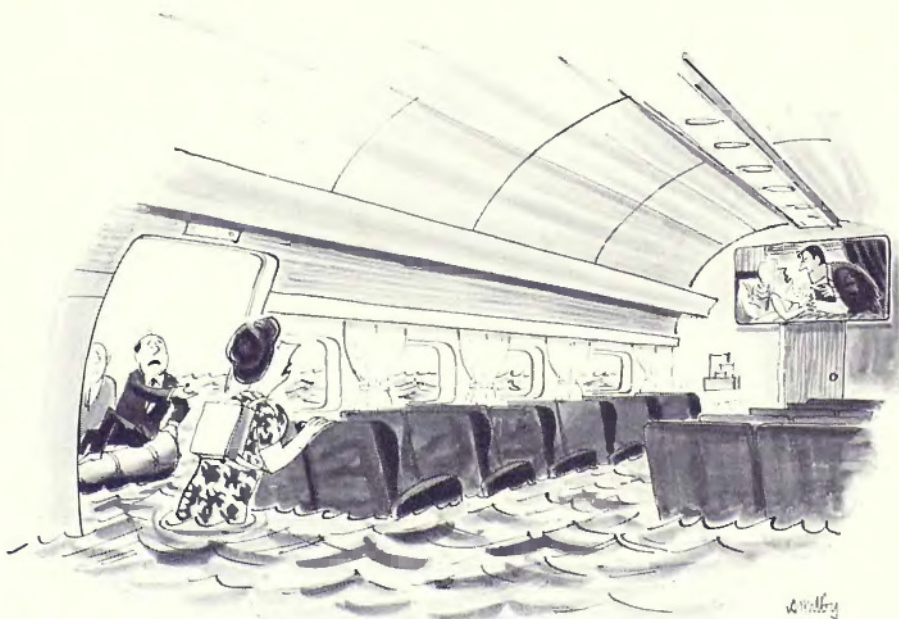
In discussing the origins of modern anti-Semitism, Miriam Beard suggests that the mythical Nordic innocents of the pre-Jewish, pre-mercantile era were thought of as "swashbuckling D'Artagnans scattering louis d'or without thought of the morrow . . . indeed the burden of guilt [of inventing capitalism] was laid upon the Jew who was supposed to have misled the gentiles away from the Table Round to the stock market."

There is the apocryphal story of the

anti-Semitic poster nailed to the bulletin board of a Vienna steel factory that detailed all the troubles the Jews had caused. Commented one worker to another with a shrug, "There'll be another wage cut on Monday."

Nor must we forget the value of anti-Semitism as a gauge of self-respect and proof of individual worth to the gentile middle class and poor. Jean-Paul Sartre believes the Dreyfus case was a boon to the bourgeoisie of France, ". . . it opened the doors of the aristocracy to them." A Frenchman could say, "I am no janitor, I'm an anti-Dreyfusard!"

Let's talk about these "social" restrictions for a moment. In Charlotte, for example, the grandson of a Jewish merchant who donated money to help the city pay its schoolteachers during an economic crisis in the 1870s cannot join the City (luncheon) Club, but a newly arrived (gentile) branch manager from Ohio is immediately welcomed with open arms. This situation exists throughout the country, and there's more to it than the usual excuse that the country club and the "downtown" luncheon club are private organizations. We are a socially oriented society. The contract for the new school is discussed over lunch at this "exclusive" club; the city council often meets there and the artist in town for a concert that evening is entertained there. But much more is involved. I had a bit of a grant in 1950 to study this problem. I spoke with managing directors of a number of major corporations, all of whom employ Jews in their research, engineering and sales departments—in the metropolitan areas. They did not say as much, but I was left with



"Helen—for heaven's sake—is it that important how it ends?"

the unmistakable impression that they would not promote a Jew to a regional managerial position, no matter how qualified and deserving. Such a position requires total social integration at the local level—the country club, the downtown club, the entertaining at one another's homes—and a wife who would be socially acceptable, immediately.

I do not know how it is in other parts of the country, but in the South the wife is the key to this complete social acceptance. This enables the Southerner to move through two worlds, one populated by ordinary creatures and one populated by his wife. He need never commit himself socially with the people he meets unless he commits his wife. I have known Jewish merchants in the South with a record of business success and civic works who have lived in their community for over a quarter of a century in good fellowship with their fellow gentile businessmen but who have never met the wives.

I recall a question I once put to a Christian missionary whose denomination supported a "Mission to the Jews." I asked him how come he and his fellow missionaries were so anxious to save me, to have me join them in heaven through all eternity, but they wouldn't let me join the City Club where I'd come only once or twice a month for a comparatively limited number of years?

All of this is not as sad as it sounds, because the restrictions do tend to accelerate the Jew's competitive drive. The poet Heine said it over a century ago: "We must be twice as good to get half as much." And it should be remembered, too, that in America these restrictions have never been sanctioned by either law or public opinion.

These restrictions grew up in snobbery. Anyone can trace the vein of anti-Semitism that ran through American literature in the 1920s. That vein was nourished by such antipathy as collected around aliens such as Sacco and Vanzetti; it was fed by Mitchell Palmer, the Attorney General who arrested and deported radical foreigners by the boatload; by the Ku Klux Klan, which redefined America as containing only white Protestants of northern European origin.

Forty years ago, some of our most famous writers felt that the threat of the Jew was not to the true faith or to the pocketbook but to the social structure. The Nobel Prize-winning poet T. S. Eliot was one of the pioneers in the expression of genteel anti-Semitism. In his well-known poem *Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar*, Eliot complains not that Bleistein is a Jew but that he has pretensions to culture in a world wracked by social disorder and instability. It dismays him that a Chicago "Semite" invades the museum to gape at a painting by Canaletto.

Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, who could not agree why the

rich were different from the rest of us, did agree on the Jew. Robert Cohn of *The Sun Also Rises* and Meyer Wolfsheimer of *The Great Gatsby* are no doubt genuine literary creations, but they are also dehumanized figures, deliberately graceless, with no compassion offered.

But if we are to isolate the disease of anti-Semitism, we cannot locate it by an examination of the Jew. It is the anti-Semite who is sick, misinformed, hateful and unfair. For, indeed, anti-Semitism is isolated in the mind of the anti-Semite, the man whom Eric Hoffer called the "hitchhiker of mankind" in his little treatise *The True Believer*. To this "hitchhiker," anti-Semitism offers an immediate hope of help as well as a sense of participation in something as important as saving the world.

Perhaps most important of all inspirations, the anti-Semite often burns with a consuming hatred of Jesus, which he prudently expresses against the people who produced him. Hating Jews also allows the anti-Semite to strike blows against the restricting ethics of Christianity without risking his standing in the community.

There are other reasons why men become anti-Semites. It is nearly always profitable. Whole duchies once existed on a Jewish "life" tax and on periodic confiscation of Jewish property. Some men have become anti-Semites because their teeth hurt, or because they are sexually impotent, or because they are just plain insane. But whether insane or opportunists, they are always alert to the "devil" of the moment, the devil who has just invested the Jews. In this decade, of course, that devil is Bolshevism.

A century ago, and even less, counting Tom Watson, the devil was capitalism. Brooks Adams never recovered from his melancholia induced by the Jews because they "invented" money and thus "... gave rise to the bourgeoisie that destroyed the world of priests, knights, peasants and artisans." Hugh Dorsey, who prosecuted Leo Frank, asked the defendant's mother, "Is it not true you own stocks and bonds on Wall Street?" The devil of capitalism invested Jews for over a century.

A famous Southern tent evangelist, Reverend Mordecai Ham, lived long enough to embrace both ends of modern anti-Semitism. In the early 1920s the evangelist inveighed against Jewish "international bankers," and in the 1940s old Ham charged the same Jewish "international bankers" with conspiring to destroy free enterprise.

In reaction to all of this, the modern Jew has almost always thrown himself into the struggle for liberal causes, because the Jew believes the liberal cause he espouses at the moment will benefit the general population. He wants the gentile to have more and more peace of mind—Social Security, hospital insur-

ance, full employment and pensions, a dozen TVAs if necessary.

The Jew knows that the state of the economy is an important factor in the rise and fall of anti-Semitism. In Russia, the pogroms came at a period of almost unbelievable poverty of the peasant; in France in the 1890s, it was the disaster following military defeat and the depression following the Panama Canal swindles; in Germany, it was the defeat of the war machine in 1918, the inflation and the economic collapse. And in the state of Georgia in 1913, it was the poverty of the tenant farmer and the frustration of the mill hand who was getting 20 cents an hour in the cotton mills. Anti-Semitism really turns on two things: the state of the economy and the mental state of the individual anti-Semite.

But this is *our* big advantage. The anti-Semite, no matter how talented, *must* pray that his country and its people meet with some major disaster—plague, famine, economic disruption or military defeat; otherwise he talks into the wind, even if he's as talented as Hitler, Watson or Drumont.

At a convention of the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, which I addressed in Chicago, I told the delegates: "You may not know it, but there are five and a half million Jews in America praying for you fellows every day. They don't go into synagogues and pray, but I believe most of them somehow utter a prayer for you, hope that your children are healthy, that you remain prosperous and that you never have bad luck. Because when the gentile is in trouble, the Jew catches hell."

The Jew knows the anti-Semite can give him hell and still retain and perhaps enlarge his standing in the community. While anti-Semitism has never been as respectable in America as it has in Europe, no one goes to jail for it.

Well, no one asks a man to love a Jew simply because he is a Jew. That is a bargain not much better than anti-Semitism. That is not the point at all. As Isaac Babel, the Jewish writer, once remarked, it is impossible to live without enemies. The point is that the anti-Semite's sole purpose in life is to do harm to other human beings—men, women and children indiscriminately, because they happen to be Jewish—men, women and children who never did him any harm, whom he does not even know.

But the anti-Semite who wishes to remain civilized can do so in only one way: He must renounce his religious creed that descends from one of the Semitic religions—Judaism, Christianity or Islam—and he must dispense with the clergyman's last words over his remains: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob," if a Protestant, and "Into the bosom of Abraham," if a Catholic.

He should live so long.



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SEVEN COFFINS (continued from page 199)

commingled with suspense, increased its grip on our frightened company. Next? Three more passengers must die, before the hunger of those coffins would be satisfied. There were still 39 days to go. All seven coffins must be loaded full. Fancifully, my thoughts raced forward. Near Bombay the coffins claimed their fifth victim, and something akin to panic swept our stricken ship. Now, I thought, we must get some philosophy into this morbid little tale. Why do people die? At the moment when life has no more to give them? No—not necessarily—because the sixth victim was a four-year-old girl, her life not formed. That death, from an absurdly inconsequential fall, took place in the Indian Ocean, as the Horn of Africa, a dark bull, rose in the mists ahead. How does fate pick and choose? With what dire capriciousness does it descend? Who will be next? Is there no answer to the puzzles of the universe? We floated the length of the pellucid Mediterranean, and then on a moonlit night off Tangier came a strangled yelp of anguish from cabin 86. Seventh . . .

A crash woke me out of my concentration. There came a peculiar grinding shift in the ship's motion. I felt the Capricornus rise out of the sea from the stern, flounder and then settle back with a series of loud, flat, zigzag bangs. We must have been lifted right out of the water so that the screws were exposed. Glasses, dishes, ashtrays slid off tables; stewards ran; a woman screamed. I was so shaken that I could not work out details of the seventh death. Could the coffins be clamoring for us, even now?

That evening, immediately after dinner, bracing myself along the narrow streets of the ship, I returned to my cabin and, using my old trunk tipped on end as a kind of table, wrote at wild, exhilarated speed a draft of this story.

The next morning I woke up late, tried to adjust myself to the ship's roll, and could not at first remember whether the episode of the coffins was real or if I had dreamed it. But there, neatly stacked on the edge of the flat old trunk, were a dozen or more pages in close handwriting. I opened the trunk and, without reading them, stuffed the pages in.

The R. M. S. Capricornus was not particularly crowded, since the cruise passengers were not yet aboard, and I had a cabin to myself. But it was set low in the ship, and very small.

"You'll be needing your dinner suit pressed for tonight," the steward said when he came with my breakfast. He held the tray on a sharp slant, to make up for the list of the cabin. The steward's face seemed to hold an aware, welcoming and surprised permanent smile;

he had glazed red cheeks, as if the blood would at any moment flow to the surface, and a small, strong ball of chin.

The steward went on, "It's blowing up something lively, and no mistake about it." The cabin creaked, and he lurched sideways sharply. "Glass down to your knees. This trunk, sir," the steward continued. "We'll have to lash it down or send it to the baggage room."

"Look out," I said. "It's heavy."

"Heavy is the word for it, sir." He was trying to lift it onto the bunk above mine, after discovering that it would not fit underneath.

"Won't do," he said. "If it catches you falling, it could smash your leg."

"OK, have it taken to the baggage room."

Now I should explain that I am a hoarder, and I have been a hoarder all my life. In that trunk, carefully packed, was the sum total of my life so far. Perhaps I should also explain that I had had a remarkably lucky and fruitful 14 months in London. I had met artists, musicians, journalists and writers by the score. In those days, youthful American journalists were a comparatively rare phenomenon in London (most of my kind went to Paris), and my job had given me enthralling opportunities. No people are as genuinely kind as the British. And so in my trunk were innumerable mementos of my visit. Perhaps it was silly of me to treasure them so immeasurably. A letter from Joseph Conrad; an autographed book from H. G. Wells; a sketch signed by Augustus John; clippings of all the news stories I had written; all the notes I had carefully taken on various conversations with the eminent; my diary; and, of course, my manuscripts, including 40,000 words of a novel. I had never had time to type these out. That could wait. And I had further treasures, which went right down to the roots of my past, because, when I had left New York to go to London, I had taken with me all my earlier stock of precious possessions. Letters from my girl, and from other girls; some books carefully annotated; my scrapbook of work done for the *Sentinel* in New York, with the clippings held on big buff pages with rows of gluey dots; snapshots; pictures; and, above all, notes, notes, notes, out of which would come stories, stories, stories—all of this had gone into the trunk and had given me joy in London and would be a source of delight to me, as well as a brain bank, an idea bank, a memory bank, for years to come.

Even that old trunk itself had a savor and a special memory for me. It was the kind called in that era a "steamer" trunk (perhaps they are still called that): broad, flat, bound by wooden slats on a fibrous ocher frame; shabby, splintered; but my

own; and equipped with a big brass lock that swung loosely on a swivel. My family had used it for years for summer trips from New Jersey up to Maine and back, and my mother gave it to me when I set out for London.

I had gone to London because compulsion drove me there. I wanted to live abroad and alone and, if necessary, starve in a garret in the accepted literary fashion. Of course, my girl was mixed up with all of this. We had had a quarrel—or perhaps I should say misunderstanding—when she could no longer accept with grace my indecisiveness, and she spurned me or I spurned her; people really did use words like spurn in those days. And now I was going back to her. But was I? I thought of her straight fall of yellow hair, her widely set straight-ahead blue eyes—sunshine in the morning, light on a pool of wheat. I was mad about her, yes. But now I had the strange feeling that she had somehow become incidental to this whole mysterious process. What counted, so to speak, was the architecture of my own life, its essential body and design, which, such was my youth and inexperience, I still thought I could control. It was time for me to be coming home, and that was all there was to it.

I would certainly miss London, though. I had built up some wonderful relationships there. I thought of my boss, who wore knife-edge shiny white collars on blue shirts and enjoyed the game of golf. I thought of the acrid bile-colored fog and the house in Bloomsbury where I had a room and which gave the impression that everything in life had always been, and would always be, just so, and even of such sights as the array of large glazed hams at Fortnum & Mason that somehow reminded me of medieval warriors in cuirasses.

I finished breakfast—that first morning on the Capricornus—and felt green in the stomach. Tables in the dining saloon had been equipped with borders to keep the dishes from rolling off, and the stairways were crisscrossed with taut thongs to keep passengers from falling. With effort I reached the smoking room and looked out. Solid slabs of black water, veined like marble, crashed down on the deck, as the ship dipped, careened, rose on its haunches like a charger, shook itself, and seemed to pirouette, all 23,000 tons of it.

I made my way to the wireless room and sent my girl a radiogram. I wondered if she would reply. She was a reticent girl: not much given to extravagance or gestures. But with what quality for understanding!

The weight of the storm, its animal thrust and fury, increased all that day and became worse the next. On the





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third afternoon came the piano episode. The grand piano in the lounge burst loose from its thongs and, like an ivory elephant, slid charging across the salon, upsetting tables, smashing chairs and scattering passengers. I jumped up and tried to run uphill against the cant of the ship, and the piano, bearing down near me, plunged into a wall of potted palms, crushing them. First to one side, then the other, the piano chased us, as we scrambled to avoid it. We did not know whether to scream, cry or laugh hysterically. But this was no laughing matter. A steward, sliding down the slope of the room, was caught by the piano and pinned on the floor. The legs of the piano broke and, smashing against the podium, it turned over—and began to play!—that is, it gave forth weird hollow twangs as the keyboard was torn loose and its wiring ripped asunder.

To control this charging monster, subdue it, corral it, tie it fast again, took four men two solid hours.

Later that day we heard through the grapevine (which became an armored chain of rumor binding us together) that several accidents had occurred: Three passengers were in the ship's hospital with broken bones. We learned that the roll of the Capricornus had reached a fabulous degree, that the solid marble waves measured an unprecedented height, and that hatch number three had been broached and flooded. I struggled forward and stared out. The deck was a tangled mass of broken booms, cordage snapped and ventilators bent and swollen. And that was the night when those of us who were still capable of doing so gathered in the smoking room and heard the news that for 24 hours the Capricornus had not moved forward a single inch, but, indeed, had been blown backward off her course.

Even so, a modicum of normal ship-board life went on; a few hardy souls did what people always did on transatlantic liners in those days—argued unendingly about chances on the ship's pool, drank Black Velvet, listened to music like the *Meditation* from *Thais* and, assembling for dinner, put on evening shirts with stiff winged collars.

Our ship's company, typical of a winter crossing in that day, was not particularly distinguished. We had with us a covey of merchandise buyers, a professional gambler or two and smart, but somehow seedy, elderly ladies returning home after the autumn in Florence. I became part of a reasonably agreeable band of younger people, and we made our own adhesive small group in the forward bar. That evening I clambered toward our table, moving slowly up the incline made by the ship's slant, and met, as usual, the American consular attaché from Alexandria returning home on leave, the scholar in Old English who had just

put in a year at Oxford, the somewhat peremptory, stiff-necked architect with the highly polished fingernails, and a dreary young woman writer who wore her hair in a complicated bang and endlessly fiddled with heavy, ornate strings of beads.

On the fringe of our circle—romance!—was a king's messenger, whose name was Heard. He had risen to get a commission in the army and had been badly wounded in the last battle of the Marne. His rank, that of major, entitled him during the War to be known as a "t. g." or temporary gentleman, as the quaint phraseology of those days put it. Now his career as a courier for the Foreign Office was fixed and substantial, but he was a gloomy character. Since he knew everything that went on behind the scenes on the voyage, he was an invaluable source of scuttlebutt. He was the only male passenger who did not deign to dress for dinner. This night he told us that the latest word from the bridge was that we would be two full days late arriving in New York.

A radiogram arrived from my girl that night, saying that she would meet me at the pier. My heart danced. I trembled. So she really did want me back. And I thought of her divine youthful selfishness, her beautifully shaped head, and her eyes at once candid, guarded and serene.

The storm began to abate the next day. Blue water still slapped against my porthole and we did not seem to be able to get rid of the roll we had accumulated; but the worst was over. Now the surface of the sea resembled an iron skin, with wrinkled corrugations; along the crest of each swell there appeared white lines of icy foam, as if the sea itself had been cut by gashes and was tired out, panting, exhausted by its own titanic convulsion; these slashes in its surface gave it a chance to resume ordinary breath.

Late that afternoon I saw our captain for the first time; he had not left the bridge for 76 hours, and had had no sleep at all the two worst nights when we were hove to. He was walking down a forward corridor with a severe face and martinetlike brisk steps, with an engineer and the baggagemaster close behind him. Clearly he was in a rage, and he seemed to be persistently refusing to listen to what his underlings had to say. "But them coffins, sir—" I heard the baggagemaster expostulate, in the words of one who thought that explanation should produce forgiveness. The captain brushed past me and gave no answer to the baggagemaster. He kept making the gesture of a man washing his hands roughly; his teeth were clenched, and his face bore an expression of outrage, fury and dismay.

"Eard the news?" Major Heard, with

his throaty grumble, greeted me that evening. "Whole bloody baggage room was flooded—everything in it ground to bits. Going to make no end of trouble for all concerned, ould boy!"

I stared at him.

"My confidential bags are saife, of course, strapped down in the purser's office. But all the rest of it—fourteen bags was the sum total—is gone, lost! Not a traice remains!"

I felt faint. My trunk!

Major Heard explained what had happened. Those lead-lined coffins, pried loose from their niches in the hold by the tremendous crash of ocean water flooding hatch number three, had torn through the partition to the baggage room, and there, for two whole days, had made savage chaos. Surging from side to side, unfettered, they had crashed, banged and slammed through everything the hold contained. Deep in the pit of the ship, wallowing in several feet of water, they had ripped their way from bulkhead to bulkhead, grinding through trunks and packing cases, smashing crates, pulverizing boxes, tearing bags and bales apart, snapping bonds. Hour after hour for two whole days those coffins had careened back and forth, crushing, pounding, grinding—relentless, triumphant, possessed of a murderous uncontrollable will of their own—until everything in the baggage room was pulped.

I rushed to the purser's office, where a crowd had formed. The captain, with the purser at his side, stood before a

knot of gesticulating passengers. He waved aside the ejaculations of remonstrance, the angry threats, the unbelieving cries of protest, and said over and over again, doggedly and with his face blotched by shame, "Nothing whatever remains of anything deposited in the hold. The loss is total. Tons of water descended through the burst hatch, and certain objects unfortunately became loose and swirled through the water till everything was destroyed, ground to a pulp."

He marched briskly off.

In a smooth voice, the purser sought to give comfort. "Before the end of the voyage, list your claims and they will be dealt with by the proper authorities." A weeping woman clung to him. He slid away. "Excuse me, moddum, but I can do nothing about your shipment of lace. All objects have been obliterated."

My manuscripts, my letters, my books and records, my 40,000 words of novell!

It could not be true.

It was true.

As a newspaperman, I had certain inalienable privileges, one of which was the right of access, perhaps the most useful of all the properties a newspaperman possesses. I asked if I might see the damage for myself, and the same officer who had first pointed out the coffins to me on the Southampton dock was assigned to guide me. We went down and down, bouncing from one wall to the other—the ship still rolled like a coracle—until we reached a companionway ending in a locked door. The officer opened this, and I was able to peek down into the



"Alvin!"

abyss of the baggage room, as from a perch. I gasped. To a depth of about three feet, the baggage room was filled solid with an oscillating, gurgling mass of dark-gray mud. Riding this evil quagmire were the seven coffins, like chariots, still not bound.

"No doubt the mass will be dredged through by experts on our arrival in New York," my escort said. "Some jewels may be retrieved."

Jewels? But what about my work, my precious and irretrievable work? What about my words on paper? I had lost everything precious to me in a disaster that was, I now sensed, irrevocable. Forlorn, desolate, I returned to my cabin. What afflicted me most was the sense of sheer unreasonable loss, and I have resented this loss—actively resented it—for almost 40 years. I was certainly in no mood for philosophizing and I had utterly no use at that bleak moment for abstract thought, but I knew that never again would I be able to think that life, my life, had a fixed skeleton, the solidity of design, or an inner architecture; never again could I say that it would be

composed just so. Never again would I be able to assume that a man could control his own destiny. Perhaps, by some miracle, I might be able somehow to rewrite those 40,000 words of lost manuscript. (But I never did.) Even so, I could never be able to understand or forgive the utter capriciousness of this assault on the nature and continuity of my own existence. I thought again of that heaving mass of slimy, ugly mud. There in that odious and dismal grave lay my youth, wrecked.

Slowly we limped toward port under a sky dark but shiny with fins of rain. Now the rumor had it that the great muscles in the ship's hull itself had been mortally strained. There would be a long delay in New York: the cruise was canceled.

Were the coffins grinning? They had shown us ample foretaste of their power.

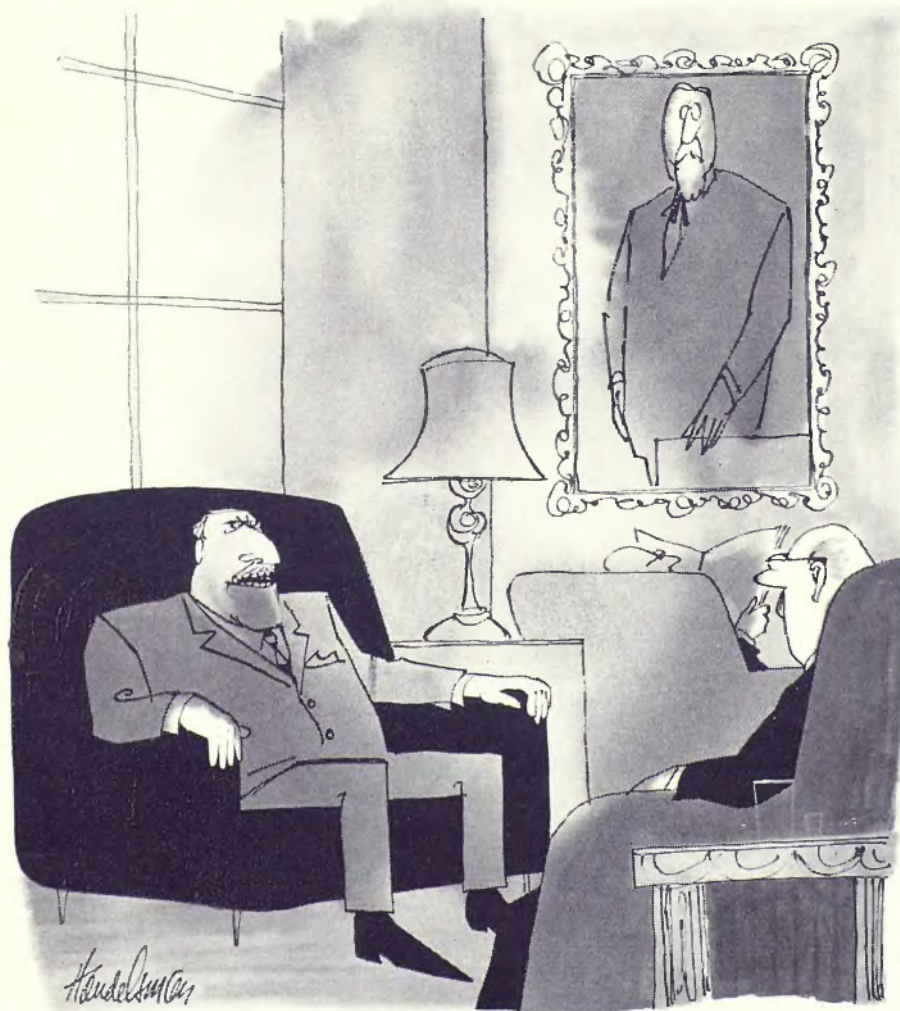
Lamely our company carried on. Something quite odd happened the last night. Our group stayed up very late and, when the smoking room closed, slid along the promenade deck to the forward bar. The ship was deserted. The king's messenger had a bottle of Scotch

and, with his mustaches twitching, opened it. There appeared other bottles. We became boilingly drunk. Hysteria gripped us. We became testy, reckless, ugly, naked and frail—above all, frail.

First came a vicious little crap game; I lost every cent I had. Methodically the king's messenger began to smash glasses, as if he were revenging himself on his station; and the wife of the supercilious architect, who had seemed to be the epitome of calm respectability, stole half a dozen ashtrays, stuffing them in her bag with a sheepish grin. The *Beowulf* scholar became involved in an endless silly argument with the wife of the consul from Alexandria, and a fierce quarrel spurted out between the consul and the young woman writer who wore a bang and the loud beads, until the consul became violently sick in a pot of flowers. All around us, vulgarity and evil seemed to have been released.

At last we reached the North River and I saw my girl on the pier in her old nutria coat and peaked fur hat, under which descended the straight fall of yellow hair. Her face looked extraordinarily serious. Reporters, having heard about our storm (two small freighters had foundered an inch away), poured into the ship, and we of our company said hurried farewells, promised to meet again and knew we never would. I passed through Customs and an inspector found a bottle of D. O. M. in my valise and smashed it on the edge of the pier. I crushed my girl in my arms and we walked off the pier together. But I still felt a vast and overpowering misery, because I had discovered, somewhat late, that the universe—that is, nature—which should be our friend, contained malign forces I did not understand.

I tried to tell my girl everything in one burst as we stepped into the street and found a taxi making whiskers out of the slush. I was still stricken with rage, incredulity and—yes!—humiliation at my loss. Of course, I did not know at that moment that something quite odd, even extraordinary, would happen a week or two later. I got my old job back and my itemized claim for \$1775.90, representing the damage caused by the coffins, was paid in full by the shipping company. The advertising department of my paper had, of course, intricate relations with the shipping interests, and maybe this was why my claim was settled so promptly. I do not know, but anyway I found that I had a small capital for the first time in my life, and I married my girl on it. If the structure of life is so mortally vulnerable to accident, it would be a good thing, I thought, to take advantage of moments and not wait for hours, days or years.



"I live by bread alone."



ACCIDENTALLY GOOD

(continued from page 146)

known. Some local Arabs reported to the police that they saw a naked white man crawl up onto the beach and look backward to a foundering yacht. Then, they told the police, they saw him plunge back into the raging sea.

"It was a simple story of sudden love," Miguel said, pouring another tot of brandy. "Don Tomás made it back to the ship, although God knows how in that water. But he must have gotten aboard, because later they found his wife roped to a spar as the yacht lay flat on its side. When the rescue boats arrived, the woman was miraculously undrowned. But there was no sign of Don Tomás."

"I can only assume that Don Tomás secured his wife as best he could and then started to swim back again for help. Evidently he knew she could not swim. It was more or less a repetition of the sad case of the poor Señor McEvoy. Eventually what the fish had not consumed of his body washed up on the shore, together with the bodies of four other men. The fish had left enough of the other men for the coroner—or whatever they have in Algeria that passes for a coroner—to discover bullet holes in various vital places."

Spaniards can be infinitely maddening when they spin a tale. I looked at Miguel, grayed, handsome, calm, honest, impeccable, sober and obviously enjoying his brandy.

"What finally happened to the woman—the woman?" I asked with considerable irritation. "Come to the point."

"Women are very durable, or they would not be able to make children," Miguel said. "After a few days in the hospital, she was strong and fit again. Somehow she got enough money to come back to Barcelona. She worked—"

"At what?"

"Well," Miguel said, "ordinarily, you would have seen her sitting three stools down from Pepita. But last week the Filipino came into my place and saw her and took her back to Manila. It is nice to know that she has a protector again."

I raised my glass.

"A Don Tomás," I said.

"A Don Tomás," Miguel clinked his glass. "What a pity that such a fine bad man should die for being accidentally good."

The phrase bothered me all the way back to the hotel. But then I had to pack my sample case. I always pack at night before I leave for the next town, and the next day I had to catch a plane for Agadir. They had a bad earthquake down there, but are rebuilding now, and some new hotels are springing up. I figured there might be a few bathtubs needed in Agadir. Even earthquakes have certain advantages.



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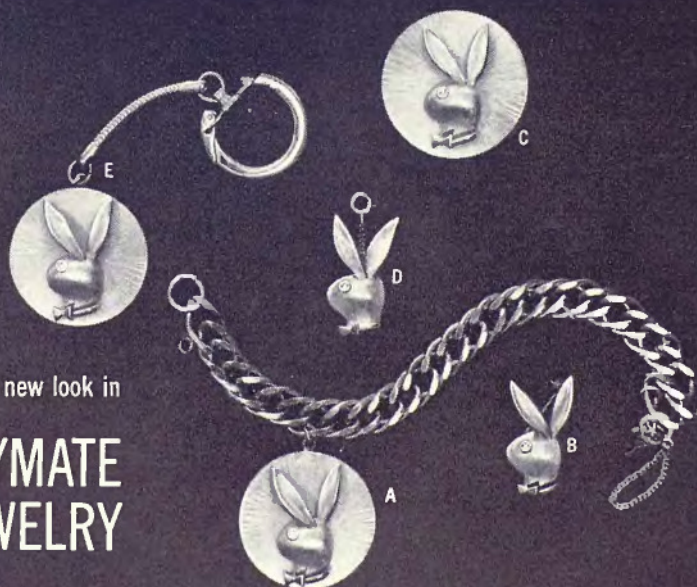
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of the city itself put a constant premium on better-class hotel space; so if you arrive without a reservation, you could spend valuable hours searching out acceptable digs. The government-run London Hotels Information Service, at 88 Brook Street in Mayfair, might well spare you the ordeal.

Hotel staffs expect to be tipped if there is no service charge included in the price of accommodations—and lightly tipped if there is. Give 2/6 (half a crown) to the boy who brings your luggage up to your room. Get the hall porter on your side with a ten-dollar note for a stay of a week or two (hall porters like ten-dollar notes), but make sure it is the head hall porter before you let go. Despite his lowly title, he'll fix your theater seats, make your travel reservations, arrange car rental, guest memberships in clubs, restaurant bookings, etc.

The most exclusive hotel in London is still Claridge's, which began as a group of private houses some 125 years ago and, though rebuilt around the turn of the century, preserves all the hushed, elegant refinement of an Edwardian town house, staffed with liveried footmen and entirely committed to the faultless pampering of its guests. The Duke of Windsor stays there on his rare and poignant visits to his former capital, and Stavros Niarchos maintains a permanent residence in the seventh-floor penthouse. It is perhaps the only hotel in the world employing a press officer to keep its name *out* of the news. Rates start at \$25 single, \$35 double—and spiral to around \$200 a day for the best of the best.

Grosvenor House is a deluxe hotel in the grand manner, with an efficient, unhurried air and a dignified and superbly comfortable style. Singles start at \$17, doubles at \$27. Three streets east is the Connaught, veddy English in its appointments, relentless in its dedication to service and massively Edwardian in every other respect. No two of its 100 rooms are furnished alike. Rates start at \$20 single, \$26 double.

Toward the Thames is the Savoy, large and plush, and although part of the same group as Claridge's, a shade less sedate. The staff is efficient and genuinely courteous, and the service combines the best of traditional diligence with the most up-to-date innovations of hostelry. Sensational views of the Thames, and proximity to theaters, shopping, restaurants and night spots combine to make the Savoy one of London's finest hotels, and possibly—as not a few authorities insist—the finest anywhere. Singles start at \$17, doubles at \$29.

Among the more recent additions to London's hotelscape is the Hilton, a 30-story, 510-room giant with rates beginning at \$20 single and \$35 double. The Hilton offers such American ameni-

ties as air conditioning throughout, TV and running ice water in every room; yet—by London standards—the service is a shade impersonal and the reception desk could stand a touch of organization. However, the Hilton offers first-class rooftop dining, highly recommended for gastronomes, and off the main foyer is The 007 Room, an intimate niche for Bondsmen with a yen for a martini, Stateside-style. Just up Park Lane from the Hilton is the Dorchester, much favored by visiting Hollywoodites for its luxury, efficient service and close attention to minutiae. Singles begin at \$20, doubles at \$29. Other recommended hotels in the vicinity are the Ritz, noted for its crystal-and-marble decor and the ultimate in baroque bedrooms—with brass beds and French silk coverlets; the Westbury, an American establishment owned by the Knott chain; and the Berkeley, a fashionable, traditional London landmark. Rates at all three start at around \$15 single and \$24 double. The Hyde Park Hotel is in Knightsbridge surrounded by department stores and smart shops. This is a hotel in the grand tradition, comfortably old-fashioned, and expensive—singles around \$17, doubles \$23.

Beyond the fringe of London's deluxe hotels can be found many others that provide first-rate service, convenient locations, scrupulous cleanliness and moderate tariffs. Under this heading we would include the Royal Garden Hotel in Kensington, a new skyscraper with expansive picture windows and enclosed balconies overlooking Kensington Gardens, TV in every room, faultless plumbing, a magnificent bar, a 24-hour coffeshop (a rarity in London) and a huge underground garage. Singles here start at \$12, doubles at \$20.

The Strand Palace gets our nod for its brisk efficiency and prime location—in the Strand, across the street from the Savoy. Public rooms are modern, dining rooms comfortable. Singles with bath start at \$8.50, doubles at \$14.50. In the same price-and-comfort bracket are the Charing Cross Hotel in the Strand, the Green Park just off Piccadilly and the Royal Court in Sloane Square. The Regent Palace, which faces Piccadilly Circus, is close to Soho, the theater district, and the glitter and glare of London after hours. Its principal virtues are its location and its prices, which start at \$7 single and \$10.50 double; though it is England's—and Europe's—largest hotel (1148 rooms), it has no private baths. For those whose wallets are well padded, sumptuous suites are available at all the better hotels.

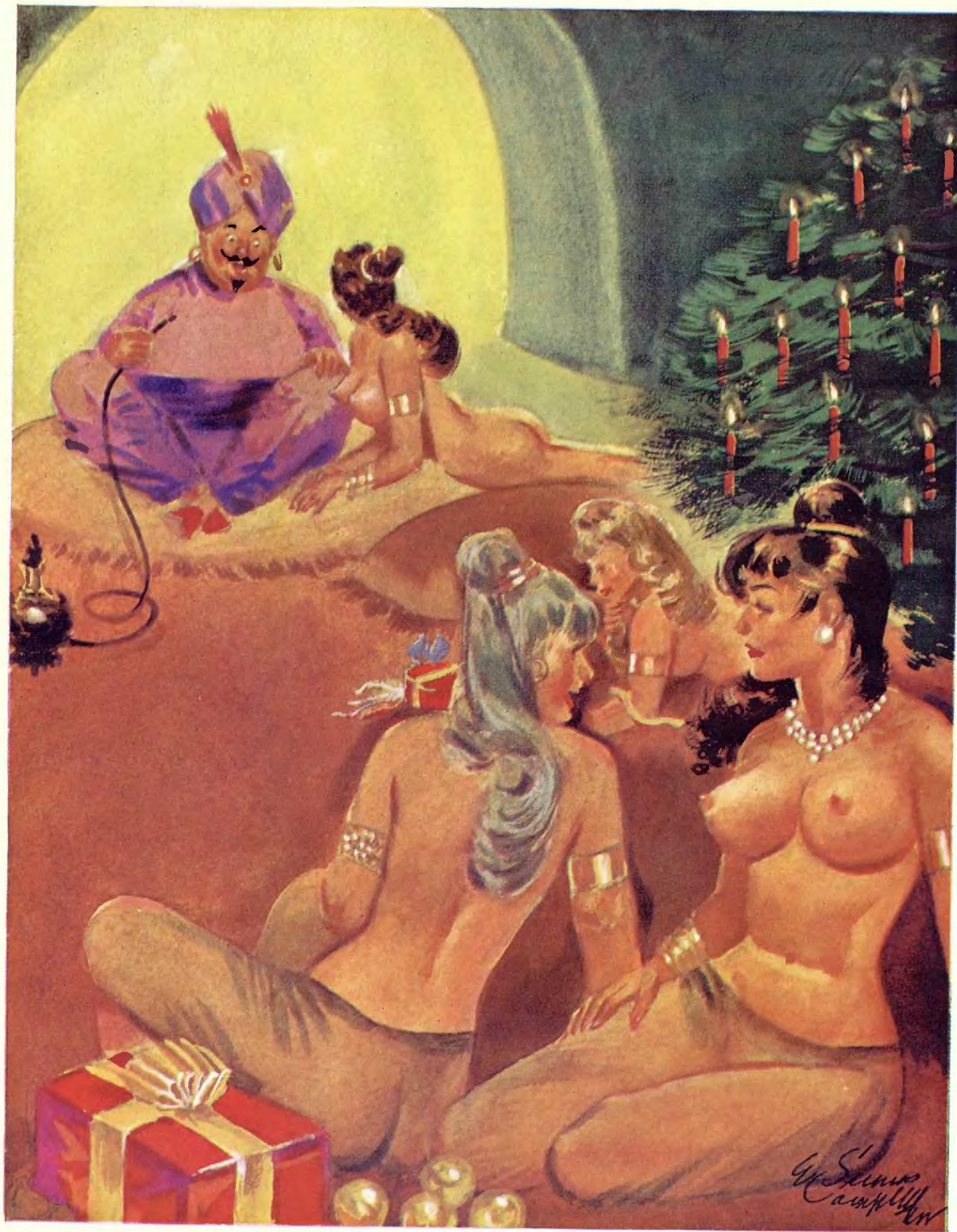
Once settled in your room, and with your clothes put away by an obliging chambermaid, you will be ready to assail the multifold diversions that swinging

London has to offer. Some seasoned air travelers choose to spend their first day in the vicinity of their hotel, adjusting to the five-hour transatlantic time advance. Our habit is to plunge right into the life of the city the moment we arrive.

For most Americans, learning London's layout can be as delightful as it is confusing; the streets were planned before grids were invented, and one feels that even if the system had been known, the British wouldn't have used it. The results are tiny alleys, narrow, bending lanes, unexpected courtyards, broad promenades, tree-lined avenues, traffic circles, squares, mews—and all forms of streets, crescents and terraces. If you plan to drive extensively in town, pick up a *Geographers' A to Z Atlas of London and Suburbs*, minisized and available at most bookstores.

London, Disraeli observed, "is a nation, not a city, with a population greater than some kingdoms, and districts as different as if they were under different governments and spoke different languages." While Chelsea and Hampstead are no longer inhabited by impoverished artists—and houses that once fetched \$6000 there now bring \$160,000 or more—most of London seems unchanged since the time of Disraeli, or long before. The financial district, that section of London which retains some of England's most ancient memories, is still referred to simply as "The City." Its establishment credentials include the Bank of England, Lloyd's of London, the Stock Exchange and headquarters for most of the nation's financial, shipping and insurance corporations. At night it is as empty as Wall Street, but for five days a week The City swarms with hurrying clerks, with Exchange functionaries resplendent in silk hats, morning coats and striped pants, and with secretaries and messengers queuing at bus stops. If you find yourself in The City on business, you can enjoy an excellent lunch at Ye Olde Dr. Butler's Head, in Coleman Street, which has been nourishing London businessmen since 1616. A short walk to Aldgate High Street will bring you to the Hoop and Grapes—which has been licensed to provide provender and liquor since about the year 1200. The Bank of England's exterior certainly looks no less imposing than it did in the salad days of the British economy and, at night, a detachment of British Guardsmen (the only state troops permitted into The City with bayonets fixed) still tramps dutifully through the Old Lady's lofty halls and corridors.

West of The City is Mayfair, an aristocratic rectangle bounded by Park Lane, Oxford Street, Regent Street and Piccadilly. Here is the American Embassy, as well as the most luxurious hotels, the plush casinos, the finest stores and a few of the wilder *discothèques*. Here, too, is



*"He's easy to please. He wants the
same thing every Christmas."*

the London Playboy Club—about which a good deal more later. Mayfair was not always the patrician protectorate it is today. "I never in my life saw such a number of lazy-look'd rascals, and so hateful a throng of beggarly, sluttish strumpets, who were a scandal to the Creation, mere antidotes against lechery, and enemies to cleanliness," opined Ned Ward, an 18th Century observer of Mayfair's Shepherd Market. Until very recent years, Shepherd Market was a thriving stronghold for prostitutes, Oxford Street, which lies along Mayfair's northern flank, is the home of Selfridges, the biggest department store in London.

East of Mayfair is Soho, famed for nonstop revelry as well as first-rank dining, and one of the few areas in London laid out in grid form. A stroll through its short, charming streets—illuminated at dusk by a kaleidoscope of neon—will pleasantly assail the nostrils with myriad aromas of Soho's varied cuisine: garlic, curries, spices, bean sprouts in peanut oil, bouillabaisse and every now and then, as a pub door swings open onto the street, a heady whiff of draught ale.

In and around Soho you can find dozens of restaurants specializing in Italian, French and Indian dishes—and a scatter-

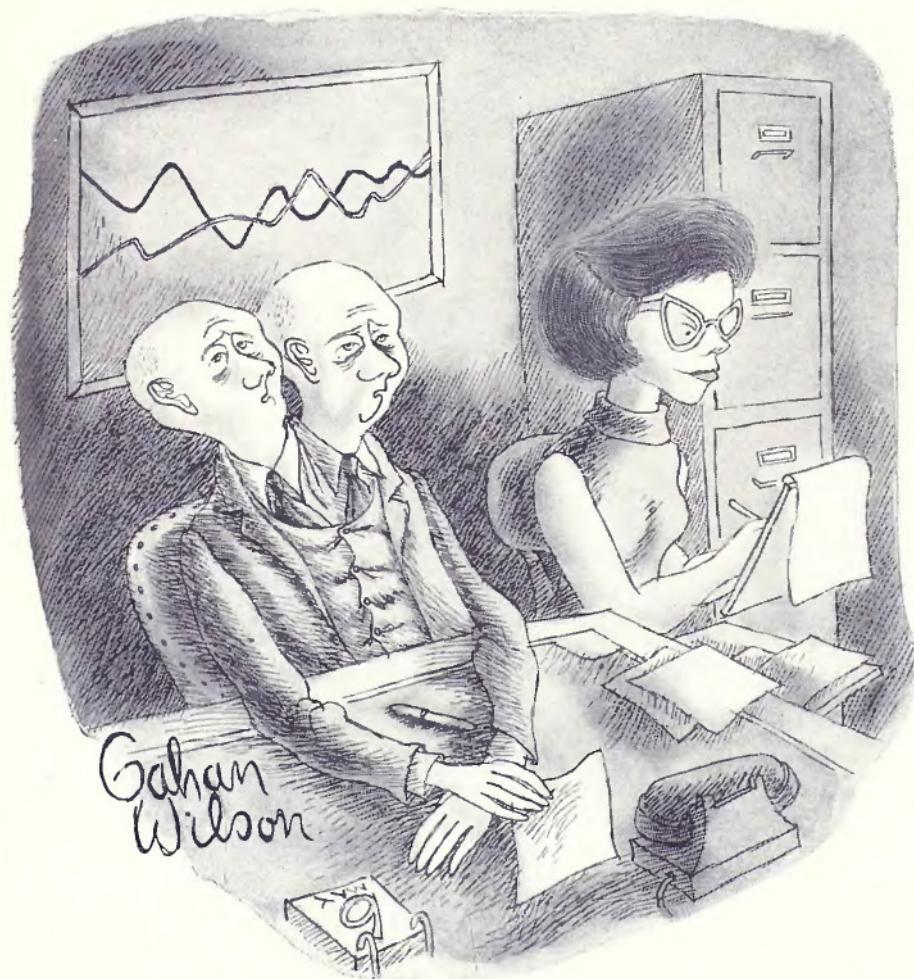
ing of authentic Greek and Turkish cuisines. The Trattoria Terrazza, in Romilly Street, is bustling, noisy and cheerful, and serves what is probably the best Italian food in London. Try their specialty, *pollo sorpresa*. The best Cantonese restaurants are in East Stepney, outside the nine square miles that constitute London's night-life circuit. The two finest Lucullan pagodas are the New Friends and—the best, we think—the Good Friends. If you call Mr. Cheung at EAS 5541, he will prepare one of the finest Cantonese meals served anywhere—including China. (Bring your own beverages.)

Persistent but unfaithful tradition has it that roast beef is the staff of British life. In fact, there are fewer than ten restaurants in the entire city that serve roast beef in what culinary experts would agree is the grand manner. One of them is Simpson's, in the Strand, which looks from the outside as though its builders had intended to disguise its function as a restaurant. Inside, the ground floor is studded with high-backed, pewlike booths. When the management proposed to dismantle them around 1882, Simpson's customers threatened a boycott. The pews still stand. The waiters are

all elderly gentlemen assisted by younger apprentices. Carvers move up and down the aisles, wheeling huge silver domes under which repose succulent roasts of beef. One will ask you how you want your portion carved and which part you want—the same questions carvers have been asking Simpson's patrons for 117 years. Give him two shillings before he starts carving. Should you prefer to forgo the beef and branch out into other avenues of English cuisine, order the steak, kidney, mushroom and oyster pudding, a palate-piquing dish unknown to most Americans; or try the jugged hare, steeped in port or claret, cooked for hours in a cloak of mushrooms, clover, apple slices, shallots, citrus and spices. On your second visit, order the saddle of mutton or the haunch of venison. Washed down with a tankard of best Bass or with any of the wines from Simpson's extensive list, capped with a glass of 30-year-old port after coffee, any of the above banquets will give the lie to myths about English cooking.

Several of the city's better hotels house superior restaurants. The Carlton Tower, in Cadogan Place, is a modern, 18-story hostelry, the smartest stopover spot in the excellent shopping district of Knightsbridge. (Harrods, London's most exclusive department store, is a few minutes' stroll away.) The Rib Room in the Carlton Tower dispenses giant slabs of roast beef that are easily a match for Simpson's, but the atmosphere is distinctly Manhattanesque, which may or may not be your cup of tea. The Savoy Grill and Connaught Grill are two more hotel-based restaurants among the best in all of London.

The famous House of Rothschild in Hamilton Place, Mayfair, is now the home of Les Ambassadeurs; appropriately expensive provender is proffered here, and in the summer, diners may sit in the terraced garden. Tiberio, also in Mayfair, serves up top Italian offerings. For dining after the opera at Covent Garden, there's Boulestin, in Southampton Street, adjacent to the flower and vegetable market. Prices are moderate and the cuisine is pure French. London probably serves up the best Indian fare to be found in the West, and a visit to Jamshid, Glendower Place or Veeraswamy's, off Regent Street, will attest to this. For exquisite Greek food and a charming menu and atmosphere, try the White Tower, north of Soho on Percy Street. Everything on the helpfully descriptive menu is superb, and the wine list seems inexhaustible. Rules, just off the Strand in Maiden Lane, is similar to Simpson's and is decorated with old playbills and photographs, a reminder that Drury Lane, a name renowned in London theatrical history, lies just a few blocks away. At Wolfe's, located in Kensington's Abingdon Road, you can feast on fine French viands and order wine that dates back 50



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years, while at Wilton's, in St. James's, Brobdingnagian portions of grouse and salmon await the in-season epicure.

In the elegant purlieus of South Kensington you will find Emberson's wine bar, in Pelham Street. The lunchtime buffet boasts ham, tongue, roast turkey, capon, sirloin and shellfish, all served cold and fresh with a heady variety of sauces. Sheekey's is a small seafood house in a courtyard behind Leicester Square next to the New Theater. The clientele is theatrical and the menu offers the finest fish in London. The most individual cooking in town is at R. Parkes, an intimate basement restaurant at 4 Beauchamp Place, on the fringe of Belgravia. (Not incidentally, Beauchamp Place is one of the best little shopping streets in London.) Prices at Parkes are a little steeper than elsewhere, but for a five-course meal that costs nine dollars you may be served Charentais melon stuffed with fresh limes; quenelles of sole served with truffles, and a purée of celeriac and artichokes steeped in Pernod; and duck, boned and stuffed with forcemeat, wrapped in puff pastry, glazed and served with sour cherries.

Farther east, in Whitechapel, is Bloom's, where Sophie Tucker ate her

first portion of chopped herring, and where good Jewish cooking is abundant. The service is homey, and if you're thirsty the pub next door will send over drinks. Sandwich delicatessens abound off nearby Shaftesbury Avenue, and if you find yourself in Piccadilly, make your way to the southeast corner of Shaftesbury Avenue, where you will find the kind of sandwichry for which London is famous: unobtrusive, diminutive and, to our knowledge, unnamed. We've never seen more than six persons eating there at one time and we doubt if more than nine could get inside, but the bill of fare is as generous as the surroundings are compact, offering fresh and delicately smoked salmon, incomparable potato salad and one of London's best cups of coffee. Total price: a dollar and some change.

The Caprice, in Arlington Street, is an animated meeting place for film and theater personalities. The food is uniformly excellent and the tab is even more gratifying—five dollars goes a long way here. The Empress, in Berkeley Street, is an intimate eatery with balcony tables that provide a romantic setting for diners. Many of England's restaurateurs have earned the criticism traditionally directed at their preparation of seafood, but today, at least a handful of London es-

tablishments are willing to think beyond Dover sole. Three of the best seafood houses are Prunier's, in St. James's Street (its Continental table is also recommended); Scotts, in Coventry Street, and Bentley's, in Swallow Street, for its oysters.

For a background more evocative of London's literary pre-eminence, there is the Grill Room of the Café Royal, in Piccadilly, where George Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm were wont to dine. The Marquis of Queensberry stormed through the front door in the summer of 1894, looking for Oscar Wilde, another frequent patron, shortly before the two met in the court battle that was to wreck Wilde's career. Today the interior is much the same as then—gilt mirrors, baroque cherubs and Edwardian opulence. Upholding the literary tradition is Graham Greene, who may often be seen dining alone when he is in London.

Mirabelle, in Curzon Street, has a world-wide reputation for its food and its wine cellars, catering almost exclusively to the Rolls-Royce set. Don't expect to dine *à deux* for less than \$40-\$50. If you ask for the 1803 Château Mouton Lafite, you'll be out of luck—the last bottle went a few years ago; but Mirabelle still has some years from 1832 to 1955, so if you want a wine bottled the year blushing Victoria took the throne, you know where to find it. Top-rated (and expensive) French restaurants include Les Pies Qui Rient, in Abingdon Road; A l'Ecu de France, in Jermyn Street; and Coq d'Or, in Stratton Street. One of the newer additions to the London eating scene is the revolving restaurant on the 35th floor of the Post Office Tower. The food is unsensational, but the beauty of the view is such that the place is worth a visit. For food at a reasonable price, you can't beat the Lyon Corner House chain. The main one in Coventry Street off Piccadilly Circus has five different restaurants under one roof. The Egg & Bacon is especially popular late in the evening, after the theater, and when the pubs are closed. Other superior London restaurants include the San Lorenzo Beauchamp Place, Alvaro's in the Kings Road and Carrier's in the Camden Passage, Islington.

Having satisfied the inner man, you might, if the weather is fine, saunter leisurely through the city streets, long clear of officeworkers but still thronged with peach-cheeked, supple young wenches up from the country for the day, leggy debs hurrying back to Chelsea after dinner with Daddy at the club, gaggles of dark-eyed art students, and many a miniskirted model rushing to keep a theater date or a late appointment at the fashion studio. This is the age of the English girl; never have so many looked so good. Nearly every other salesgirl in London's stores, from the tiniest haberdashery to the most elegant emporium, looks like a combina-



"I love a parade . . . !"

tion of Julie Christie, Vanessa Redgrave, Jean Shrimpton and Susannah York—a tide of conformity in which, for once, you will be delighted to immerse yourself.

(If you'd like to see more of the same, walk through the *boutique* areas of Carnaby Street, Chelsea, South Kensington and Mayfair. Stroll through the oak-paneled shops and clamorous department stores in Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Bond Street, Regent Street and Oxford Street. You'll see birds by the thousands: full-bodied or slender, Sassoon-coiffed and Quarily chic. If London is the best of what cities are all about, its girls are the feminine ideal: compliant yet canny, pert but mature, naïve but knowing, and sharing a joyously uninhibited delight in sensual *rapprochement* with the opposite sex.)

If you've been able to latch onto a lass by theater time, by all means take her to one of the many dramas mounted in the West End. Center stage of London drama is Shaftesbury Avenue, a cosmopolitan night world of its own. The city's theater cannot be easily characterized, for it is at once that of Shakespeare and Schisgal, Olivier, *Oliver!* and Osborne. London's theater-ticket situation is a happy one; it is difficult to find a show charging more than three dollars for the best seats in the house, and even curtain time there is often an extra pair of tickets available, usually in the first few rows of the orchestra.

With or without a date, you should investigate the city's proliferating bird sanctuaries. Most of these are *discothèques*, where informality and *outré* accouterments reign supreme and the floor action often continues until five A.M. One of the smartest new night spots is Annabel's, in the basement of an 18th Century town house at 44 Berkeley Square, below the Clermont Club—London's grandest and most exclusive casino, which issues chips to the value of \$14,000. While estates are gambled away upstairs, dollies and debs monkey around below.

The Ad-Lib, in Leicester Square, was once a Beatle hangout, but now their Mersey sound is translated by groups emphatically more pyrotechnical. For the bright young sounds now enriching London teeny boppers, Dolly's, in Jermy Street, is hippest of the hip—spinning the latest discs and the latest names; it's a favorite haunt of the more delectable denizens of the night world of high fashion, theater and the arts. More formal are The Garrison, in Hamilton Place, and the Saddle Room, across the street, popular with the horsy set. Leather elbow patches are almost *de rigueur*, but no leather jackets, please. Membership is prerequisite in most night spots, but overseas visitors can usually secure honorary enrollment at nominal cost. Places such as the Yard Arm, a dinner-and-dance club housed in a yacht moored at Hungerford Bridge on the Thames Victoria Embankment, waive honorary member-

ship charges for American guests packing Diners' Club cards.

The Phone Booth, which combines gambling with dancing, and The In Place, which serves drinks until the early hours, are both at Allsop Place, at the top of Baker Street. Off Piccadilly, in Swallow Street, is Sibylla's, part owned by Beatle George Harrison, and behind Fortnum & Mason's department store in Piccadilly is the Scotch of St. James. Or try the Cromwellian Club, in Cromwell Road.

In the unlikely event that you hit a *discothèque* on an off night, you might combine *chercher* with *chemmy* at one of the gambling parlors in the West End, or—as one Vegasite dubbed the district that encompasses London's nirvanic night life—Action Central. Membership at gambling parlors varies in price from club to club, but once again, overseas punters can usually find their way in without difficulty. Among the best and biggest casinos are: the Palm Beach Casino in the Mayfair Hotel, heavily favored by Americans, offering craps, roulette, blackjack, *chemin de fer* and stud poker; Crockford's, in Carlton Terrace, baronially appointed and set up for bridge and kalooki (which resembles gin) in addition to more familiar games; the New Casanova, Grosvenor Street, frequented by an odd mixture of former Rugby pros, feline femmes fatales, aging public schoolboys and enthusiastic craps-shooters; the Curzon House Club, just up the street from The Playboy Club, equipped with a fine bar, a restaurant and bedrooms for members too weary to wager; the Colony Club and the Pigalle, hosted by George Raft and Joe Louis, respectively; and Le Cercle, which is across the street from the Saddle Room *discothèque*, and boasts restaurant, bar, sauna bath and barbershop. Not among the biggest, but one of the better casinos is the Pair of Shoes, in Hertford Street. The gambling facilities of the new London Playboy Club (with its three gaming casinos, featuring blackjack, craps and roulette) are, of course, second to none, as is the Club itself—the climax of our night-life tour and the new hub of London's swinging social scene.

The London Playboy Club is a ten-story, block-length pleasure *palazzo* that opened six months ago with a celebrity-studded debut party that rocked from dusk till dawn. By sunrise, London cabbies had become so familiar with the Club's Mayfair location that it was unnecessary for passengers to give the address. Literally overnight, The Playboy Club had become a landmark, and a mecca for members new and old from all over the world.

Within two months after the first keyholder had passed under the brass canopy and through the walnut-striped doors at 45 Park Lane, the membership rolls had to be closed until additional staff could



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be trained to cope with the overwhelming response from British applicants seeking the key to what's happening. "We expected that the Club would open with about five thousand members," said Victor Lowmes, Playboy's European chief. "We got twenty thousand."

Of the \$6,000 keyholders and guests who visited the Club in its first month, 7000 were Americans. Even they, accustomed to the upbeat, leisurely excitement that has become a Playboy Club hallmark, were impressed by the \$4,500,000 London layout, with its *discothèque*, showcasing live groups (as well as Bunny deejays who spin the latest hits), its gaming casinos and its four dance floors.

The Club occupies one of the costliest pieces of real estate in London—in Mayfair, between the Dorchester and Hilton hotels. The building was designed by Walter Gropius, the noted German architect. Its entire length at the sidewalk level is faced with a 20-foot-high glass wall, discreetly draped from within with fiberglass netting, although guests who visit during the day will enjoy a pleasantly pastoral view of Hyde Park, which is just across the street. Above the Club's five floors are four floors of luxury apartments and a roomy penthouse suite, which Frank Sinatra rented shortly after the Club's premiere. (Moviegoers who've been to the London Club and have seen *Morgan!* will recognize the penthouse terrace as the site of Vanessa Redgrave's riotous wedding scene.) All of the flats are available for daily, weekly or monthly rentals—which range from \$14.70 a day for a studio single, complete with kitchenette-bar, to \$441 a week for the penthouse, which boasts a private roof garden with decorative pool, in addition to twin bedroom, lounge, kitchen, dinette, study and terrace.

Downstairs, as well as upstairs, the over-all impression is one of luxury, sophistication and intimacy. A gift *boutique* offering a specially selected range of merchandise from Austin Reed of London (as well as Playboy Products) is just inside the foyer. Two steps down is the Playmate Bar gaming room, where members can stop in for some blackjack or a few twirls of the roulette wheel before going on to the Playmate Bar itself, which seats 84 and features a 28-foot copper-clad bar. Its walls are warmly aglow with backlit transparencies capturing the spirit of Playmates past. At the far end of the room is The Nook, where guests can dance to records.

The floor above is adorned with a series of LeRoy Neiman paintings—commissioned especially for the London Club—on the theme *London 1966*. The color-splashed oils present a random view of the city's sport and night

life. "Surprising paintings," wrote a *Daily Sketch* critic. "Powerful, exciting, interpretative and full of movement. Outside, his art sells for anything from £1000 to £6000 a painting. His work indicates the serious side of the enjoyment business."

Entering the first-floor Living Room, one passes the Cartoon Corner—which, in the London Club, serves also as a small gaming area. Here, too, is the acclaimed Playboy evening buffet, served atop a 26-foot U-shaped expanse of Ashburton marble, with booth and table seating for more than 100 diners. At the end of the Living Room is the parquet *discothèque* dance floor, where the frug and the monkey flourish until 3:30 A.M.

The next floor up is the elegant VIP Room—which has already earned unstinting praise from discriminating British trenchermen. "Against a background of plush royal blue seating, velvet curtains, blue tablecloths and napery, blue-coated butlers and velvet-clad Bunnies, gourmets enter a wonderland of gastronomy. And all for £3/3/0 [\$8.82]," wrote a correspondent in Britain's authoritative *Hotel and Restaurant Management*. He added: "Surely the finest value in gastronomy this side of the Atlantic." Fifty-two diners can enjoy the six courses in the posh confines of the VIP Room, which also boasts a quartet, thrice-nightly entertainment and a cocktail lounge.

On the floor above the VIP Room is the walnut-paneled Playroom, the largest showroom in the Club. Here, the featured entertainment is provided three times each week night and four times on Saturdays by a top-rank roster of performers, both American and European. Between the acts, there's dancing or, for gustatory gratification, succulent *filet mignon* and sizzling strip sirloin.

The Club's biggest gambling area is the fourth-floor Penthouse Casino, where the action is threefold: craps, blackjack and roulette. Soft drinks, coffee and sandwiches are served free of charge to those trying to beat the system. Judging by a house tally after opening night, this is not impossible: The casino showed a net loss of \$84. "For that party it was worth it," a Club official shrugged the following morning.

"That party"—the opening of the London Playboy Club last June—was attended by most of the show-business celebrities in London, many of whom have since returned again and again to enjoy the Club's manifold facilities. There were 58 newsmen from all over the world present: nine TV and newsreel crews jammed the lobby and trailed cables and equipment through the building; one of them, Visnews, fed footage to 31 countries around the globe. And a film crew was at work on a documentary

entitled *Playboy Comes to London*, which will soon be shown in theaters throughout the U. S.

Stirling Moss was one of the first key-holders to arrive. A flash of klieg and strobe lights greeted him as he showed his key-card to Playmate-Door Bunny Dolly Read, then threaded his way through the black-tie crush in the foyer. Without further pause, he made straight for the Playmate Bar Casino, where he turned up a 20 to the unbeatable ace and queen that Bunny Jill, the Blackjack Bunny, had dealt herself. "I'm terribly sorry, sir," she said.

Minutes later the lobby erupted with another salvo of flashes at the appearance of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, Club President, escorting a lithe and gorgeous blonde, August Playmate Susan Denberg, who was in London completing a movie. Susan wore a shimmering silver-and-gold metallic-thread minishirt that seemed to have a life of its own—and caused at least one distracted male guest to address a passing Bunny as "Waiter." Miss Denberg and Hef stood in the lobby to greet guests, whose Rolls-Royces and Bentleys were queuing bonnet to boot along Curzon Street.

Lee Marvin arrived with Trini Lopez and James Garner, all three of them also in England making films—Garner starring in *Grand Prix* and Marvin and Lopez in *The Dirty Dozen*. Julie Christie appeared next, followed by Rex Harrison and his wife, Rachel Roberts. More flashbulbs. Then Ursula Andress swept in wearing her tawny hair long and loose; her escort was sideburned and mustachioed Jean-Paul Belmondo.

The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire arrived soon after, followed by the Marquis and Marchioness of Tavistock, Lady Caroline Townsend, Lady Annabel Birlley (for whom Annabel's is named), director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water* and *Repulsion*) and his date Sharon Tate, a pneumatic young screen-star-in-the-making. They were greeted by Hef and Robin Douglas-Home, nephew of the former Prime Minister and the London Club's membership secretary.

Also seen in the Club that night—and many nights since—were *Morgan!* star Vanessa Redgrave, actresses Barbara Bouchet and Joanna Pettet, and singer Shirley Bassey; Henry Luce III, *Time-Life* Bureau Chief in London; ex-Cleveland Browns fullback Jimmy Brown (yet another of *The Dirty Dozen*); Gene Barry; Sidney Poitier; Hugh O'Brian; *Casino Royale* producer Charles Feldman; Michelangelo Antonioni; Albert Finney; Princess Lee Radziwill and the Prince; Laurence Harvey; Richard Todd; Dame Margot Fonteyn; Rudolf Nureyev; and David Niven.

Before ten p.m., the clubrooms were jammed with guests. This 16th link in



the international key chain seats 392, and all the seats were filled; even the open areas were something less than open. At times, especially on the dance floor of the Living Room *discothèque*, this made it difficult to avoid bodily contact with the likes of Miss Andress, Miss Christie and Miss Tate. Nobody complained.

At one point, an attractive woman in a wildly patterned pants-and-jacket ensemble walked through the Living Room. Tall, beautiful Bunny Liz whispered to a cottontail cohort: "Isn't that Olga Detterding, the oil heiress?" Miss Detterding, overhearing, turned to her own companion: "Isn't that Sir Fordham Flower's daughter, Elizabeth?" Bunny Liz is, indeed, the 20-year-old debutante daughter of the late brewery millionaire who was chairman of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford on Avon. In the VIP Room, a dapper young American was telling singer-pianist Bobbie Short, the featured entertainer there, that the last time he'd seen him was in an out-of-the-way club in Manhattan five years earlier. "I own that place," Bobbie said. "I wish I owned this one."

Up in the Playroom, all 126 seats were occupied. Hefner's party sat in a center booth and waited for the special show to begin. The house lights dimmed and the Bob Layzell Quartet struck up a medley of show tunes. Cy Coleman flew in from the south of France and entertained the crowd for 20 minutes. The Morgan James Duo sang and Woody Allen—wearing a blue corduroy suit belted in the back—unexpectedly skipped onto the stage and said: "Don't applaud; it slows up my rhythm and I'm not used to acceptance on that scale." A camera crew from the

Merv Griffin show filmed Woody at work.

The night's entertainment was rounded out by *Playboy* comedian Jackie Gayle, followed by Trini Lopez, in the second unplanned guest appearance of the evening.

The show began at midnight and ended at 2:30. The guests moved out of the Playroom, some to gamble in the Penthouse Casino, some to gambol in the Living Room *discothèque*. Late arrivals who had missed dinner stopped off on the first floor for a breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, shepherd's pie, muffins and coffee, all for a modest ten shillings. The serious gamblers stayed; it would be 4:30 in the morning before last bets were called.

We won't say it's exactly like that every night, but the in crowd, the tony jet setters and indigenious as well as visiting showbiz talent have made the Club unofficial headquarters—a place, as they say, to see and be seen.

If on your first evening in the city you don't feel up to the *disco*-casino circuit or The *Playboy* Club, you might want to sample one of the less strenuous (but equally rewarding) joys of London—the pub crawl. Since London pubs are governed by licensing laws of inscrutable intransigence, you should embark as soon after dinner as possible. You can make the crawl *à deux* or alone; if unaccompanied, you can be reasonably assured of encountering a suitable female companion before too long. You should also rent a car rather than rely on taxis.

The fascination that public houses have exerted over Englishmen for the past seven or eight centuries has no counterpart. The warmth and glow of a log

fire in the grate of an old inn holds a magic all its own: the mood of pacific serenity evoked in an evening at a sturdy little pub knows no equal. As the servant boy in Shakespeare's *Henry V* put it: "Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety."

In the 620 square miles that comprise Greater London, there are some 7000 pubs, most of which fall into distinct categories, and many of which combine several: historical, literary, working-class, local, musical, waterfront, sporting, white-collar and tourist. Beyond these are pubs for the consciously avant-garde, Hampstead pubs (popular among smooth young men on the make) and pubs for newspapermen, opera singers, policemen, longshoremen and Sherlock Holmes fans. Having read this, you will probably be able to tell your date more about London pubs than she knows herself, but depend on her to remind you of their hours of business, which are 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. and 5:30 P.M. to 11 P.M., except in certain pubs—such as those in The City—which close even earlier. Licensing hours on Sunday evening are 7 to 10:30.

In and around London's docks and markets are pubs (such as the Nag's Head, in Covent Garden) that open from 6:30 to 9 on weekday mornings, and although these are technically for the relief of porters and market merchants, we have occasionally stopped in on ourself returning from a hard day's night at the casinos.

Among the older pubs you might care to visit is The Guinea, in Mayfair's Bruton Place, which dates from 1423 and is licensed to serve dinner until 12:30 A.M. Nearby are the Henry Holland, newly built, with Charrington's Best Bitter—latter-day equivalent of "the genuine stunning" that befuddled David Copperfield—on tap; Shepherds Tavern, with excellent English and French cooking and a public telephone housed in the Royal Sedan Chair once used by George II's family; and the Rose and Crown, Park Lane's only pub, formerly the last stop for condemned prisoners on their gloomy trek to Tyburn.

Just behind Hyde Park Corner stands The Grenadier, a favorite of young army officers, their girlfriends and race-car drivers, a grouping unusual enough to produce a few memorable hours. The City Barge, located on the banks of the Thames going toward Chichester, is another pub crawler's delight best savored in the spring and summer. English journalists congregate at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese during the day; evenings, their frequent haunt is El Vino's (both are located in Fleet Street). Actors gather at the Salisbury, St. Martin's Lane; politicians often down their bitter at St. Stephens Tavern, close by the House of Commons; and BBC executives will be

found at the Dover Castle, in Weymouth Mews.

Away from the sophisticated environs of Mayfair and eastward on the river front is the Prospect of Whitby, one of London's most popular pubs, and best visited in the winter months. It was built in the year the pilgrims left for the New World and in rowdier days was a site for bare-knuckle bouts and cockfighting. Before that, the infamous "Hanging" Judge Jeffreys paid an occasional call to watch the bodies of mutinous seamen swinging from the gallows along Execution Dock.

Closer to the city is Ye Olde Red Lion, linked to England's most ubiquitous highwayman, Dick Turpin, who accidentally shot one of his cronies at the Lion in 1739, mistaking him for a gendarme. Turpin kept his getaway gear—a great mare called Black Bess—stabled in the pub, and the key to Bess' stall still hangs on the wall. Turpin's pistol and the leg irons he wore at Newgate Jail are at a Hampstead pub called the Spaniard's, one of his other hangouts, reputed to have been built in—and named for—the year of the Spanish Armada. This was one of Dickens' favorite pubs and was the setting for the rollicking tea party he described in the *Pickwick Papers*. Other literary figures who dropped in to seek the muse include Lamb, Shelley, Keats and, most recently, Beatie John Lennon.

Just off Tottenham Court Road, at 47 Rathbone Street, is the Duke of York, a bewildering but comfortable establishment full of old postcards, naval hats, pinups and neckties. The last time we were there, a real film star was in residence, a great Dane named Colonel, who once played the title role in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

Ye Olde Wrestlers Tavern, in Highgate, is said to stand over a tunnel used by Turpin to escape from the omnipresent Bow Street Runners, prototypes of the modern bobby. Local wags, possibly fed up with seeing Turpin relics sanctifying every pub wall in the locality, say the tunnel leads to Jack Straw's Castle, a pub two or three miles away, in Hampstead. The Wrestlers, incidentally, holds a ceremony known as "swearing on the horns" that is generally observed the first Friday in October. It's a complicated ritual in which the loser has to buy a round of drinks and kiss the best-looking girl in the room.

If you crave the big, amplified sound, seek out The Castle, at Tooting Broadway, South London's brashiest musical pub, which draws all the sharpest local lasses. If you find the tin-panic Tin-Pan Alley sound of The Castle too piercing, drive farther south to Fair Green, Mitcham, and stop in at either the Cricketers or at the adjacent pub on Cricket Green, overlooking a beautifully manicured cricket pitch. During the summer, this is one of the most idyllic spots in London.

For Dixieland jazz, try The Plough, Stockwell, or the Hampton Court, near Elephant and Castle, a district known to Londoners as The Elephant. At the Liliput, Bermondsey, and the George and Dragon, Acton, there's modern jazz (London's coolest jazz sounds are heard at Ronnie Scott's Club, in Friith Street). It's advisable to check with all pubs by phone before making the rounds, because of crazy-quilt schedules.

Pubs are mainly for drinking, but if the pangs of hunger begin to strike, most any of them will be able to serve you the substance of Empire: a tankard of ale, a banger sausage or two, port-fed stilton and fresh-baked crusty bread, all for a little more than a dollar.

Few London pubs can serve a cocktail to American prescription, and if manhattans and martinis are your métier, better stick to the hotel bars or the clubs. It is both difficult and unreasonable to avoid brew in London, but those who insist on making the effort will find that the city's winehouses—Henekeys, Short's, Finch's and Yates—serve both grape and spirits in generous and inexpensive measure.

A host of cabaret night clubs offer the visitor to London, in addition to entertainment and reasonably priced food and drink, dancing partners who will provide most any degree of togetherness you want—for a price, of course. Among them are Murray's Cabaret Club, the Stork Club, the Astor, the Georgian and Churchills.

Between the *discothèque* and nightclub circuits and the London pub scene, you will have covered the most fertile precincts in London's amatory acreage. While it is at least possible that you might have dropped a few quid at the casinos or a few shillings at darts during your pub crawl, it is mathematically unlikely that you will not have encountered and suitably impressed a lady of your liking en route. Having accomplished this, you can forget about working up a line of blarney when it gets close to the wishing hour; it's not necessary in London, and your charming companion will be the first to tell you so. Chances are she lives on the other side of town with her flatmates, so a retirement for drinks at your digs is in order.

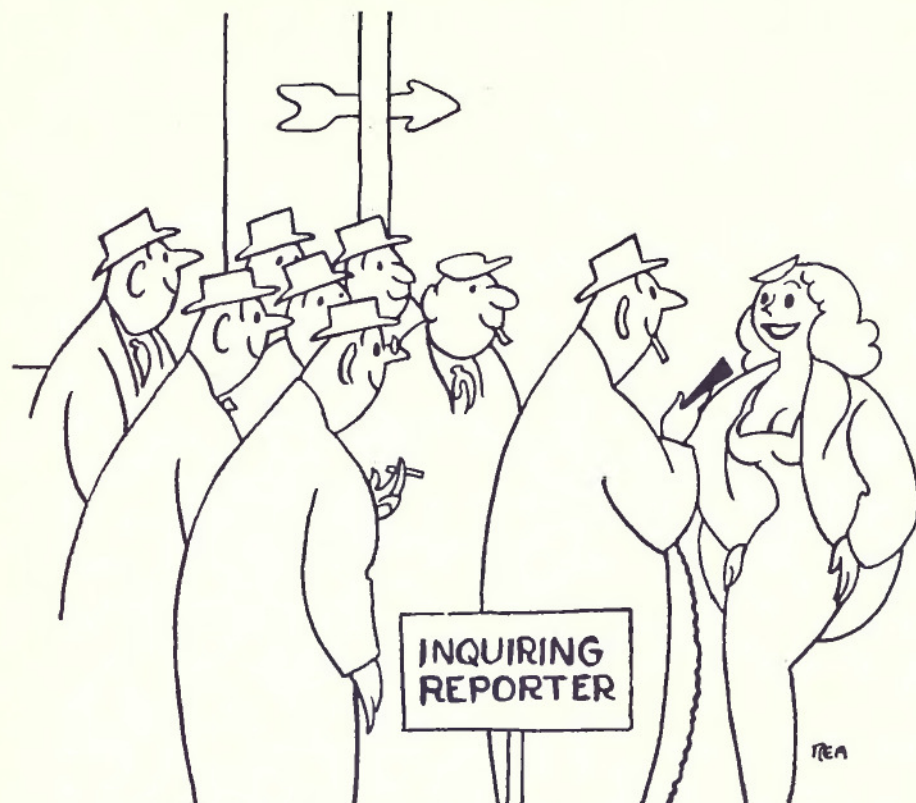
If by some freak of circumstance you've completed a tour of London's night scene and still find yourself unaccompanied, you may wish to make your way back to late-night Soho: even with a date, it's too good to miss. From the open door of a coffeehouse you will hear dialects of half a dozen European and Asian countries. Horns blare, electric rock pierces the night, burlesque barkers hail passersby, while a strikingly young girl stands in a doorway, half smiles and inclines her head to an upper-story window.

Until the Street Offenses Act several years back, prostitution openly flour-



$\frac{1}{2}$ pound dark raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound currants
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs...



"Sorry. I'm not used to thinking on my feet."

ished in London; in Soho, where the sidewalks were littered with ladies on the make, it formed the major local industry—and the principal tourist attraction. While the bobbies lowered the boom on street soliciting, they left the red light burning brightly on prostitution per se. Soho's reputation for open vice has declined; but the girls simply moved indoors and began a unique point-of-sale advertising campaign to regain their lost trade. The bulletin boards of local news agents and tobacconists suddenly blossomed with postcards offering such seemingly innocuous goods and services as "French chest, 42", for sale"; "Ballroom lessons, 24 hours a day"; "Plastic Raincoats repaired, ask for Doris or Molly"; and the now-classic newspaper ad—"Erection and Demolition," followed by a lady's telephone number—which somehow slipped into the very proper *Daily Telegraph*. The ingenious miscreant was discovered when an unsuspecting clergyman complained to the paper's editor after he had telephoned to have his garden shed removed.

Eventually the vice squad cracked down on the ads, too, but with a leniency that suggests its heart wasn't in it. Most professionals still advertise on notice boards outside back-street shops, and it's a fair bet that almost every handwritten ad containing the words "tuition," "French" or "Swedish translation" will lead the curious to whatever reward he seeks. In Soho itself (and Shepherd

Market and Bloomsbury), many a doorway bears the penciled card, "Model, Second Floor Up."

Soho bookshops are equally candid about the vicarious sex they provide. Readily available is genuine pornography—hard-, medium- and soft-core—in the form of books, photographs and films. U. S. Customs inspectors take a dim view of those who attempt to bring such merchandise back to the States, an attitude that sharply contrasts with the un hypocritical openness with which pornography is displayed, discussed and distributed on the streets of Soho.

Burlesque, London style, is really something else. Walk around Soho and take your pick of any one of a dozen flesh festivals, where the featherless birds shed traditions and a great deal more in a tinselly atmosphere of pop and circumstance. If you need an excuse to visit—and why should you?—you can say you want to observe the audience. Unlike American devotees of the striptease, Englishmen do not whistle while the action is under way, but nod approvingly, clap with restrained enthusiasm after each act and carry on with the evening crossword puzzle when the lights go up. If you watched only the audience, you might think you were in the west stands at Wimbledon. Because the licensing of burlesque houses seems to date from the days when Shakespeare was doing bawdy bits at the old Globe, first-time visitors pay a nominal membership fee—after

which they get in for the dollar or two admission.

Having seen (and possibly sampled) the best of Soho, you are probably ready to return to your hotel, perhaps for a final drink *à deux*—and a recuperative rest to prepare you for another day on the town. Perhaps it will be the inevitable rainy day—coupled with the urge to see the classic sights, rather than immediately continuing your quest for excitement. In this event, the conventional tourist attractions London offers should not be missed. The Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament, No. 10 Downing Street, Tower Bridge, Buckingham Palace and the Changing of the Guard, the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square, the Tate Gallery, the British Museum, music at Royal Albert Hall, the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden—all provide stunning insights into England's traditions and national character. Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum is camp of a high order. The basement is a series of tableaux of the world's most remembered murders, and upstairs the personages in wax range from Napoleon to the Beatles.

England is now the world's leading movie capital, at least in quality, so don't be surprised if you happen upon such first-rank directors as Tony Richardson, Bryan Forbes or Richard Lester shooting exterior footage.

A profitable afternoon might be spent doing business with a turf accountant at one of London's many betting shops. In season, the horses run at Sandown, Kempton and Alexandra parks, and four evenings a week greyhounds race at White City or Wembley stadiums. Of all sports distinctly English, soccer is the easiest to fathom and the most exciting to watch. Most of London's famous landmarks and diversions are readily reachable by double-decker bus, not a bad way to rubberneck en route to where you're bound. Take a subway if you're in a hurry. London's transport system is clean, efficient and cheap, although it's best to stay clear of it during rush hours. Cabs are plentiful and moderately priced.

For those more acquisitive than inquisitive, colorful and bargain-stocked street markets flourish each weekend in Petticoat Lane, Portobello Road and Brixton Market, where you can pick up antique bric-a-brac (and the occasional rare find) at a fraction of what you would pay in the States. Visit one with a date, dress casually, and if your palate is adventurous, sample the jellied eels or the cockles, with vinegar and pepper, that are staples of the eateries round about these purlieus.

Finally, there are the vast department stores, the unobtrusive Savile Row tailors and the thousands of shops that line every fashionable street, stocked with merchandise of staggering variety in both quantity and quality. At Fortnum

& Mason, in Piccadilly, the clerks wear frock coats and striped pants. Londoners have shopped here for gourmet foods for almost three centuries, amid the glitter of chandeliers and the hush of deep-pile carpet. The store has three excellent restaurants, and also stocks Fortnum's legendary shooting sticks, picnic hampers, china and crystal. Service is exemplary.

For the first-time visitor to London, the surest way of locating the finest stores is to go to the bookstore of Her Majesty's Stationery Office (in Kingsway, at the end of the Strand) and purchase the list of Royal Warrant Holders, all of whom represent establishments that have provided at least three years of impeccable service to the Crown. Few stores are likely to give you cause for complaint, however, and whether or not you restrict yourself to Warrant Holders, you will be received courteously.

While London's large stores offer all the conventional amenities, there are quite a few establishments that provide more bizarre essentials, such as Wilkinson's, the sword and razor people, who can make you a custom-fitted bulletproof vest. Savory & Moore will sell you hangover cures; Henry Potter offers military drums, flutes, bugles and pipes; Selfridges specializes in haggis; Pyram's features life-sized model elephants; and Bentley's, of Swallow Street, will equip you with canned kangaroo soup.

You can buy antique musical automata from S. F. Sunley; handmade cigarettes from Morland, of James Bond fame; rare books from Foyle's or Hatchards; custom shotguns from Purdey or Cogswell & Harrison; hats from Lock's; model ships as well as armor and other military trappings from E. Fairclough; pipes from Dunhill's; tools from Asprey's (a fitted chest in walnut will set you back \$490); toys from Hamleys; tweeds from Hunt & Winterbotham; handmade umbrellas from Swaine Adeney Brigg; new and secondhand London taxis from S. Morris (\$300 to \$4500); snuff from Fribourg & Treyer; silk ties from Harvie & Hudson; custom shirts from Turnbull and Asser; and Savile Row suits from Anderson & Sheppard, Henry Poole, Hawkes, Gieves and J. C. Wells. When buying a suit, incidentally, remember that it takes about three weeks to make one on Savile Row, and choose a cloth that won't be too heavy for State-side central heating. The current "in" tailor is Doug Hayward, of the firm Major Hayward Ltd., who makes suits for Michael Caine, Terence Stamp and John Osborne, among others. Custom shoes can be ordered at Maxwell's, starting around \$70, and Les Leston sells wood-rim steering wheels and auto-rally equipment. At the British Drama League you can buy records of British and American dialects and the Scotch House can fit you out in any tartan to which you lay claim.

After you've succumbed to the tempta-

EXPLORE!

Light up a
taste of
adventure



Excitingly new, surprisingly different aromatic pipe tobacco!

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tions of London's fantastic shopping, there's much to lure you beyond the city limits as well, whether it be to a tryst at a country inn in the adjacent counties of Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire or Hertfordshire, or a visit to an old ancestral seat. If time permits, you should drive out to the west country, to the granite moors of Cornwall, where tidal creeks, hedge-lined lanes, lichen-covered churches, tiny villages and black-rock cliffs spawned legends of King Arthur. The remains of his Sixth Century castle still stand. Drive across the county into Devonshire, through the medieval town of Exeter and into Dorsetshire (renowned for its local lobster and Blue Vinny cheese), before stopping for a night at an inn in the tiny seafront village of Lyme Regis. If you feel like it, walk along the beach to Charmouth and pick 50,000,000-year-old fossils from the crumbling cliffs; then drive on eastward to London via the cathedral city of Salisbury, with a detour to Stonehenge.

Then on to Reading and through the Thames Valley via Windsor Castle and Runnymede, where King John signed the Magna Charta in 1215.

Wherever you travel, London will draw you back—to its compelling excitement and multitudinous diversions. You will never see all there is to see, because there is simply too much; and each season of the year presents a different city—with a new panoply of attractions. In large measure, London's special mood—part metropolis and part hamlet—is due to the unique nature of its 8,000,000 inhabitants, who refuse to succumb to the regimented drudgery that sometimes frustrates urban dwellers elsewhere. As a result, London is a city both serene and vital, immensely sophisticated yet unashamedly sexy, highly civilized but not oppressive. When it's time to leave, you'll have no regrets, because you know you'll be back: one good turn about London obviously deserves another.



EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE

(continued from page 144)

leaned across to the woman with the green eye shadow and said loudly, "They mean no harm, they are drunk, but make sure they leave immediately." He looked back toward Loiseau to see if his profound understanding of human nature was registering.

"He's with them," the woman said, nodding to me. "I thought he was from the insurance company when he first came."

I heard Byrd say, "I will not take it back: he's a rotten little swine."

"Perhaps," said dinner-jacket tactfully, "you would be kind enough to make sure that your friends come to no harm in the street."

I said, "If they get out of here in one piece, they can take their own chances in the street."

"Since you can't take a hint," said dinner-jacket, "let me make it clear—"

"He's with me," said Loiseau.

The man shied. "Chief Inspector," said dinner-jacket, "I am desolated."

"We are leaving anyway," said Loiseau, nodding to me. Dinner-jacket smiled and turned back to the woman with green eye shadow.

"You go where you like," I said. "I'm staying right here."

Dinner-jacket swiveled back like a glove puppet.

Loiseau put a hand on my arm. "I thought you wanted to talk about getting your *carte de séjour* from the Prefecture."

"I'm having no trouble getting my *carte de séjour*," I said.

"Exactly," said Loiseau, and moved through the crowd toward the door.

I followed.

Near the entrance there was a table containing a book of newspaper clippings and catalogs. The woman with green eye shadow called to us. She offered Loiseau her hand and then reached out to me. She held the wrist limp, as women do when they half expect a man to kiss the back of their hand. "Please sign the visitors' book," she said.

Loiseau bent over the book and wrote, in neat neurotic writing, "Claude Loiseau"; under "Comments" he wrote "stimulating." The woman swiveled the book to me. I wrote my name, and under "Comments" I wrote what I always write when I don't know what to say—"uncompromising."

The woman nodded. "And your address," she said.

I was about to point out that no one else had written their address in the book, but when a shapely young woman asks for my address, I'm not the man to be secretive. I wrote it: "c/o Le Petit Légionnaire, Rue St. Ferdinand, 17ième."

The woman smiled to Loiseau in a familiar way. She said, "I know the Chief



"Hi, there! We're starting a new business service here in your neighborhood, and we wondered . . ."

Inspector's address: Criminal Investigation Department, Sûreté Nationale, Rue des Saussaies*."

. . .

Loiseau's office had that cramped, melancholy atmosphere that policemen relish. There were two small silver pots for the shooting team that Loiseau had led to victory in 1959 and several group photos—one showed Loiseau in army uniform standing in front of a tank. Loiseau brought a large M 1950 automatic from his waist and put it into a drawer. "I'm going to get something smaller," he said. "This is ruining my suits." He locked the drawer carefully and then went through the other drawers of his desk, riffling through the contents and slamming them closed until he laid a dossier on his blotter.

"This is your dossier," said Loiseau. He held up a print of the photo that appears on my *carte de séjour*. "Occupation," he read, "travel-agency director." He looked up at me and I nodded. "That's a good job?"

"It suits me," I said.

"It would suit me," said Loiseau. "Eight hundred new francs each week and you spend most of your time amusing yourself."

"There's a revived interest in leisure," I said.

"I hadn't noticed any decline among the people who work for me." He pushed his Gauloises toward me. We lit up and looked at each other. Loiseau was about 50 years old. Short, muscular body, with big shoulders. His face was pitted with tiny scars and part of his left ear was missing. His hair was pure white and very short. He had plenty of energy, but not so much that he was prepared to waste any. He hung his jacket on his chair back and rolled up his shirt sleeves very neatly. He didn't look like a police-

**France has a particularly complex police system. The Sûreté Nationale is the police system for all France that operates directly for the Minister of the Interior in the Ministry at Rue des Saussaies. At Quai des Orfèvres, there is the Prefecture, which does the same job for Paris. There is also the gendarmerie—recognized by their khaki coats in summer—who police the whole of France under the orders of the Army Ministry and are, in effect, soldiers. As well as this, there are special groups—Gardes Mobiles and C.R.S. (Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité) companies—which are highly mobile and have violent striking power. Loiseau worked for the first-named, the Sûreté Nationale, who, as well as all standard police work, also attend to counterespionage, economic espionage (unions and potential strikes, etc.), frontier policing and gaming. The 60 C.R.S. units are also controlled by one of the directorates (Public Security) of the Sûreté Nationale.*

man now, more like a paratroop colonel planning a coup.

"You are making inquiries about M. Datt's clinic on the Avenue Foch."

"Everyone keeps telling me that."

"Who for?"

I said, "I don't know about that place, and I don't want to know about it."

"I'm treating you like an adult," said Loiseau. "If you prefer to be treated like a spotty-faced j.v., then we can do that, too."

"What's the question again?"

"I'd like to know who you are working for. However, it would take a couple of hours in the hen cage to get that out of you. So for the time being I'll tell you this: I am interested in that house and I don't want you to even come downwind of it. Stay well away. Tell whoever you are working for that the house in Avenue Foch is going to remain a little secret of Chief Inspector Loiseau." He paused, wondering how much more to tell me. "There are powerful interests involved. Violent groups are engaged in a struggle for criminal power."

"Why do you tell me that?"

"I thought you should know." He gave a Gallic shrug.

"Why?"

"Don't you understand? These men are dangerous."

"Then why aren't you dragging them into your office instead of me?"

"Oh, they are too clever for us. Also, they have well-placed friends who protect them. It's only when the friends fail that they resort to . . . coercion, blackmail, killing, even. But always skillfully."

"They say it's better to know the judge than to know the law."

"Who says that?"

"I heard it somewhere."

"You're an eavesdropper," said Loiseau.

"I am," I said. "And a damned good one."

"It sounds as though you like it," said Loiseau grimly.

"It's my favorite indoor sport. Dynamic and yet sedentary, a game of skill with an element of chance. No season, no special equipment . . ."

"Don't be so clever," he said sadly. "This is a political matter. Do you know what that means?"

"No, I don't know what that means."

"It means that you might well spend one morning next week being lifted out of some quiet backwater of the St. Martin canal and traveling down to the Medico-Legal Institute* where the boys in butchers' aprons and rubber boots live. They'll take an inventory of what they find in your pockets, send your

**An old building on a prison site adjacent to Mazas Square near Austerlitz Station. It is used as a mortuary.*

clothes to the Poor Law Administration Office, put a numbered arm band on you, freeze you to eight degrees centigrade and put you in a rack with two other foolish lads. The superintendent will phone me and I'll have to go along and identify you. I'll hate doing that, because at this time of year there are clouds of flies as large as bats and a smell that reaches to Austerlitz Station." He paused. "And we won't even investigate the affair. Be sure you understand."

I said, "I understand, all right. I've become an expert at recognizing threats, no matter how veiled they are. But before you give a couple of cops tape measures and labels and maps of the St. Martin canal, make sure you choose men that your department doesn't find indispensable."

"Alas, you have misunderstood," said Loiseau's mouth, but his eyes didn't say that. He stared. "We'll leave it like that, but—"

"Just leave it like that," I interrupted. "You tell your cops to carry the capes with the lead-shot hems and I'll wear my water wings."

Loiseau allowed his face to become as friendly as it could become.

"I don't know where you fit into M. Datt's clinic, but until I do know, I'll be watching you very closely. If it's a political affair, then let the political departments request information. There's no point in us being at each other's throat. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"In the next few days you might be in contact with people who claim to be acting for me. Don't believe them. Anything you want to know, come back to me directly. I'm 22.22.* If you can't reach me here, then this office will know where I am. Tell the operator that '*Un sourire est différent d'un rire*.'"

"Agreed," I said. The French still use those silly code words that are impossible to use if you are being overheard.

"One last thing," said Loiseau. "I can see that no advice, however well meant, can register with you, so let me add that, should you tackle these men and come off best—he looked up to be sure that I was listening—"then I will personally guarantee that you'll *manger les haricots* for five years."

"Charged with . . . ?"

"Giving Chief Inspector Loiseau trouble beyond his normal duties."

"You might be going further than your authority permits," I said, trying to give the impression that I, too, might have important friends.

Loiseau smiled. "Of course I am. I have gained my present powerful position by always taking ten percent more authority than I am given." He lifted the phone and jangled the receiver rest

**Senior police officers in France are assigned their own private lines.*

so that its bell tinkled in the outer office. It must have been a prearranged signal, because his assistant came quickly. Loiseau nodded to indicate the meeting was over.

"Goodbye," he said. "It was good to see you again."

"Again?"

"NATO conference on falsification of cargo manifests, held in Bonn, April 1956. You represented B. A. O. R., if I remember rightly."

"You talk in endless riddles," I said. "I've never been in Bonn."

"You are a glib fellow," said Loiseau. "Another ten minutes and you'd convince me I'd never been there." He turned to the assistant, who was waiting to conduct me downstairs. "Count the fire extinguishers after he's left," said Loiseau. "And on no account shake hands with him: you might find yourself being thrown into the Faubourg St. Honoré."

When I left, I walked toward the Faubourg St. Honoré looking for a taxi. From the gratings in the road there came

the sound of a Métro train, its clatter muffled by four huddled *clochards* anxious for the warmth of the sour subterranean air. One of them came half awake, troubled by a bad dream. He yelled and then mumbled.

On the corner an E-type was parked. As I turned the corner, the headlights flashed and it moved toward me. I stood well back as the door swung open. A woman's voice said, "Jump in."

"Not right now," I said.

. . .

Maria Chauvet was 32 years old. She had kept her looks, her gentleness, her figure, her sexual optimism, her respect for men's cleverness, her domestication. She had lost her girlhood friends, her shyness, her literary aspirations, her obsession with clothes and her husband. It was a fair swap, she decided. Time had given her a greater measure of independence. She looked around the art gallery without seeing even one person that she really desired to see again. And yet they were her people: the ones she had known since her early 20s,

the people who shared her tastes in cinema, travel, sports and books. Now she no longer wished to hear their opinions about the things she enjoyed and she only slightly wished to hear their opinions about the things she hated. The paintings here were awful, they didn't even show a childish exuberance; they were old, jaded and sad. She hated things that were too real. Aging was real; as things grew older they became more real, and although age wasn't something she dreaded, she didn't want to hurry in that direction.

Maria hoped that Loiseau wasn't going to be violent with the Englishman that he had taken away. Ten years ago she would have said something to Loiseau, but now she had learned discretion, and discretion had become more and more vital in Paris. So had violence, come to that. Maria concentrated on what the artist was saying to her. ". . . the relationships between the spirit of man and the material things with which he surrounds himself . . ."

Maria had a slight feeling of claustrophobia; she also had a headache. She should take an aspirin, and yet she didn't, even though she knew it would relieve the pain. As a child she had complained of pain and her mother had said that a woman's life is accompanied by constant pain. That's what it's like to be a woman, her mother had said, to know an ache or a pain all day, every day. Her mother had found some sort of stoic satisfaction in that statement, but the prospect had terrified Maria. It still terrified her and she was determined to disbelieve it. She tried to disregard all pains, as though by acknowledging them she might confess her feminine frailty. She wouldn't take an aspirin.

She thought of her ten-year-old son. He was living with her mother in Flanders. It was not good for a child to spend a lot of time with elderly people. It was just a temporary measure and yet all the time he was there she felt vaguely guilty about going out to dinner or the cinema, or even evenings like this.

"Take that painting near the door," said the artist. "*Holocaust, Quo Vadis?* There you have the vulture that represents the ethereal and . . ."

Maria had had enough of him. He was a ridiculous fool; she decided to leave. The crowd had become more static now and that always increased her claustrophobia, as did people in the Métro standing motionless. She looked at his flabby face and his eyes, greedily and scavenging for admiration among this crowd who admired only themselves. "I'm going now," she said. "I'm sure the show will be a big success."

"Wait a moment," he called, but she had timed her escape to coincide with a gap in the crush and she was through the emergency exit, across the *cour* and away. He didn't follow her. He probably



"I tell you, Harry, it's a shocking commentary on our modern civilization when an apparently sweet, innocent young woman takes lessons in judo."

already had his eye on some other woman who could become interested in art for a couple of weeks.

Maria loved her car, not sinfully but proudly. She looked after it and drove it well. It wasn't far to the Rue des Saussaies. She positioned the car by the side of the Ministry of the Interior. That was the exit they used at night. She hoped Loiseau wouldn't keep him there too long. This area near the Elysée Palace was alive with patrols and huge Berliet buses, full of armed cops, the motors running all night in spite of the price of petrol. They wouldn't do anything to her, of course, but their presence made her uncomfortable. She looked at her wrist watch. Fifteen minutes the Englishman had been there. Now, the sentry was looking back into the courtyard. This must be he. She flashed the headlights of the E-type. Exactly on time; just as Loiseau had told her.

The woman laughed. It was a pleasant, musical laugh. She said, "Not in an E-type. Surely no whore solicits from an E-type. Is it a girl's car?" It was the woman from the art gallery.

"Where I come from," I said, "they call them hairdressers' cars."

She laughed. I had a feeling that she had enjoyed my mistaking her for one of the motorized prostitutes that prowled this district. I got in alongside her and she drove past the Ministry of the Interior and out onto the Malesherbes. She said:

"I hope Loiseau didn't give you a bad time."

"My resident's card was out of date."

"Poof!" she scoffed. "Do you think I'm a fool? You'd be at the Prefecture if that was the case, not the Ministry of the Interior."

"So what do you think he wanted?"

She wrinkled her nose. "Who can tell? Jean-Paul said you'd been asking questions about the clinic on the Avenue Foch."

"Suppose I told you I wish I'd never heard of the Avenue Foch?"

She put her foot down and I watched the speedometer spin. There was a screech of tires as she turned gently onto the Boulevard Haussmann. "I'd believe you," she said. "I wish I'd never heard of it."

I studied her. She was no longer a girl—perhaps about 30; dark hair and dark eyes; carefully applied make-up; her clothes were like the car, not brand-new but of good quality. Something in her relaxed manner told me that she had been married, and something in her overt friendliness told me she no longer was. She came into the Etoile without losing speed and entered the whirl of traffic effortlessly. She flashed the lights at a taxi that was on a collision course and he sheered away. In the Avenue Foch, she turned into a driveway.



"Note the piquant tartness at the first taste, subsiding subtly to a delicate, gracious nuance . . ."

"Here we are," she said. "Let's take a look."

The house was large and stood back in its own piece of ground. At dusk the French shutter themselves tightly against the night. This gaunt house was no exception.

Near to, the cracks in the plaster showed like wrinkles in a face carelessly made up. The traffic was pounding down the Avenue Foch, but that was over the garden wall and far away.

"So this is the house on the Avenue Foch," I said.

"Yes," said the girl.

The big gates closed behind us. A man with a flashlight came out of the shadows. He had a small mongrel dog on a chain.

"Go ahead," said the man. He waved an arm without exerting himself. I guessed that the man was a onetime cop. They are the only people who can stand motionless without loitering. The dog was a German shepherd in disguise.

We drove down a concrete ramp into a large underground garage. There were about 20 cars there of various expensive foreign makes: Ford GTs, Ferraris, a Bentley convertible. A man standing near the lift called, "Leave the keys in."

Maria slipped off her soft driving shoes and put on a pair of evening shoes. "Stay close," she said quietly.

I patted her gently. "That's close enough," she said.

When we got out of the lift on the

ground floor, everything seemed red plush and cut glass—*un décor maison fin de siècle*—and all of it was tinkling: the laughter, the medals, the ice cubes, the coins, the chandeliers. The main lighting came from ornate gas lamps with pink glass shades; there were huge mirrors and Chinese vases on plinths. Girls in long evening dresses were seated decorously on the wide sweep of the staircase, and in an alcove a barman was pouring drinks as fast as he could work. It was a very fancy affair; it didn't have the Republican Guard in polished helmets lining the staircase with drawn sabers, but you had the feeling that they'd wanted to come.

Maria leaned across and took two glasses of champagne and some biscuits heaped with caviar. One of the men said, "Haven't seen you for ages." Maria nodded without much regret. The man said, "You should have been in there tonight. One of them was nearly killed. He's hurt; badly hurt."

Maria nodded. Behind me I heard a woman say, "He must have been in agony. He wouldn't have screamed like that unless he had been in agony."

"They always do that, it doesn't mean a thing."

"I can tell a real scream from a fake one," said the woman.

"How?"

"A real scream has no music, it slurs, it . . . screeches. It's ugly."

"The cuisine," said a voice behind me, "can be superb; the very finely sliced

smoked pork served hot, cold citrus fruits divided in half, bowls of strange hot grains with cream upon them. And those large eggs that they have here in Europe skillfully fried crisp on the outside and yet the yolk remains almost raw. Sometimes smoked fish of various kinds." I turned to face them. The speaker was a middle-aged Chinese in evening dress. He had been speaking to a fellow countryman and as he caught my eye he said, "I am explaining to my colleague the fine Anglo-Saxon breakfast that I always enjoy so much."

"This is M. Kuang-t'ien," said Maria, introducing us.

"And you, Maria, are exquisite this evening," said M. Kuang-t'ien. He spoke a few lines of soft Mandarin.

"What's that?" asked Maria.

"It's a poem by Shao Hsün-mei, a poet and essayist who admired very much the poets of the West. Your dress reminded me of it."

"Say it in French," said Maria.

"It is indelicate, in parts." He smiled apologetically and began to recite softly:

*"Ah, lusty May is again burning,
A sin is born of a virgin's kiss;
Sweet tears tempt me, always tempt
me
To feel between her breasts with my
lips.*

*Here life is as eternal as death,
As the trembling happiness on a
wedding night;
If she is not a rose, a rose all white,
Then she must be redder than the
red of blood."*

Maria laughed. "I thought you were going to say, 'she must be redder than the Chinese People's Republic.'"

"Ah. Is not possible," said M. Kuang-t'ien, and laughed gently.

Maria steered me away from the two Chinese. "We'll see you later," she called over her shoulder. "He gives me the creeps," she whispered.

"Why?"

"Sweet tears, 'if she isn't white she'll be red with blood,' death 'between breasts.' " She shook away the thought of it. "He has a sick, sadistic streak in him that frightens me."

A man came pushing through the crowd. "Who's your friend?" he asked Maria.

"An Englishman," said Maria. "An old friend," she added untruthfully.

"He looks all right," said the man approvingly. "But I wished to see you in those high patent shoes." He made a clicking sound and laughed, but Maria didn't. All around us the guests were talking excitedly and drinking.

"Excellent," said a voice I recognized. It was M. Datt. He smiled at Maria. Datt was dressed in a dark jacket, striped trousers and black tie. He looked remarkably calm, unlike so many of his guests,

his brow was not flushed nor his collar wrinkled. "Are you going in?" he asked Maria. He looked at his pocket watch. "They will begin in two minutes."

"I don't think so," said Maria.

"Of course you are," said Datt. "You know you will enjoy it."

"Not tonight," said Maria.

"Nonsense," said Datt gently. "Three more bouts. One of them is a gigantic Negro. A splendid figure of a man with gigantic hands." Datt lifted one of his own hands to demonstrate, but his eyes watched Maria very closely. She became agitated under his gaze and I felt her grip my hand tightly, as though in fear. A buzzer sounded and people finished their drinks and moved toward the rear door.

Datt put his hands on our shoulders and moved us the way the crowd went. As we reached the large double doors, I saw into the *salon*. A wrestling ring was set up in the center and around it were folding chairs formed up in rows. The *salon* itself was a magnificent room with golden caryatids, a decorated ceiling, enormous mirrors, fine tapestry and a rich red carpet. As the spectators settled, the chandeliers began to dim. The atmosphere was expectant.

"Take a seat, Maria," said Datt. "It will be a fine fight; lots of blood." Maria's palm was moist in mine.

"Don't be awful," said Maria, but she let go of my hand and moved toward the seats.

"Sit with Jean-Paul," said Datt. "I want to speak with your friend."

Maria's hand trembled. I looked around and saw Jean-Paul for the first time. He was seated alone. "Go with Jean-Paul," said Datt gently.

Jean-Paul saw us; he smiled. "I'll sit with Jean-Paul," said Maria to me.

"Agreed," I said. By the time she was seated, the first two wrestlers were circling each other. One was an Algerian, I would guess; the other had bright dyed yellow hair. The man with straw hair lunged forward. The Algerian slid to one side, caught him on the hip and butted him heavily with the top of his head. The crack of head meeting chin was followed by the sharp intake of breath by the audience. On the far side of the room there was a nervous titter of laughter. The mirrored walls showed the wrestlers repeated all around the room. The central light threw heavy shadows under their chins and buttocks, and their legs, painted dark with shadow, emerged into the light as they circled again looking for an opening. Hanging in each corner of the room there was a TV camera linked by landline to monitor screens some distance away. The screens were showing the recorded image.

It was evident that the monitor screens were playing recordings, for the

pictures were not very clear and the action of the screen took place a few seconds later than the actual fighting. Because of this time lag between recording and playing back, the audience were able to swing their eyes to the monitors each time there was an attack and see it take place again on the screen.

"Come upstairs," said Datt.

"Very well." There was a crash: They were on the mat and the fair man was in a leg lock. His face was contorted. Datt spoke without turning to look. "This fighting is rehearsed. The fair-haired man will win after being nearly throttled in the final round."

I followed him up the magnificent staircase to the first floor. There was a locked door. CLINIC. PRIVATE. He unlocked the door and ushered me through. An old woman was standing in the corner. I wondered if I was interrupting one of Datt's interminable games of Monopoly.

"You were to come next week," said Datt.

"Yes, he was," said the old woman. She smoothed her apron over her hips like a self-conscious maidservant.

"Next week would have been better," said Datt.

"That's true. Next week—without the party—would have been better," she agreed.

I said, "Why is everyone speaking in the past tense?"

The door opened and two young men came in. They were wearing blue jeans and matching shirts. One of them was unshaven.

"What's going on now?" I asked.

"The footmen," said Datt. "Jules on the left. Albert on the right. They are here to see fair play. Right?" They nodded without smiling. Datt turned to me. "Just lie down on the couch."

"No."

"What?"

"I said no, I won't lie down on the couch."

Datt tutted. He was a little put out. There wasn't any mockery or sadism in the tutting. "There are four of us here," he explained. "We are not asking you to do anything unreasonable, are we? Please lie down on the couch."

I backed toward the side table. Jules came at me and Albert was edging around to my left side. I came back until the edge of the table was biting my right hip so I knew exactly how my body was placed in relation to it. I watched their feet. You can tell a lot about a man from the way he places his feet. You can tell the training he has had, whether he will lunge or punch from a stationary position, whether he will pull you or try to provoke you into a forward movement. Jules was still coming on. His hands were flat and extended. About 20 hours of gymnasium karate. Albert

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had the old *course d'échalote* look about him. He was used to handling heavyweight, overconfident drunks. Well, he'd find out what I was; yes, I thought: a heavyweight, overconfident drunk. Heavyweight Albert was coming on like a train. A boxer; look at his feet. A crafty boxer who would give you all the fouls: the butts, kidney jabs and back-of-the-head stuff; but he fancied himself as a jab-and-move-around artist. I'd be surprised to see him aim a kick in the groin with skill. I brought my hands suddenly into sparring position. Yes, his chin tucked in and he danced his weight around on the balls of his feet. "Fancy your chances, Albert?" I jeered. His eyes narrowed. I wanted him angry. "Come on, soft boy," I said. "Bite on a piece of bare knuckle."

I saw the cunning little Jules out of the corner of my eye. He was smiling. He was coming, too, smooth and cool, inch by inch, hands flat and trembling for the killer cut.

I made a slight movement to keep them going. If they once relaxed, stood up straight and began to think, they could eat me up.

Heavyweight Albert's hands were moving, foot forward for balance, right hand low and ready for a body punch while Jules chopped at my neck. That was the theory. Surprise for Albert: my metal heelpiece going into his instep. You were expecting a punch in the buffet or a kick in the groin, Albert, so you were surprised when a terrifying pain hit your instep. Difficult for the balancing, too. Albert leaned forward to console his poor hurt foot. Second surprise for Albert: underswung flat hand on the nose; nasty. Jules is coming, cursing Albert for forcing his hand. Jules is forced to meet me head down. I felt the edge of the table against my hip. Jules thinks I'm going to lean into him. Surprise for Jules: I lean back just as he's getting ready to give me a hand edge on the corner of the neck. Second surprise for Jules: I do lean in after all and give him a fine glass paperweight on the ear-hole at a range of about 18 inches. The paperweight seems none the worse for it. Now's the chance to make a big mistake. Don't pick up the paperweight. Don't pick up the paperweight. Don't pick up the paperweight. I didn't pick it up. Go for Datt, he's standing, he's mobile and he's the one who is mentally the driving force in the room.

Down Datt. He's an old man, but don't underrate him. He's large and weighty and he's been around. What's more, he'll use anything available; the old maidservant is careful, discriminating, basically not aggressive. Go for Datt. Albert is rolling over and may come up to one side of my range of vision. Jules

is motionless. Datt is moving around the desk; so it will have to be a missile. An inkstand: too heavy. A pen set will fly apart. A vase: unwieldy. An ashtray. I picked it up. Datt was still moving, very slowly now, watching me carefully, his mouth open and white hair disarrayed as though he had been in the scuffle. The ashtray is heavy and perfect. Careful, you don't want to kill him. "Wait," Datt says hoarsely. I waited. I waited about ten seconds, just long enough for the woman to come behind me with a brass candlestick. She was basically not aggressive, the maidservant. I was only unconscious 30 minutes, they told me.

• • •

I was saying, "You are not basically aggressive" as I regained consciousness.

"No," said the woman as though it were a grave shortcoming. "It is true." I couldn't see either of them from where I was full length on my back. She switched the tape recorder on. There was the sudden intimate sound of a girl sobbing. "I want it recording," she said, but the sound of the girl became hysterical and he began to scream as though someone were torturing her.

"Switch that damn thing off," Datt called. It was strange to see him disturbed; he was usually so calm. She turned the volume control the wrong way and the sound of the screams went right through my head and made the floor vibrate.

"The other way," screamed Datt. The sound abated, but the tape was still revolving and the sound could just be heard; the girl was sobbing again. The desperate sound was made even more helpless by its diminished volume, like someone abandoned or locked out.

"What is it?" asked the maidservant. She shuddered but seemed reluctant to switch off; finally she did so and the reels clicked to a standstill.

"What's it sound like?" said Datt. "It's a girl sobbing and screaming."

"My God," said the maidservant.

"Calm down," said Datt. "It's for amateur theatricals. It's just for amateur theatricals," he said to me.

"I didn't ask you," I said.

"Well, I'm telling you." The servant woman turned the reel over and re-threaded it. I felt fully conscious now and I sat up so that I could see across the room. The girl Maria was standing by the door, she had her shoes in her hand and a man's raincoat over her shoulders. She was staring blankly at the wall and looking miserable. There was a boy sitting near the gas fire. He was smoking a small cheroot, biting at the end, which had become frayed like a rope end, so that each time he pulled it out of his mouth he twisted his face up to find the segments of leaf and dis-

charge them on the tongue tip. Datt and the old maidservant had dressed up in those old-fashioned-looking French medical gowns with high buttoned collars. Datt was very close to me and did a patent-medicine commercial while sorting through a trayful of instruments.

"Has he had the LSD?" asked Datt.

"Yes," said the maid. "It should start working soon."

"You will answer any question we ask," said Datt to me.

I knew he was right; a well-used barbiturate could nullify all my years of training and experience and make me as cooperatively garrulous as a tiny child. What the LSD would do was anyone's guess.

What a way to be defeated and laid bare. I shuddered; Datt patted my arm.

The old woman was assisting him. "The Amytal," said Datt, "the ampule and the syringe."

She broke the ampule and filled the syringe. "We must work fast," said Datt. "It will be useless in thirty minutes; it has a short life. Bring him forward, Jules, so that she can block the vein. Dab of alcohol, Jules, no need to be inhuman."

I felt hot breath on the back of my neck as Jules laughed dutifully at Datt's little joke.

"Block the vein now," said Datt. She used the arm muscle to compress the vein of the forearm and waited a moment while the veins rose. I watched the process with interest, the colors of the skin and the metal were shiny and unnaturally bright.

Datt took the syringe and the old woman said, "The small vein on the back of the hand. If it clots we've still got plenty of patent ones left."

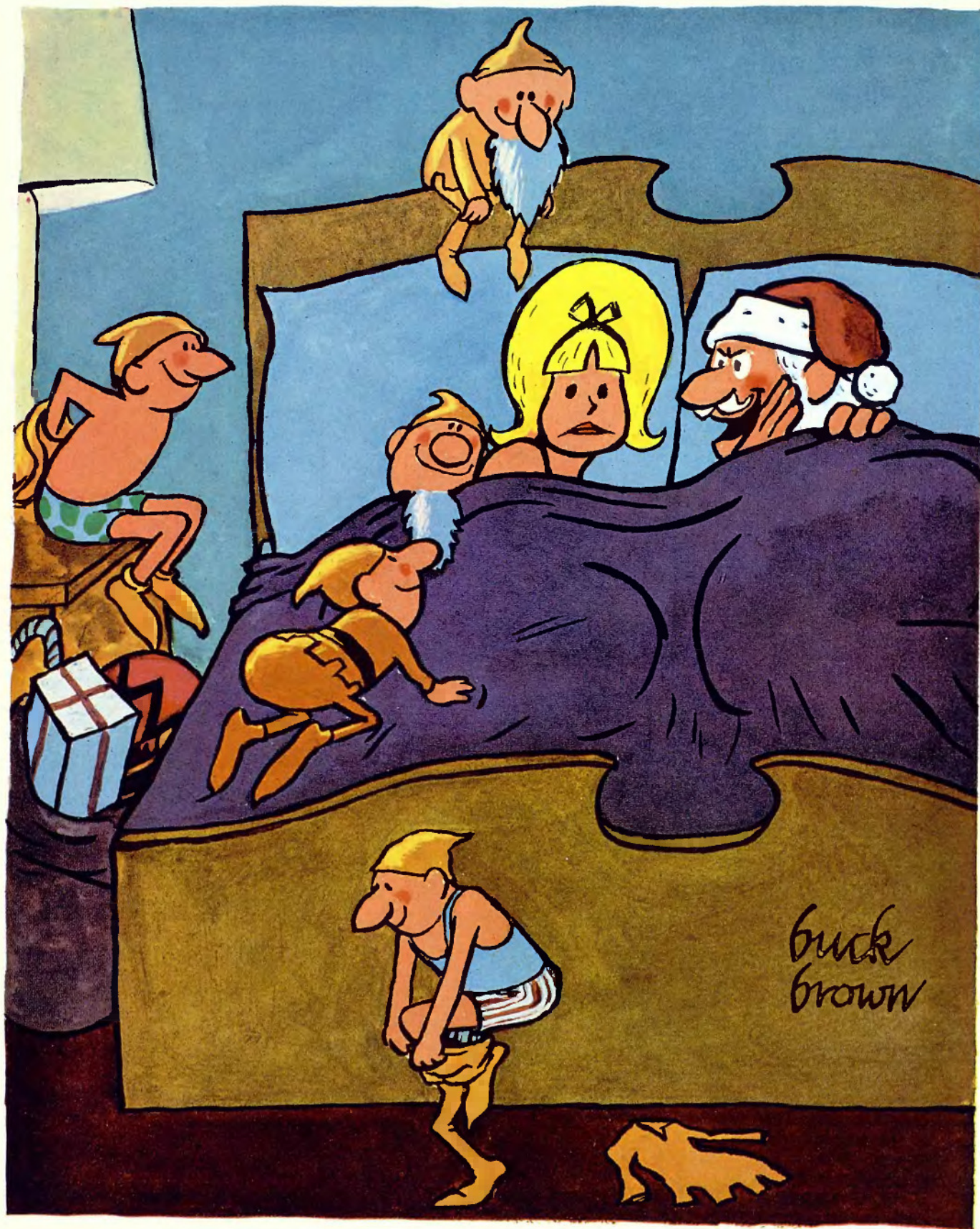
"A good thought," said Datt. He did a triple jab under the skin and searched for the vein, dragging at the plunger until the blood spurted back a rich gusher of red into the glass hypodermic. "Off," said Datt. "Off or he'll bruise. It's important to avoid that."

She released the arm vein and Datt stared at his watch, putting the drug into the vein at a steady one c.c. per minute.

"He'll feel a great release in a moment, an orgasmic response. Have the Megimide ready. I want him responding for at least fifteen minutes."

M. Datt looked up at me. "Who are you?" he asked in French. "Where are you, what day is it?"

I laughed. His damned needle was going into someone else's arm, that was the only funny thing about it. I laughed again. I wanted to be absolutely sure about the arm. I watched the thing carefully. There was the needle in that patch of white skin, but the arm didn't fit onto



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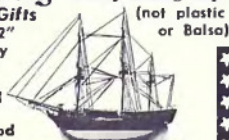
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my shoulder. Fancy him jabbing someone else. I was laughing more now, so that Jules steadied me. I must have been jostling whoever was getting the injection, because Datt had trouble holding the needle in.

"Have the Megimide and the cylinder ready," said M. Datt, who had hairs—white hairs—in his nostrils. "Can't be too careful. Maria, quickly, come closer, we'll need you now; bring the boy closer; he'll be the witness if we need one." M. Datt dropped something into the white enamel tray with a tremendous noise. I couldn't see Maria now, but I smelled the perfume—I'd bet it was *Ma Griffe*, heavy and exotic, oh, boy! It's orange-colored, that smell. Orange-colored with a sort of silky touch to it. "That's good," said M. Datt, and I heard Maria say orange-colored, too. Everyone knows, I thought, everyone knows the color of *Ma Griffe* perfume.

The huge glass orange fractured into a million prisms, each one a brilliant, like the Sainte Chapelle at high noon, and I slid through the coruscating light as a punt slides along a sleepy by-water, the white cloud low and the colors gleaming and rippling musically under me.

I looked at M. Datt's face and I was frightened. His nose had grown enormous, not just large but enormous, larger than any nose could possibly be. I was frightened by what I saw, because I knew that M. Datt's face was the same as it had always been and that it was my awareness that had distorted. Yet even knowing that the terrible disfigurement had happened inside my mind, not on M. Datt's face, did not change the image; M. Datt's nose had grown to a gigantic size.

"What day is it?" Maria was asking. I told her. "It's just a gabble," she said. "Too fast to really understand." I listened, but I could hear no one gabbling. Her eyes were soft and unblinking. She asked me my age, my date of birth and a lot of personal questions. I told her as much, and more, than she asked. The scar on my knee and the day my uncle planted the pennies in the tall tree. I wanted her to know everything about me.

"When we die," my grandmother told me, "we shall all go to heaven," she surveyed her world, "for surely this is hell?" "Old Mr. Gardner had athlete's foot, whose was the other foot?" Recitation: "Let me like a soldier fall . . ."

"A desire," said M. Datt's voice, "to externalize, to confide."

"Yes," I agreed.

"I'll bring him up with the Megimide if he goes too far," said M. Datt. "He's fine like that. Fine response. Fine response."

Maria repeated everything I said, as though Datt could not hear it himself. She said each thing not once but twice. I said it, then she said it, then she said it again differently; sometimes very differently, so that I corrected her, but she was indifferent to my corrections and spoke in that fine voice she had: a round, reed-clear voice full of song and sorrow like an oboe at night.

Now and again there was the voice of Datt, deep and distant, perhaps from the next room. They seemed to think and speak so slowly. I answered Maria leisurely, but it was ages before the next question came. I tired of the long pauses eventually. I filled the gaps telling them anecdotes and interesting stuff I'd read. I felt I'd known Maria for years and I remember saying "transference," and Maria said it, too, and Datt seemed very pleased. I found it was quite easy to compose my answers in poetry—not all of it rhymed, mind you, but I phrased it carefully. I could squeeze those damned words like putty and hand them to Maria, but sometimes she dropped them onto the marble floor. They fell noiselessly, but the shadows of them reverberated around the distant walls and furniture. I laughed again and wondered whose bare arm I was staring at. Mind you, that wrist was mine. I recognized the watch. Who'd torn that shirt? Maria kept saying something over and over, a question perhaps. Damned shirt cost me £3 10s. and now they'd torn it. The torn fabric was exquisite, detailed and jewellike.

Datt's voice said, "He's going now: It's very short duration, that's the trouble with it."

Maria said, "Something about a shirt, I can't understand, it's so fast."

"No matter," said Datt. "You've done a good job. Thank God you were here."

I wondered why they were speaking in a foreign language. I had told them everything. I had betrayed my employers, my country, my department. They had opened me like a cheap watch, prodded the mainspring and laughed at its simple construction. I had failed and failure closed over me like a darkroom blind coming down.

Dark. Maria's voice said, "He's gone," and I went, a white sea gull gliding through black sky, while beneath me the even darker sea was welcoming and still. And deep, and deep and deep.

Maria looked down at the Englishman. He was contorted and twitching, a pathetic sight. She felt inclined to cuddle him close. So it was as easy as that to discover a man's most secret thoughts—a chemical reaction—extraordinary. He'd laid his soul bare to her under the

influence of the Amytal and LSD; and now, in some odd way, she felt responsible—guilty almost—about his well-being. He shivered and she pulled the coat over him and tucked it around his neck. Looking around the damp walls of the dungeon she was in, she shivered, too. She produced a compact and made basic changes in her make-up; the dramatic eye shadow that suited last night would look terrible in the cold light of dawn. Like a cat, licking and washing in moments of anguish or distress. She removed all the make-up with a ball of cotton wool, erasing the green eyes and the deep red lips. She looked at herself and pulled that pursed face that she did only when she looked in a mirror. She looked awful without make-up, like a Dutch peasant; her jaw was beginning to go. She followed the jawbone with her finger, seeking out that tiny niche halfway along the line of it. That's where the face goes, that niche becomes a gap and suddenly the chin and the jawbone separate and you have the face of an old woman.

She applied the moisture cream, the lightest of powder and the most natural of lipstick colors. The Englishman stirred and shivered: this time the shiver moved his whole body. He would become conscious soon. She hurried with her make-up, he mustn't see her like this. She felt a strange physical thing about the Englishman. Had she spent over 30 years not understanding what physical attraction was? She had always thought that beauty and physical attraction were the same thing, but now she was unsure. This man was in his late 30s, she'd guess—and his body was uncared for. Jean-Paul was the epitome of masculine beauty: young, slim, careful about his weight and his hips, artfully tanned—all over, she remembered—particular about his hairdresser, ostentatious with his gold wrist watch and fine rings, his linen precise and starched and white, like his smile.

Look at the Englishman: ill-fitting clothes crumpled and torn; look at that leather wrist-watch strap and his terrible old-fashioned shoes—so English. Lace-up shoes. She remembered the lace-up shoes she had as a child. She hated them, it was the first manifestation of her claustrophobia, her hatred of those shoes, although she hadn't recognized it as such. Her mother tied the laces in knots, tight and restrictive. Maria had been extra careful with her son, he never wore laced shoes. Oh, God, the Englishman was shaking like an epileptic now. She held his arms and smelled the ether and the sweat as she came close to him.

He would come awake quickly and completely. Men always did, they could snap awake and be speaking on the phone as though they had been up for hours. Man the hunter, she supposed,



alert for danger: but they made no allowances. So many terrible rows with men began because she came awake slowly. The weight of his body excited her, she let it fall against her so that she took the weight of it. He's a big ugly man, she thought. She said "ugly" again and that word attracted her, so did "big" and so did "man." She said "Big ugly man" aloud.

• • •

I awoke, but the nightmare continued. I was in the sort of dungeon that Walt Disney dreams up, and the woman was there saying "Big ugly man" over and over. Thanks a lot, I thought, flattery will get you nowhere. I was shivering, and I came awake carefully; the woman was hugging me close; I must have been cold, because I could feel the warmth of her. I'll settle for this, I thought, but if the girl starts to fade, I'll close my eyes again; I need a dream.

It was a dungeon, that was the crazy thing. "It really is a dungeon," I said.

"Yes," said Maria, "it is."

"What are you doing here, then?" I said. I could accept the idea of my being in a dungeon.

"I'm taking you back," she said. "I tried to lift you out to the car, but you were too heavy. How heavy are you?"

"Never mind how heavy I am," I said. "What's been going on?"

"Datt was questioning you," she said. "We can leave now."

"I'll show you who's leaving," I said, deciding to seek out Datt and finish off the ashtray exercise. I jumped off the hard bench to push open the heavy door of the dungeon. It was as though I were descending a nonexistent staircase and by the time I reached the door I was on the wet ground, my legs twitching uselessly and unable to bear my weight.

"I didn't think you'd get even this far," said Maria, coming across to me. I took her arm gratefully and helped myself upright by clawing at the door fixtures. Step by difficult step we inched through the cellar, past the rack, pincers and thumbscrews and the cold fireplace with the branding irons scattered around it.

"Who lives here?" I asked. "Frankenstein?"

"Hush," said Maria. "Keep your strength for walking."

"I had a terrible dream," I said. It had been a dream of terrible betrayal and impending doom.

"I know," said Maria. "Don't think about it."

The dawn sky was pale, as though the

leeches of my night had grown fat upon its blood. "Dawn's should be red," I said to Maria.

"You don't look so good yourself," she said, and helped me into the car.

She drove a couple of blocks from the house and parked under the trees amid the dead motorcars that litter the city. She switched the heater on and the warm air suffused my limbs.

"Do you live alone?" she asked.

"What's that, a proposal?"

"You aren't fit enough to be left alone."

"Agreed," I said. I couldn't shake off the coma of fear, and Maria's voice came to me as I had heard it in the nightmare.

"I'll take you to my place, it's not far away," she said.

"That's OK," I said. "I'm sure it's worth a detour."

"It's worth a journey. Three-star food and drink," she said. "How about a *croque-monsieur* and a baby*?"

*A small whiskey.

"The *croque-monsieur* would be welcome," I agreed.

"But having the baby together might well be the best part," she said.

She didn't smile, she kicked the accelerator and the power surged through the car like the blood through my reviving limbs. She watched the road, flashing the lights at each intersection and flipping the needle around the clock at the clear stretches. She loved the car, caressing the wheel and agog with admiration for it; and like a clever lover, she coaxed it into effortless performance. She came down the Champs for speed and along the north side of the Seine before cutting up through Les Halles. The last of the smart set had abandoned their onion soups and now the lorries were being unloaded. The *forts* were working like looters, stacking the crates of vegetables and boxes of fish. The lorry drivers had left their cabs to patronize the brothels that crowd the streets around the Square des Innocents. Tiny yellow doorways

were full of jostling painted whores and arguing men in *bleu de travail*. Maria drove carefully through the narrow streets.

"You've seen this district before?" she asked.

"No," I said, because I had a feeling that she wanted me to say that. I had a feeling that she got some strange titillation from bringing me this way to her home. "Ten new francs," she said, nodding toward two girls standing outside a dingy café. "Perhaps seven if you argued."

"The two?"

"Maybe twelve if you wanted the two. More for an exhibition." She turned to me. "You are shocked."

"I'm only shocked that you want me to be shocked," I said.

She bit her lip and turned onto the Sébastopol and speeded out of the district. It was three minutes before she spoke again. "You are good for me," she said.

I wasn't sure she was right, but I didn't argue.

That early in the morning the street in which Maria lived was little different from any other street in Paris; the shutters were slammed tight and not a glint of glass or ruffle of curtain was visible anywhere. The walls were colorless and expressionless, as though every house in the street were mourning a family death. The ancient crumbling streets of Paris were distinguished socially only by the motorcars parked along the gutters. Here the R4s, corrugated *deux chevaux* and dented Dauphines were outnumbered by shiny new Jags, Buicks and Mercedes.

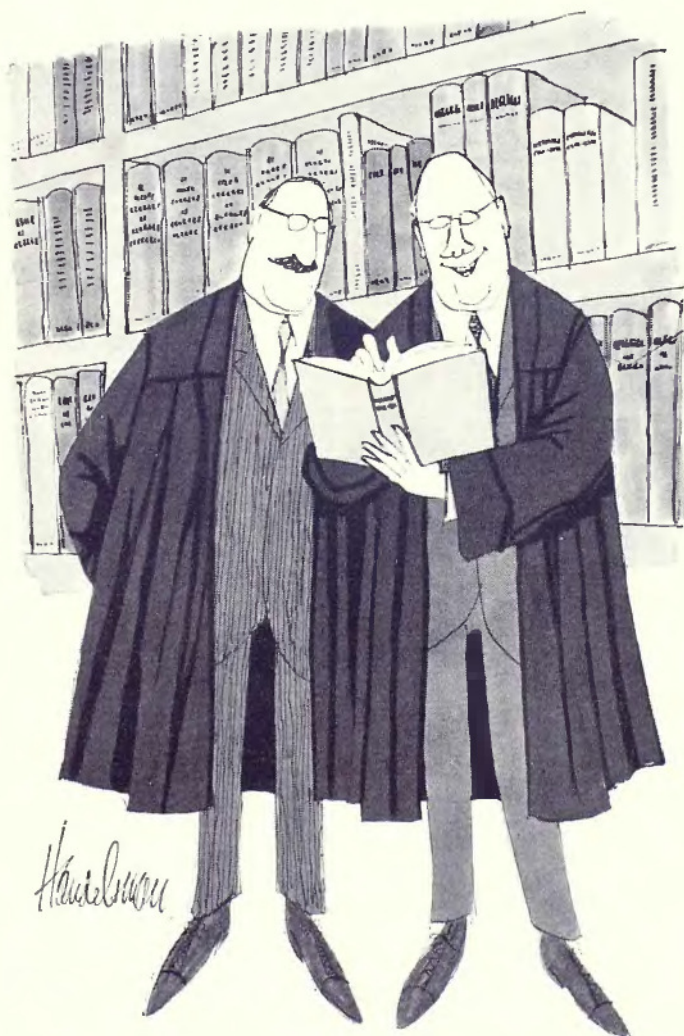
Inside, the carpets were deep, the hangings lush, the fittings shiny and the chairs soft. And there was that symbol of status and influence: a phone. I bathed in hot perfumed water and sipped aromatic broth, I was tucked into crisp sheets, my memories faded and I slept a long dreamless sleep.

When I awoke, the radio was playing Françoise Hardy in the next room and Maria was sitting on the bed. She looked at me as I stirred. She had changed into a pink cotton dress and was wearing little or no make-up. Her hair was loose and combed to a simple parting in that messy way that takes a couple of hours of hairdressing expertise. Her face was kind but had the sort of wrinkles that come when you have smiled cynically about 10,000,000 times. Her mouth was small and slightly open, like a doll, or like a woman expecting a kiss.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"It's past midnight," she said. "You've slept the clock round."

"Get this bed on the road. What's wrong, have we run out of feathers?"



"Here's a legal precedent that might be worth keeping in mind. In *Hatch vs. Morrison* (1959), the Court gave defense counsel a fat lip."



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"We ran out of bedclothes; they are all around you."

"Fill her up with bedclothes, mister, and if we forget to check the electric blanket, you get a bolster free."

"I'm busy making coffee. I've no time to play your games."

She made coffee and brought it. She waited for me to ask questions and then she answered deftly, telling me as much as she wished without seeming evasive.

"I had a nightmare and awoke in a medieval dungeon."

"You did," said Maria.

"You'd better tell me all about it," I said.

"Datt was terrified that you were spying on him. He said you have documents he wants. He said you had been making inquiries, so he had to know."

"What did he do to me?"

"He injected you with Amytal and LSD. It's the LSD that takes time to wear off. I questioned you. Then you went into a deep sleep and awoke in the cellars of the house. I brought you here."

"What did I say?"

"Don't worry. None of those people speak English. I'm the only one who does. Your secrets are safe with me. Datt usually thinks of everything, but he was disconcerted when you babbled away in English. I translated."

So that was why I'd heard her say everything twice. "What did I say?"

"Relax. It didn't interest me, but I satisfied Datt."

I said, "And don't think I don't appreciate it, but why should you do that for me?"

"Datt is a hateful man. I would never help him, and anyway, I took you to that house, I felt responsible for you."

"And . . . ?"

"If I had told him what you really said, he would have undoubtedly used amphetamine on you, to discover more and more. Amphetamine is dangerous stuff, horrible. I wouldn't have enjoyed watching that."

"Thanks," I said. I reached toward her, took her hand, and she lay down on the bed at my side. She did it without suspicion or arch looks; it was a friendly, rather than a sexual gesture.

She lit a cigarette and gave me the packet and matches. "Light it yourself," she said. "It will give you something to do with your hands."

"What did I say?" I asked casually. "What did I say that you didn't translate into French for Datt?"

"Nothing," Maria said immediately. "Not because you said nothing, but because I didn't hear it. Understand? I'm not interested in what you are or how you earn your living. If you are doing something that's illegal or dangerous, that's your worry. Just for the moment I feel a little responsible for you, but I've nearly worked off that feeling. Tomorrow you can start telling your own lies, and I'm sure you will do it remarkably well."

"Is that a brush-off?"

She turned to me. "No," she said. She leaned over and kissed me.

"You smell delicious," I said. "What is it you're wearing?"

"Agony," she said. "It's an expensive perfume, but there are few humans not attracted to it."

I tried to decide whether she was geering me up, but I couldn't tell. She wasn't the sort of girl who'd help you by smiling, either.

She got off the bed and straightened her dress over her hips.

"Do you like this dress?" she asked.

"It's great," I said.

"What sort of clothes do you like to see women in?"

"Aprons," I said. "Fingers ashine with those marks you get from handling hot dishes."

"Yes, I can imagine," she said. She stubbed out her cigarette.

"I'll help you if you want help, but don't ask too much, and remember that I am involved with these people and I have only one passport and it's French."

I wondered if that was a hint about what I'd revealed under the drugs, but I said nothing.

She looked at her wrist watch. "It's very late," she said. She looked at me quizzically. "There's only one bed and I need my sleep."

I had been thinking of having a cigarette, but I replaced them on the side table. I moved aside. "Share the bed," I invited, "but I can't guarantee sleep."

"Don't pull the Jean-Paul lover-boy stuff," she said, "it's not your style." She grabbed at the cotton dress and pulled it over her head.

"What is my style?" I asked irritably.

"Check with me in the morning," she said, and put the light out.

She left only the radio on.



"But I don't want to kiss you and break the spell. I like you just the way you are."

This is the first installment of a new novel by Len Deighton. Part II will appear next month.



12-TO-12 PARTY (continued from page 196)

large heavy saucepan, bring 3 quarts milk slowly up to boiling point. Do not boil. Add 1 tablespoon salt. Keep pan over low flame; slowly add, while stirring constantly, 3 cups farina. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Grate 2 medium-size onions into pan. Beat 6 eggs well. Slowly stir in eggs, blending well. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated parmesan cheese. Return to a low flame and simmer 3 to 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon white pepper. Stir until butter melts. Turn mixture into greased shallow pans or casseroles. *Gnocchi* mixture should be about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, level over pans. Chill overnight. Before serving, turn mixture out of pan. Cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. cubes. Toss cubes in irregular fashion into shallow serving casseroles. Sprinkle generously with grated parmesan cheese and with melted butter. Bake in oven preheated at 370° about 30 minutes or until top is golden brown. If the job seems staggering—we don't think it is—buy the *gnocchi* from your favorite *trattoria*.

2 o'clock—*Pâté Maison*: You'll need about 4 lbs. *pâté* for 20 portions. If the *pâté* is in a crust or covered with a thick layer of jelly, you'll need 4½ to 5 lbs. Keep ice cold until serving time. Use a

very sharp knife, dipped in warm water if necessary, or a wire cheesecutter as a slicer. Present the whole *pâté* on a burnished silver platter or the most sumptuous china platter you own. Cover the border of the platter lavishly with crisp water cress. Remove from buffet after serving.

3 o'clock—*Quiche Lorraine*: There are quiches with bacon, ham, cheese, onion, crab meat, lobster, and even a quiche with poppy seeds. Select the one most easily obtainable. Reheat it in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. Three quiches, 8 ins. in diameter, will provide 18 to 24 portions. Return to kitchen after serving.

4 o'clock—*Caviar Platter*: Chill an 8-oz. jar beluga caviar, or pressed black caviar, and an 8-oz. jar red salmon caviar. Cut ½ lb. sliced sturgeon into smallest possible dice. Combine sturgeon with ¼ cup red radishes in tiny dice and ½ cup sour cream. Season generously with salt, white pepper and cayenne. Cut ½ lb. sliced smoked salmon into smallest possible dice. Combine smoked salmon with ½ cup sour cream and 2 tablespoons finely minced fresh chives. Hard-boil 3 eggs. Chop very fine and combine with 2 finely minced scallions. Season with salt and pepper. Caviar may

be served in original containers. Accompaniments should be in small hors d'oeuvre dishes. Arrange caviar, smoked salmon, sturgeon and chopped egg in respective containers on a large platter. Around edge of platter, arrange rounds of rye melba toast and small rounds of thin imported pumpnickel. After serving, return platter to kitchen.

5 o'clock—*Curry of Chicken*: Pick up 4 lbs. chicken or turkey roll cut into ½-in.-thick slices. Cut slices into eighths. Mince 2 medium-size onions; sauté in ½ lb. butter in large heavy saucepan over low flame only until onions are yellow. Stir in 3 tablespoons curry powder. Remove from flame and stir in 1 cup flour until no lumps of flour are visible. Slowly stir in 1 quart hot chicken broth, canned or fresh, 2 cups light cream and 2 cups milk. Return pan to moderate flame. Simmer slowly, stirring frequently, 10 minutes. Add chicken and simmer 5 minutes. Add 3 tablespoons brandy, salt, white pepper and cayenne to taste. If chicken flavor seems weak, it can be intensified with powdered instant chicken bouillon. Store overnight in refrigerator. Soak 1 cup yellow raisins in ½ cup amontillado overnight. Combine raisins with chicken. Heat in double boiler. Transfer to chafing dish for buffet table.

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6 o'clock—Hot Roast Filet of Beef: Also known as roast tenderloin of beef. The one cooking job that should be done the day of your party. From the best gourmet butcher shop you know of, buy 2 whole prime aged beef tenderloins. Remove from refrigerator about an hour before roasting. Preheat oven at 450°. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper. Roast, uncovered, fat side up, 30 to 40 minutes. The job should be timed so that the meat can set from 20 to 30 minutes before being delivered to buffet table. It should be sliced rather thin. Beefeaters will be jubilant with either open or closed sandwiches. Unsliced meat should remain with ham.

7 o'clock—Shrimp Platter: Order in advance from fishmonger 6 lbs. cooked, shelled, deveined shrimps. Arrange them slightly overlapping on large platters. Cover with a light Russian dressing. If dressing is too thick to spoon easily over shrimps, thin it with light cream or milk. On top of each shrimp, place a very small dollop of

cocktail sauce. Pierce shrimps with multi-colored cocktail spears. If any shrimps are left, return them to the refrigerator.

8 o'clock—Cold Smoked Turkey: Buy a 10-lb. bird. Since smoked turkey is a cooked meat, the 10 lbs. will equal a 20-lb. raw young tom. Smoked turkey should be sliced very thin, but slices should not be transparent. This makes a wonderful ally with the Salad Cauchoise. Leave bird on carving board for balance of evening.

9 o'clock—Crab Meat Diavolo: Order in advance 4 lbs. fresh Eastern jumbo crab lump. Examine carefully to remove any pieces of shell. (Canned, fancy tendonless crab meat may be used as substitute.) In a heavy deep, wide saucepan, over low flame, heat $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter until it melts. Add 2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley, 2 tablespoons minced fresh dill, 1 teaspoon dried basil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup very finely minced onion and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup very finely minced celery. Sauté until onion just begins to turn yellow. Add 1 teaspoon ground fennel and an additional $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter. When butter has melted, add crab lump and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup amon-

tillado. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from flame. Drain 6 $14\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. cans plum tomatoes, reserving juice. Combine juice with 2 6-oz. cans tomato paste, blending well. Chop tomato meat coarsely. Add tomatoes and tomato-paste mixture to pan. Stir carefully to avoid breaking crab lump. Bring to boiling point. Season with salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate and cayenne to taste. At buffet table, serve hot in chafing dishes.

10 o'clock—Sausages in White Wine: Place 5 lbs. small sausage links (not cocktail sausages) in a single layer in shallow baking pans. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in oven preheated at 400°. In wide saucepan, sauté, in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced shallots, 2 large very finely minced cloves garlic and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon leaf sage. When shallots just begin to turn yellow, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine and 3 tablespoons bourbon. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, blending well. Stir in 1 quart hot chicken broth, fresh or canned, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice. Bring to boil; reduce flame and simmer 10 minutes. Add brown gravy color. Combine sauce with sausages. Store in refrigerator. Before serving, reheat sausages with their sauce in moderate oven, in baking pan covered with aluminum foil. Serve in chafing dish. Offer finger rolls. Remove from buffet table before next course.

11 o'clock—Chinese Roast Duck and Roast Pork: Both are prepared by Chinese or Polynesian restaurants. Both have the captivating flavors of soy sauce, honey or sugar and spices. Buy 3 whole ducks (not pieces of Peking duck) and 3 lbs., cooked weight, Chinese roast pork (called "Char-Shew"). Before serving, cut ducks with cleaver or poultry shears into bite-size pieces. Cut pork into thin slices. Present on Oriental-china platter. Provide small bowls of prepared Chinese oyster sauce, plum sauce and hot Chinese mustard. Chopsticks should be available. Remove from table before midnight.

12 o'clock—Cheese Fondue: Buy 5 14-oz. cans Swiss-cheese fondue. Heat in kitchen, following directions on can. Add kirsch and white wine if desired. Place in fondue dishes for serving at buffet table. Cut 2 long thin loaves French bread into cubes for dipping. Keep 2 additional loaves on hand. Fondue forks, or extra-long cocktail spears, should be available to everybody. Slices of glazed ham or smoked turkey may be offered for dunking.

Follow all the preceding directions carefully and your 12-to-12 party—truly a trencherman's timetable—will come off like clockwork and you'll be the man of the hours.



"... And this is my son, the doctor."

MY FAVORITE SLEUTHS

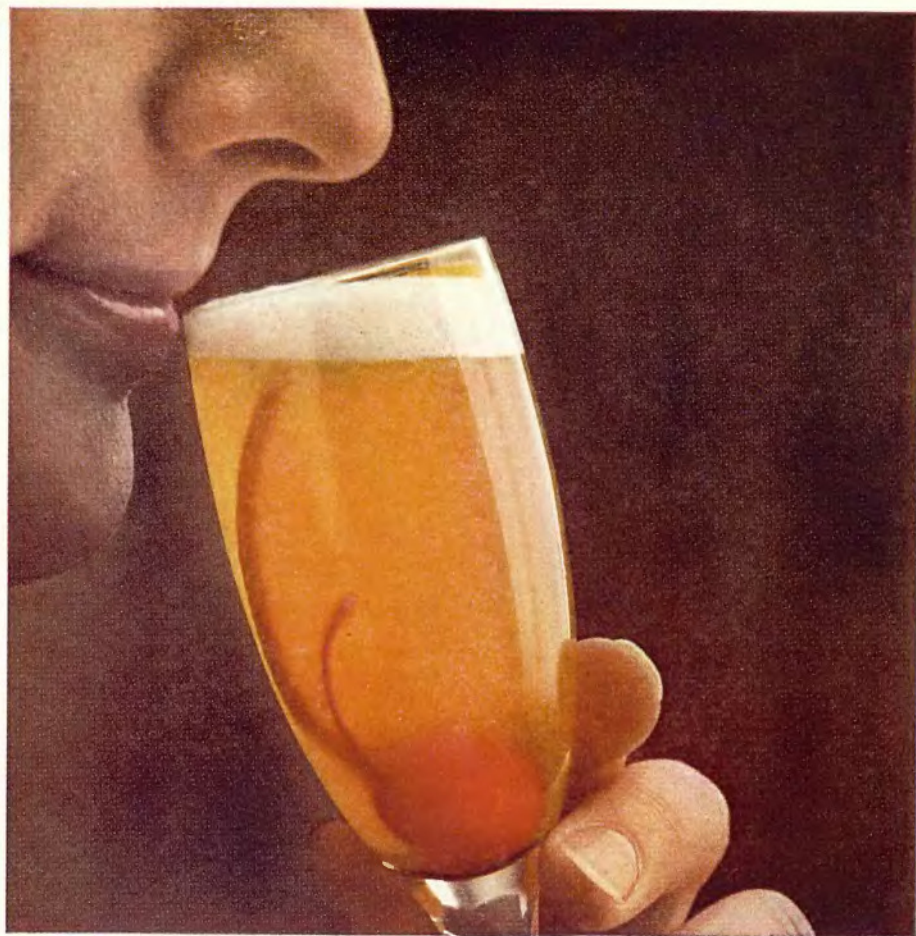
(continued from page 145)

will still be around long after all the spies who came in from the cold, Ipccress-file-mongers and similar "real" secret agents have been forgotten.)

Halfway between the policeman and the amateur comes the private investigator, of whom Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade and Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe are typical, plus, in a rather different way, Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer. Theirs is a fantasy world all right, that of the toughie whose sacred objects are the gun, the boot, the bottle of rye and (less so in Chandler than in the others) the male organ. It has often been objected against the tough school that their values are lopsided or nonexistent, that in regard to ethics, and pretty well everything else, the police and the D. A.'s men are no better than the crooks or the Commies and the private eye is at least as bad as all the others. This loss of moral focusing is felt to be unedifying, even dangerous. Maybe. My own view is that the immoral or amoral hero of this type is bound to forfeit some of the reader's esteem and, along with it, some of his desire to identify with the hero. The story thus goes rather cold. In crime or spy fantasies the interest is partly a fairy-tale one, good versus bad in a rather basic way; James Bond would not mean so much to us if we were unable to feel that he was on the right side and that his cause was just. The toughies have no decent cause. Self-interest is all.

This would probably matter less than it does if these writers wrote better. Spillane is the best of the three cited—an unpopular view, which I would defend hotly. Legitimate shock and horror at the beastliness of Hammer's universe should not be allowed to weigh against the technical brilliance with which the whole thing is stage-managed. Few novelists on any level can match Spillane's skill in getting his essential facts across palatably and without interrupting the action, in knowing what to leave out; and the impression received that the narrative is just tumbling out of the corner of Hammer's mouth at 200 words a minute is a tribute to real professional competence. With all this granted, what makes the stories finally stultifying is Hammer's total facelessness, or mindlessness. He is a mere network of gristle connecting mouth, fist, trigger finger and penis. A hero needs more substance than that.

Sam Spade perhaps has a little more. *The Maltese Falcon*, in the period just after its publication (1930), was certainly taken as having opened up an undiscovered area in popular fiction. No doubt the removal of conventional ethics caught the taste of a public who, in mid-Depression, must have been more than ready to believe that almost any cynical view of the world was likely to approximate



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the way things really were, and did not care to notice the story's manifold improbabilities. Looking back now, it seems hard to understand what the fuss was about. Spade, the blond satan with the yellow-gray eyes, grinning wolfishly on every other page and making growling animal noises in his throat nearly as often, the most committed cigarette smoker before our friend 007, turns out to be faintly funny. Where Hammett presents Spade's toughness as real and probable, as the way things are did we but know it, the result is unbelievable; where the toughness is offered as exceptionally cool, exceptionally tough, it just seems corny. And both sorts come down much of the time to mere rudeness and bad temper. All of it is ladled out in low-budget-TV-show dialog. The gloss and the glow, if they were ever there, have been rubbed out by time.

Raymond Chandler was undoubtedly the most ambitious writer of the tough-thriller school, and for some time was, in England at any rate still is, a toast of the intellectuals. W. H. Auden went on record with the view that "Chandler's powerful books should be read and judged not as escape literature but as works of art." This advice strikes me as hazardous in the extreme. The books have undoubtedly worn less badly than Hammett's, having had for one thing less time to do so, since they belong roughly to the period 1939-1959. Philip Marlowe is an improvement on Spade. Some of Marlowe's toughness does boil down to meanness, unrepentant dislike of the rich and indeed of most other groups and individuals, rudeness to servants and to women. On the other hand, there are some things he will not do, he will protect his clients under great pressure, he can show compunction and even sensitivity. What disfigures him is, again, the way he is presented by his creator. The tough catch phrases—don't kid me, son; quit stalling; on your way, brother—died with, or before, Bogart. There is also a moral pretentiousness whereby Marlowe is now and again made the vehicle for criticizing the sordid lives of Hollywood's denizens: the perverted producers, the writers drowning in bourbon and self-hatred, the chicks who will do absolutely anything to get a part—all that. Most of this comes ill from a private eye, even a comparatively honest one. Bits of stylistic pretentiousness underline the effect. *The Big Sleep* has bubbles rising in a glass of liquor "like false hopes" and, after an intermission of four words, a girl's breath being "as delicate as the eyes of a fawn." Is this our tough Chandler (let alone a work of art), or has some heart-throbbing female dream purveyor grabbed the pen?

Perry Mason provides a convenient stopover point. There would be a lot to be said for not noticing him at all, if it were not for the hideous frequency of

his appearances in print and on television. I am afraid there can be very few people in our culture who would not know that, although Mason is not in the strict sense a detective, is a mere lawyer employing the Drake Detective Agency to do his legwork for him, he does investigate crimes, ending up ten times out of ten by winning one of those objection-overruled-objection-sustained rituals in concert with the D. A. and the judge. The TV films faithfully reflect the Erle Stanley Gardner novels in their portrayal of the inevitable three-stage progress from seeing-the-client through seeing-the-witnesses to going-to-court, with an expected unexpected revelation at the end. Mason has an impressive claim to being considered the most boring foe of criminality in our time, which is saying something if we make the effort to remember such cobwebbed figures as Inspector French (in the works of Freeman Wills Crofts) or Philo Vance (S. S. Van Dine). The nullity of Mason is nowhere better displayed than in his relations, or lack of any, with his assistant—I cannot bring myself to say girl Friday—Della Street. Della Street, whose name appears in full every time Gardner mentions her, answers the telephone and listens to Mason telling her that the law is not a rat-race unless you run with the rats. Oh, and sometimes she worries because Mason looks so tired. Nothing more; whereas the vital role of the assistant in detective fiction is to encourage and provoke the great man to reveal his hidden inner nature, as we shall see.

I hope we shall see much more than that. The sleuths put up to question so far have admittedly been treated in a rather carping or, as we British say, *knocking* spirit. My admiration is reserved for the detective who detects, whose claim to fame is his mind rather than his way with a girl or a jury. Heroes of this type show a strong family resemblance. Such a man will show some physical impressiveness, along the lines of Holmes' tall lean figure and piercing eyes, or Wolfe's vast poundage: 285 of them. If unimpressive, he will be spectacularly unimpressive, small and with an egg-shaped head like Poirrot; small, round-faced and bespectacled like Father Brown. He is unmarried, or at least his wife is kept firmly off stage. A crucial point, this. Holmes hit the nail on the head for his group when he declared that he would never marry, lest he biased his judgment. But let Dr. Watson spell the point out:

All emotions, and that one [i.e., love] particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen. . . . He never spoke of the

softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. . . . For the trained observer to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. . . .

(—*A Scandal in Bohemia*)

And no doubts must be thrown on any of those mental results. Quite right. But what are we to make of this avoidance of the fair sex, which in Wolfe's case rises, or sinks, to panic at the mere prospect of being alone with a woman? Could there be something a bit . . . you know . . . ? Let us take a look at a famous incident in *The Three Garridebs*, wherein John Garrideb, alias Killer Evans, shoots Watson in the thigh. Holmes promptly disposes of Evans, and then . . .

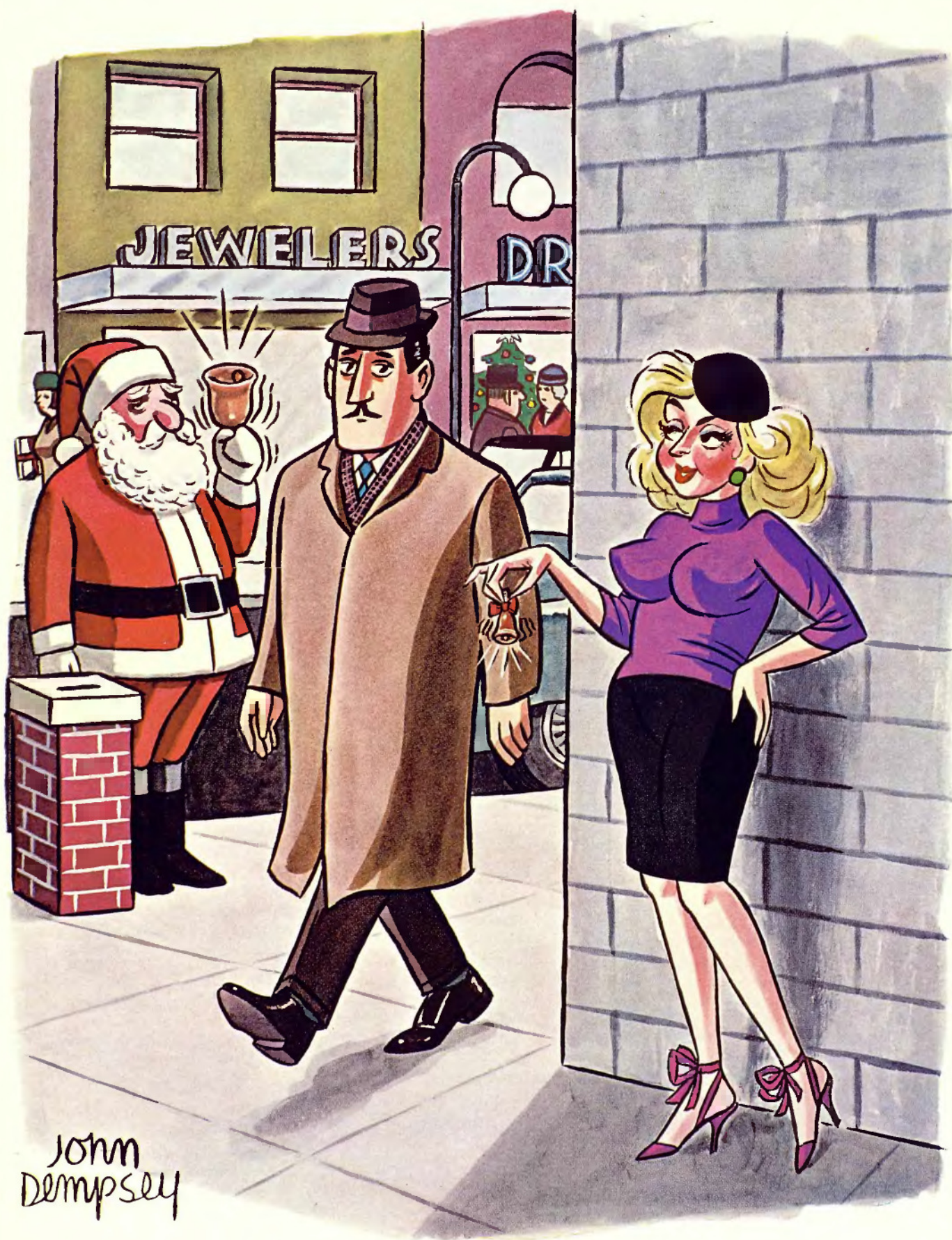
. . . my friend's wiry arms were round me, and he was leading me to a chair.

"You're not hurt, Watson? For God's sake, say that you are not hurt!"

It was worth a wound—it was worth many wounds—to know the depth of loyalty and love which lay behind that cold mask. The clear, hard eyes were dimmed for a moment, and the firm lips were shaking. For the one and only time I caught a glimpse of a great heart as well as of a great brain. All my years of humble but single-minded service culminated in that moment of revelation.

"It's nothing, Holmes. It's a mere scratch."

Is it without significance that, whereas the moment of revelation is dated by Watson in 1902, his account of it was held back from book publication until the more tolerant days of 25 years later? Answer: Yes. Utterly. Though it might be more fun to believe the opposite, Holmes is no fag. His lack of interest in women, made a positive characteristic to aid in the building up of his character, can be accounted for in at least two innocent ways. Just as the true Western fans in the moviehouse sigh and groan when Destry stops shooting and starts loving—and a large part of our feelings about Holmes are on this sort of level—so we should feel cheated and affronted if the great brain left Watson to get after the Man with the Twisted Lip for a spell and himself started taking Miss Violet de Merville off Baron Adelbert Gruner. Further, although Holmes would not have been difficult to turn into a lover, any adventure featuring him as such could not be a detective story but, as experience of other writers shows, some kind of thriller or pursuit story or psychological melodrama. The magnifying



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lens and the dozen red roses belong to different worlds.

Holmes is the memorable figure he is because Conan Doyle grasped the essential truth that the deductive solving of crimes cannot in itself throw much light on the character doing the solving, and therefore that that character must be loaded up with quirks, hobbies, eccentricities. It is always these irrelevant qualities that define the figure of the great detective, not his mere powers of reasoning. One thinks of Lord Peter Wimsey's collections of Sèvres vases and early editions of Dante (including the Aldine 8vo of 1502 and the Naples folio of 1477), Poirot's dandified clothes and tiny Russian cigarettes, Dupin's expertise about paving stones, grasses, astronomy, fungi and probably much more.

In Holmes' opinion, Dupin was "a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friends' thoughts with an apropos remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial." I agree. Apart from his irritating mannerisms, all three of Dupin's cases are very shaky. He could never have got ahead of the police in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* without their incredible ignorance; his deductions in *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt* are at least highly dubious at several key points; and in *The Purloined Letter* he not only again had stupid police to help him out but also a dementedly foolhardy criminal. However, something deeper than professional contempt or jealousy was at work to give Holmes so jaundiced a view of his—rightly or wrongly—famous French predecessor. Holmes was quite intelligent enough to see that Dupin was his predecessor in much more than just the chronological sense.

There are plenty of comparatively minor resemblances between the two detectives: the pipe smoking, the love of long pedantic monologs (plus, in each case, the presence of a devoted associate who knows just what to break in with or at least stays awake), the hatred of company and intrusions on privacy. Holmes, we are told, "loathed every form of society with his whole bohemian soul"; Dupin went so far as to solve the Rogêt case without leaving his armchair, recalling to us a more recent and much fatter detective who makes a point of operating in the same way. More important among Dupin-Holmes resemblances is the possession of vast and variegated learning. Holmes improves on Dupin's astronomy and mycology to the extent of being able to hold forth, in the course of one dinner, about miracle plays, medieval pottery, Stradivarius violins and the Buddhism of Ceylon. As regards the modern world he is frighteningly well informed. It seems that he has always card-indexed the whole of each day's press, "docketing all paragraphs

concerning men and things," a testing task unassisted even for Holmes, "so that it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information." Obviously. An occasional pebble from this vast mountain of lore is of course immediately applicable to the case in hand. Just as stuff about grasses and fungi helped Dupin with Marie Rogêt, so Holmes would benefit from the research that went into that unforgettable monograph on the varieties of tobacco ash. But the real point of all this knowledge is much less what you do with it than the simple and memorable fact that you have it.

Knock Dupin as one may, his final and vital legacy to Holmes was what created the detective story as we have known it. However suspect Dupin's chains of inference may be at any particular link, what we are witnessing overall is a convinced demonstration of the power of the human mind to observe and to reason. This is what Holmes is constantly up to. He may, as the story unfolds, deny the reader vital clues and information—or Watson will do it for him, giving him the opportunity, in one of the two stories he narrates himself, to sneer at Watson's habit of contriving "meretricious finales" by the use of this kind of suppression. A bit hard on poor Watson, this, considering he could only put in as much as Holmes would tell him. Anyway: Holmes may also irk us, or give us the wrong kind of laugh, by overdoing the demonstration, as when he discovers everything that happened at the scene of a fairly complicated crime by working on the footmarks with his lens, or by deducing 17 separate facts, 11 of them nonphysical, about a man by examining his hat, one of the 11 being that his wife has ceased to love him. (Not all that difficult when you know how: The hat had not been brushed for a long time, and its age would have shown the man was too poor to afford a servant.) But many of the imaginative leaps are valid and thrilling: for instance, the moment when Holmes decides why an elderly pawnbroker has been induced to join a league of red-haired men after a glance at the trouser legs of the old boy's assistant. "Holmes, this is marvelous!" Watson is supposed to cry when this sort of thing happens, though my recollection is that he never quite does. But he would have been right. It is marvelous.

The deductive prodigies are strongly supported by Doyle's gifts for suspense, horror and action writing, all carried forward on an unflinching flow of ingenious ideas. Holmes founded a dynasty. One of its more unexpected recent members is the Martian detective Syalok, a birdlike creature who wears a *tirstokr* hat, smokes a pipe in which the tobacco is cut with permanganate of potash, and in Poul Anderson's story *The Martian Crown Jewels* recovers the theft of these

diadems by a strict application of Holmesian principles—rather stricter, in fact, than the master often used himself. But Holmes has, in one sense, been even further afield than Mars. His exploits have been the subject of fierce controversy in Russia. I am indebted to G. F. McCleary for the information that some years ago the stories were issued there on a large scale, and that the librarians of the Red Army recommended Holmes to the troops as “the exterminator of crimes and evils, a model of magnificent strength of thought and great culture.” This, McCleary continues, went down badly with a writer in the newspaper *Vechernaya Moskva*, who thought the tales offended socialist ideology by “poisoning the minds of readers with false morals concerning the strength of the foundations of private property, and diverting attention from the social contradictions of capitalist reality.” Even Holmes himself might not have been able to deduce that much from the facts.

With few but shining exceptions, the heirs of Sherlock Holmes are an undistinguished lot. Lord Peter Wimsey has never quite survived, in my mind at least, the initial impression given by his righty-ho, dear-old-thing, don't-you-know, chin-chin style of dialog and his mauve dressing gown, primrose silk pajamas, monocle and the rest of the outfit. Here I should in fairness make it plain that Wimsey is no more of a fag than Holmes is: He merely looks and sounds like one, as a certain kind of English aristocrat does to virtually all American, and the vast majority of British, eyes and ears. As for Wimsey, one might also plead that the bally-fool persona is, at least in part, put on to fool criminals. But what lies beneath the mask, if it is a mask, is hardly more attractive and certainly less vivid. Lord Peter is just an old connoisseur and clubman who gets asked along to help out upper-crust families or trips over a stray corpse. In his later career the deductive faculty in him ran thin and he would fall back more on luck. He certainly got it, having once happened, for example, to have deposited a bag at a luggage counter where another bag that happened to be the twin of the first one happened also to have been deposited. The second bag happened to have somebody's head in it. In other adventures he got tied up with a ghastly female egghead, thus establishing to some extent his heterosexual *bona fides*, but at the same time forgetting about crime and talking to the female egghead instead, clear evidence for my rule that love and detection do not mix. Even in his heyday he often seemed to differ from the other people in the story by being merely slow on the uptake while they were moronic or crazed.

Hercule Poirot, Miss Marple, Ellery Queen, Inspector—later Assistant Commissioner Sir John—Appleby deserve, or

at any rate will get, shorter shrift from me. I have never understood the fame of the two Agatha Christie characters, both of whom seem straight out of stock—Poirot the excitable but shrewd little foreigner, Marple the innocent, helpless-looking old lady with the keen blue eyes. And although some of the early Christies (*Why Didn't They Ask Evans?* for instance) had splendidly ingenious plots, the later Poirots and Marples have become thinned down, not surprising in a writer who has been hard at work for 45 years. Queen, who has been around just since 1929, has had his ingenuities, too, but he is too slight a figure to sustain more than a tiny corner of Holmes' mantle, acting mostly as a sounding board for the other characters, a camera for the story, and a mouthpiece when the author wants to chat things over with the reader. Ellery of the silver-colored eyes is seldom much more than an extension of the plot.

To label as a similar plot device so



“But what if I did believe in Santa Claus!”

distinguished a personage as Michael Innes' Appleby may look a little rough, but here I am doing it, and if Appleby could know, he would do no more than shrug his well-tailored shoulders, murmur a quotation from Donne or Hardy and perhaps reach for another modest measure of that liqueur brandy of his that surpasses anything in the Duke of Horton's cellar. Appleby has become an establishment figure, moving in a world that would be anathema to Holmes' bohemian soul. The Appleby method of detection is to sit back and wait for the unconscious to come up with a solution, though the sitting back is purely mental: There can be plenty of physical rushing about in pursuit of stolen masterpieces, errant scientists with lethal secrets and such. Appleby is mostly the man to whom it all happens; most of it could happen to anybody, or nobody. The opposite is true of the novels of Edmund Crispin, who yet owes something to

Innes, Crispin's detective, Gervase Fen, is an Oxford don, an eccentric after the fashion of Holmes or Wimsey, but funnier and in one sense grander than they, in that he seems to create his own kind of adventure. Nobody but Fen could find himself in a room whose occupant had unconsciously re-created the setting of Poe's *The Raven*, or in a situation to which the only clue depends on an intimate knowledge of Edward Lear's limericks. There is ingenuity here, too, including a nonelectronic method of eavesdropping on a conversation out of earshot of the eavesdropper.

So far I have tried to anatomize six American and five British detectives, plus a few doubtful cases emanating from the general northwestern-European area. This seems fair treatment of an Anglo-American literary form that has always had connections with France and thereabouts. Despite these connections, which go back at least as far as 1828, when the real-life detective François Eugène Vidocq began publishing his famous *Mémoires*, the detective story has flourished typically in the English language. A. E. Murch suggests in his detailed and fascinating work, *The Development of the Detective Novel*, that the law in France among other places is set up in such a way that the public tends to regard the police with some fear and suspicion, at any rate without the instinctive feelings of support common to Americans and British, who thus find it easy and natural to sympathize with a hero working on the side of the police. Possibly. But then all kinds of genre writing, offshoots from the main stem of literature, are largely confined to English: not just the Western novel, but science fiction, the ghost story, to some extent the cloak-and-dagger thriller. Something vague and basic to do with the language? Decide for yourself.

The three great successors of Sherlock Holmes are G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown, Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe and John Dickson Carr's Doctor Fell. The first is British, the second American, the third British again but written about by an American, and so neatly preserving the balance.

Father Brown is not an eccentric in the superficial, violin-playing or orchid-rearing sense. But he is extraordinary enough, more so today than when Chesterton was writing, for Brown's extraordinariness is founded in his religion. Whether we like it or not, the little man's devotion, total courage, human insight and unshakable belief in reason are at any rate statistically uncommon. Some readers have found too much Roman Catholic propaganda in the stories. I feel that the Christian element, which is sometimes built into the plot, is never narrowly sectarian, and that part of it which overlaps with the advocacy of sheer common sense ought to be accept-

able to everybody. It would be truer to say that what propaganda there is gets directed against atheism, complacent rationalism, occultism and superstition, all those shabby growths which the decline of Christian belief has fostered, and many, though perhaps not most, readers will sympathize here, too. My only real complaint is that this bias sometimes reveals the villain too early. We know at once that the prophet of a new sun cult is up to no good, and are not surprised that it is he who allows a blind girl to step to her death in an empty elevator shaft.

Like Gervase Fen, though on a more serious level, Brown is made for the situations he encounters and they for him. They embody his love of paradox and of turning things back to front, his gift for seeing what is too obvious for everyone else to notice, his eye for the mentally invisible man. Only Brown could have wandered into a house where the recently dead owner's diamonds lay in full view minus their settings, heaps of snuff were piled on shelves, candles littered the tables, and the name of God had been carefully cut out of the family Bible every single time it occurred. And when the owner is dug up and found to be minus his head, only Brown would have taken this as natural and inevitable, the final clue showing that no crime had been committed after all. (You will have to read "The Honor of Israel Gow" in *The Innocence of Father Brown* to find the answer.)

Rather too often, Brown runs into impersonations, twin brothers, secret passages, unlikely methods of murder: It would take a lot of good luck to succeed first try in dropping a noose round someone's neck from a dozen feet above him, and again to hit your man on the head with a hammer thrown from a church tower. But the good ideas are many and marvelous. The howling dog that gave away a murderer, the trail to an archcrook that began with somebody (guess who) swapping the contents of the sugar and salt containers in a restaurant, the man who seemed to have got into a garden without using the only entrance and the other man who got out of the same garden partly, but not completely—these are pretty standard occurrences in Father Brown's world. That world is vividly atmospheric, thanks to Chesterton's wonderful gift for depicting the effects of light on landscape, so that the stories glow as well as tease and mystify. They are works of art.

It is a goodish step from here to the old brownstone on West 35th Street where Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin chew the fat, eat their heads off, infuriate Inspector Cramer and incidentally catch crooks. The weakness of Stout's hugely readable stories is always the story. The idea of splitting the conventional detective into two—Wolfe to do the

thinking, Archie the legwork—cuts both ways. It gives great scope for rounding out Wolfe's character, but it inevitably diminishes Archie in proportion. I find Archie faintly unsympathetic anyhow, a bit too effortlessly attractive to women, a bit too free with his fists, a bit too reminiscent of Sam Spade. Certainly, when he goes ferreting for Wolfe at Cramer's headquarters, or Lon Cohen's *Gazette* office, or wherever the crime may have taken place, the interest slackens. We want to be back with Wolfe. I can seldom be bothered with the details of the investigation, which usually proceeds by revelation and discovery rather than by actual deduction. What counts for most readers, I am sure, is the snappy dialog, Archie's equally snappy narrative style, his relations with Wolfe (he is always sympathetic here), and finally, massively, triumphantly, Wolfe himself.

Wolfe gets about as far as a human being can, much further than Sherlock Holmes, in his suspicion, fear, almost hatred of humanity. We all have such moods, and Wolfe is there to reassure us that these feelings are quite proper for an intelligent, learned, humane and humorous man. This is perhaps the secret of his attraction, for attractive he abundantly is. Along with this goes a marked formidable quality, such that one would, on meeting Wolfe in the flesh, feel grateful for his approval and daunted by his contempt. All really great detectives inspire this reaction, perhaps by acting as some version of a father figure. Brown does it to us, Dr. Fell does; even, granted the shift in general outlook since late-Victorian times, Holmes does. Any kind of real policeman does not, and anybody Mike Hammer took a liking to ought to feel a twinge of alarm.

Another part of Wolfe's appeal is his addiction to views and attitudes that seem both outdated and sensible, reactionary and right, the sort of thing you and I ought to think and feel, and probably would if we had Wolfe's leisure and obstinacy. Who has not wanted to insist on never going out, living to an unshakable routine, distrusting all machines more complicated than a wheelbarrow and having to be heavily pressured each time before getting into a car, allowing hardly anybody to use one's first name, keeping television out and reading all the time, reacting so little in conversation that an eighth-of-an-inch shake of the head becomes a frenzy of negation, using an inflexible formal courtesy such that proven murderers are still referred to as "Mr." and an 18th Century style of speech that throws off stuff like "Afraid? I can dodge folly without backing into fear" and "Madam, I am neither a thaumaturge nor a dunce"? Wolfe is every man's Tory, a contemporary Dr. Johnson. The original Dr. Johnson was a moralist before everything else, and so at

heart is Wolfe. This, I suppose, makes him even more of an antique.

Lastly, Dr. Gideon Fell. I must explain at once that, when writing under his pseudonym of Carter Dickson, John Dickson Carr uses a detective called Sir Henry Merrivale, or H. M., who according to me is an old bore. His adventures, however, are as fascinating as any of Fell's, and I should not want to put anybody off masterpieces like *The White Priory Murders*, *The Reader Is Warned* and *The Ten Teacups*. They are, of course, as are the best Carr novels, minor masterpieces. Perhaps no detective story can attain the pitch of literary excellence. Perhaps it can only offer ingenuity raised to the point of genius. In Carr-cum-Dickson it does, perhaps two dozen times in all, and this author is a first-rate artist. A neglected one, naturally, and likely to remain so while detective fiction remains undervalued, while most of those who should know better remain ignorant of the heights of craftsmanship and virtuosity it can reach. I will offer a small prize to any such person who can read the first chapter of Carr's *The Burning Court* and not in honesty have to go on. Neither Fell nor H. M. nor any great detective features here, only an adequate one. The book is a tour-de-force blending of detection and witchcraft: both ingredients genuine.

To return at length to Dr. Fell—it would have been useful in one way to come to him straight after Father Brown. The character of Fell has little to do with that of Brown, but a great deal, especially physically, with Chesterton himself. The huge girth, the bandit's mustache, the box-pleated cape and shovel hat, the enthusiasm for English pubs, beer and roast beef, all these are taken straight from that brilliant but so often unsatisfactory English writer who died 30 years ago. And more than this. Fell's world is that of Brown made more probable, the wilder flights of fancy brought under control, the holes in the plot conscientiously plastered over and made good. Like Brown, Fell constantly encounters the impossible murder, but Fell shows its possibility more convincingly. Most often, almost always, the victim is discovered in a locked room, last seen in good health, exits and entrances secured or watched or even guarded by responsible and provenly innocent outsiders. Carr boasts that he has devised over 80 different solutions to the locked-room puzzle, and in one of the novels Fell, a monologist with the best of them, delivers a fascinating lecture on the subject. This is *The Three Coffins*, to quote the inexcusable American retitling of the British edition *The Hollow Man*, which perfectly suggests the macabre menace of the story. That man must indeed have been hollow who, watched of course by a responsible and innocent witness, was seen to enter a room with-

out other access in which, later, there is found the corpse of the room's occupant, but of course no hollow man. This is Chestertonian, or Brownian, though its explanation has a Carrian validity; and another novel, *The Crooked Hinge*, takes as the epigraph of its final section a quotation from a Father Brown story that begins: "There was one thing which Flambeau, with all his dexterity of disguise, could not cover, and that was his singular height." Fell is dealing with a chap who could have taught Flambeau a trick or two, and for once the chap gets away. Ingenuity deserves a prize now and again.

The light in Gideon Fell's study is burning low. He still works desultorily at his great chronicle of *The Drinking Customs of England from the Earliest Days*, still gives great rumbling sniffs and plies his red bandanna handkerchief. But without conviction. He makes rare and comparatively ineffectual public appearances now. His heyday came to an end somewhere about 1950, and there died with it the classical detective story, in which all the clues were scrupulously

put before the reader, the kind of writing of which Fell's creator has been the greatest exponent.

Elsewhere the picture is the same. Recruitment to the ranks of potential great detectives has fallen to nothing. Real policemen are all the rage. Fell always got on well with them, had no hesitation about saving himself trouble by using their findings, but though they were smart and often nearly right, he was smarter and always right. He would view the activities of contemporary real policemen like Van der Valk with tolerance, even appreciation, but he would have little time for the character who has usurped his place in the sun: the secret agent, the international spy. I can hear him muttering under his bandit's mustache about the sad substitution of brawn for brain as the up-to-date hero's essential characteristic, of action for thought and glamor for decency. I would only go part of the way with him there. But I can sympathize.



"You're getting the hang of it, Chiquita,
but you're still stomping too hard!"

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

FOR SOME TIME NOW, ONE SPORT HAS ALMOST COMPLETELY DOMINATED THE AMERICAN SCENE. IT'S A BRUTAL, COLORFUL SPECTACLE THAT INVOLVES CRUEL GIVE AND TAKE WITH ONE SIDE BATTLING THE OTHER EVERY INCH OF THE WAY. IT IS CALLED SEX. THE NUMBER TWO SPORT IS PRO FOOTBALL. AND A KEY FIGURE IN THE GAME IS ANNIE'S DADDY BIGBUCKS, OWNER OF THE GREENBACK BUSTERS. WE OPEN IN THE FINAL QUARTER OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME BETWEEN THE BUSTERS AND THE CLEVELAND BULLS, AND IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU'LL NOTICE THAT THE CHEERLEADER'S FACE IS FAMILIAR. ALSO HER BODY—

THREE MINUTES LEFT AND THE BULLS ARE LEADING 20 TO 17! BUT DON'T FORGET, FOLKS, GREENBACK, WISCONSIN, IS THE PRO FOOTBALL CAPITAL OF THIS PRO FOOTBALL CRAZY COUNTRY. AND THE 60,000 FANS HERE TODAY AREN'T GIVING UP! NO SIRREE! IN THIS TOWN, THEY LIVE FOOTBALL, THEY SLEEP FOOTBALL, THEY EAT FOOTBALL!

HEEYAR! GET YOUR RED-HOT FOOTBALLS ON A ROLL—

I'M TRYING TO CHEER, DADDY, BUT IT ALL COMES OUT "BLUB, TEAM, BLUB"—

WHAT A DAY! FIRST HAIL, THEN A FREAK MONSOON AND NOW A THUNDERSTORM; AND NOT A SOUL HAS LEFT THE STANDS.

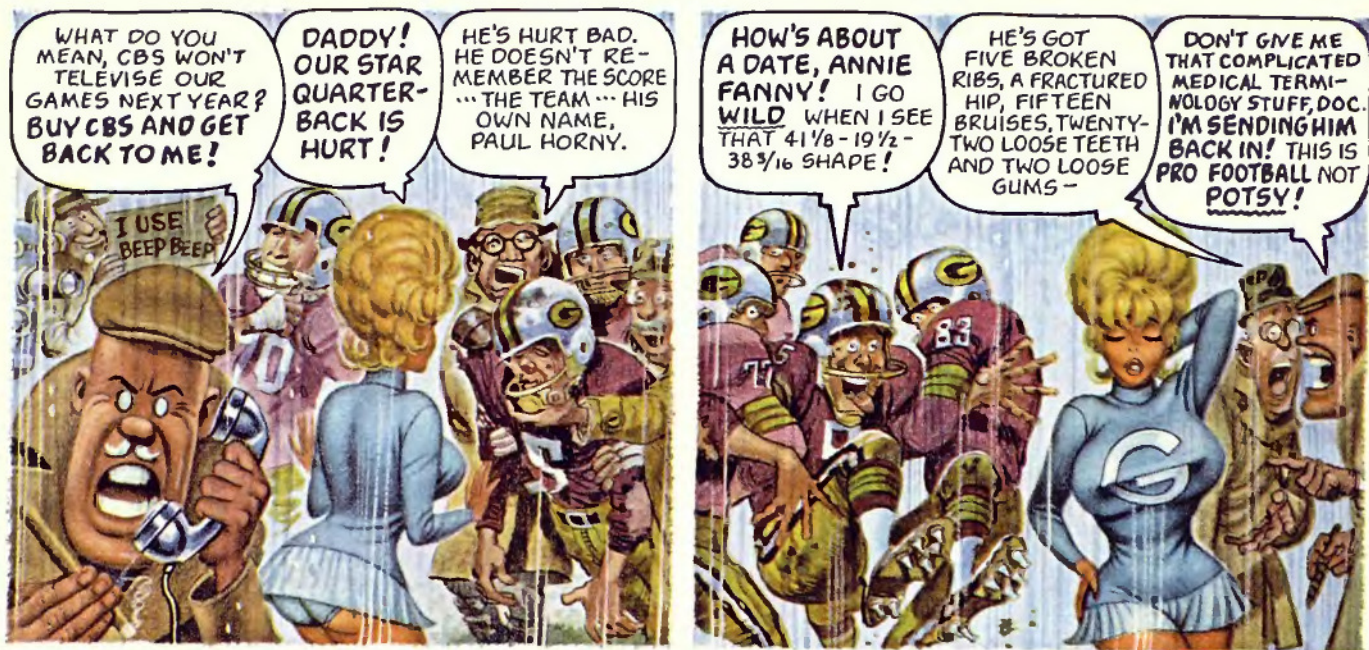
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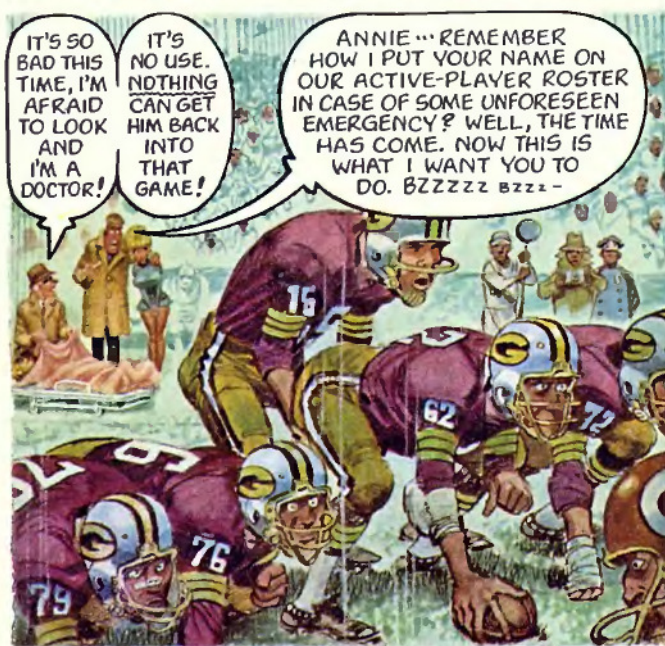
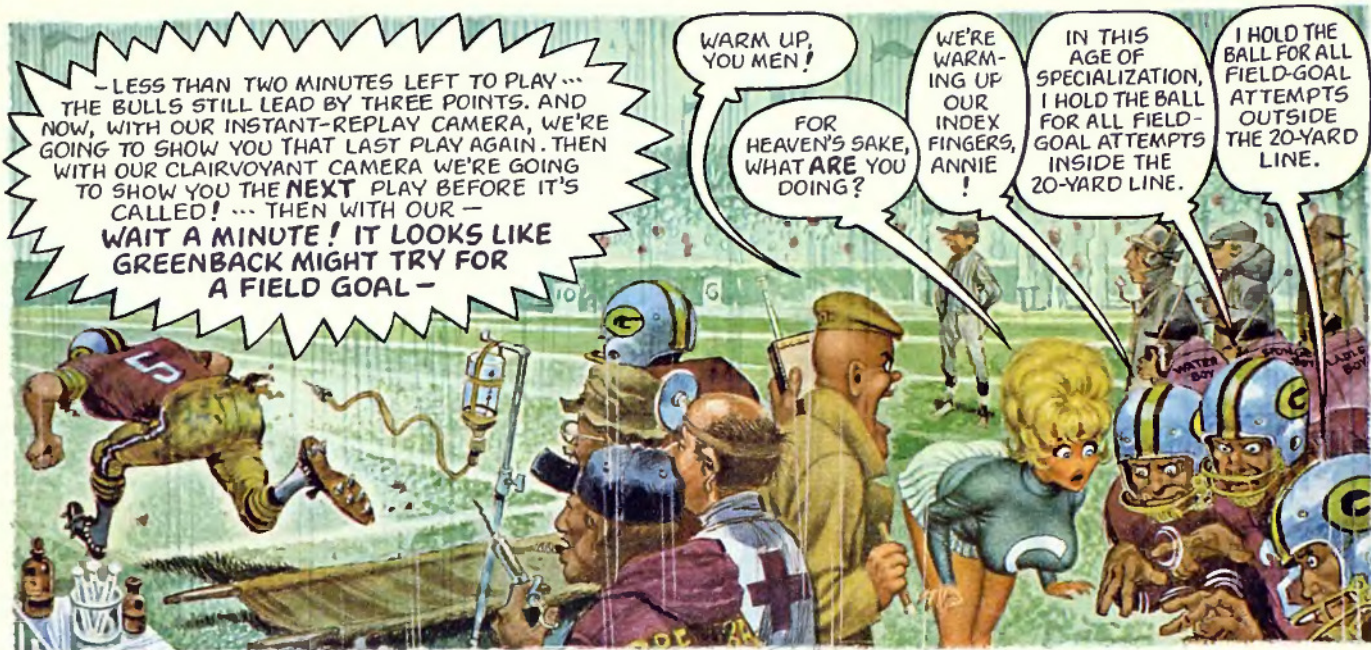
HE ONCE LEFT THE STANDS.

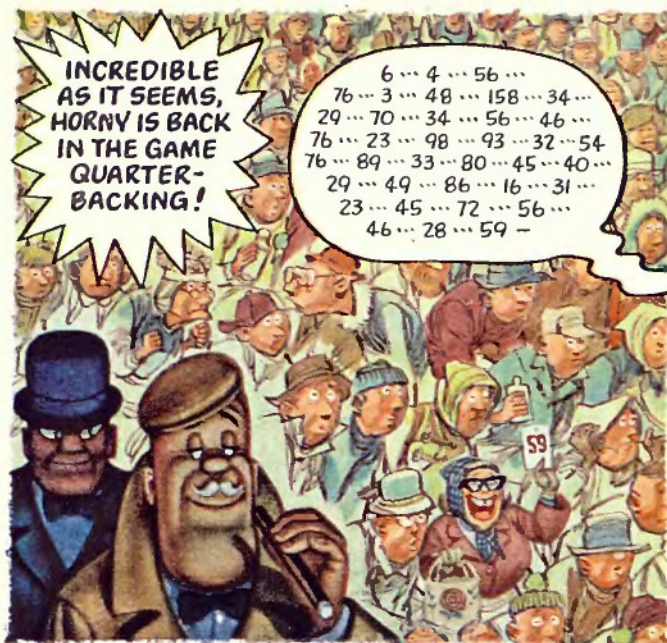
WELL, GEE... THAT WAS IN THE BASEBALL SEASON, AND WE DON'T HAVE A BASEBALL TEAM.

GET SOME-THING GOING, BABY! THIS GAME ISN'T OVER BY A LONG SHOT!

TELL THAT ALL-AMERICAN END IF HE SIGNS WITH ME FOR THE NEXT YEAR, I'LL GIVE HIM HALF A MILLION AND ALL SHIPPING RIGHTS TO LAKE ERIE. ... THAT'S RIGHT! BUY HIM AND GET BACK TO ME!







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